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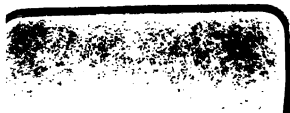
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A PICTURE OF A LONDON RAGGED SCHOOL.

THIS picture is presented to our view in a book called "Parson and People." The scene is one of those over-crowded districts in which some of the lowest and most vicious of the people live, but how they and their swarms of children manage to live at all is the wonder. Few decent persons dare venture to go among them for fear of being insulted or robbed. The clergyman of the parish made up his mind to an effort to reform them, and then, as he said, with "constitutional obstinacy set to work, and stuck to it."

Having found an empty carpenter's shop he hired it and fitted it up for a Ragged School. Here was a cage, but where were the birds? playing half naked in the courts, or gone to pick pockets in the streets. For a time he could not coax any of the young urchins to come in. At length he secured a few, and used them to decoy others until the place was well filled. But how were they to be taught? That was now the question. They were as ignorant of obedience as they were of letters. For them to be silent or sit still was impossible; they were always on the fidget, or making fun, or fighting.

Some of the bigger boys were regular thieves. These were often absent. Here is some talk about them.

"Where's Billy to-day, boys?"

'Oh, sir, he's in for a copper-scuttle.'

'Where's Tommy?'

'He's in for some lead guttering.'

'In,' of course, meant in gaol—a place with which many of them were very familiar. I remember giving one day a lesson on the Cities of Refuge; and, in questioning the boys, asked, 'If the fugitive reached the city, in what state would he be?'

'All right, sir.'

'But if he went out again?'

'He'd be nabbed.'"

Here is a curious tale:—

"The police at that time were wonderfully plagued by a little old woman, who committed innumerable petty depredations in the neighbourhood, and who, when chased, outran them all, and more than once popped over a succession of garden-walls, without paying any attention to female grace or delicacy. All efforts

to catch this little woman, or to find out where she lived, were for a long time unsuccessful; but, at last, one day she appeared at an evening lecture at the night school, and took her seat amongst the grown-up people. She had not long been seated, however, before low murmurs began to spread amongst the boys in the back seats; and some of them, pointing to the old woman, whispered, 'It's Jack Long!'

'It ain't!'

'It is!'

The controversy waxed strong, and at last the master was forced to interfere, and to ask the cause of the disturbance. He was told their suspicions; and, walking up to the little old woman, he gazed steadily at her. It was Jack Long, who, emboldened by the way in which he had outwitted the police, was determined to try whether his old comrades would detect him or not; but, alas for him! their eyes were too sharp to be so easily imposed upon, and the story getting buzzed about, the police knew exactly where to wait when their old plague recommenced his depredations."

Many of the parents would not allow their children to be corrected. "On one occasion, the master had corrected a little boy for gross misconduct. The little boy had threatened 'to tell mother.' The threat was carried out; and when the school opened after dinner, a huge virago entered. Walking up to the master, she said—

'So you've whopped our Billy?'

'Yes,' replied the master; 'he behaved very badly.'

'Well,' screamed the virago, 'no one shall whop him but I; and I'll learn you how to do it!'

In an instant she attacked him, struck him violently on the chest—a serious matter to a very delicate man—and it was with difficulty that he escaped her. Of course it was necessary to interfere in such a case, and a summons soon brought her to her senses. She came and humbly asked pardon, and promised—a great condescension on her part—that 'he might whop Billy to his heart's content, if only he wouldn't have her up before the beak;' and some kindness shown her shortly afterwards in her confinement, by the master, entirely broke her proud spirit, and made her a steady friend.

If our Ragged School abounded in difficulties, it abounded also in encouragements; its fruits were manifest. In the course

of about seven years nearly 1500 children passed through it; and on one occasion no fewer than one hundred and twelve boys and girls were found to be rescued from the streets, fitted to gain an honest livelihood, and provided with good situations. I was preaching there one Sunday evening, when I saw amongst my hearers a sergeant of artillery, in full uniform, decorated with several medals, and with a good conduct badge. After the service I went up to him, and asked him what had brought him there.

'I came, sir, to see the old place.'

'What, do you know this school?'

'Yes, sir; I got all my learning here. It took me out of the street; and as I sail for China on Tuesday, I thought I must come back and have one more look at the old place and the old folks before I sailed.' The superintendent told me that he had attended both morning and afternoon schools, and the young men's Bible-class, and seemed altogether delighted with his visit."

One of the teachers who had removed elsewhere, "called on me, and in the course of conversation said—

'I have taken part in a night school in my new neighbourhood, sir, and had a curious surprise a few weeks ago. Just after I had opened school, a young man entered. He was dressed in a respectable black coat and waistcoat, and had on a silver watch-chain and watch; in fact, his appearance was thoroughly respectable. Walking up to me, he said—

"Do you want any teachers, sir?"

I turned towards him. The moment he saw my full face, he exclaimed—

"Why, Mr. Sinden, is it you, sir?"

"Yes," I said, "my name is Sinden; but do you know me?"

"Yes, sir—yes, full well; and you ought to know me, for I once plagued you rarely. Do you remember H— E—?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "and often wanted to know what had become of him."

"I'm him, sir."

"You?—impossible!"

"Yes, sir, I am. You wonder at my looks, sir, but I've changed masters; I served Satan hard, and he brought me down lower and lower; but, thank God, I now serve the Lord, and he is bringing me up; but I owe it to what I learnt at your school, sir."

The seed sown was found here after many days, and he became

as great a comfort to his old master as an assistant as he had formerly been a plague as a scholar."

"Another tale about unexpected fruit may, perhaps, be given here. A poor lad, who was not very refractory, but uncommonly idle, was in the habit of coming to school. His very idleness made him a great trouble to his master and to his parents, and at last, more in the hope of doing the son good than from other objects, his father determined to accept an offer of work, and to remove to Tewkesbury. They had been gone from our neighbourhood a year and a half, when one day the superintendent was told that a lad was at the door, desirous of speaking with him. He went down stairs, and there saw a tall, ungainly, and most ragged youth awaiting him.

'You don't know me, sir?'

'What, George, is it you?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Come in, lad,' said his kind friend, who took him down stairs, made him take a wash at the sink, and then gave him some tea, which was eagerly devoured by the famished lad. After tea, the following facts came out. The boy had gone to Tewkesbury with his father, but had there been treated with great sternness; had run away from home, after having broken open a cupboard and taken a sovereign which had been put aside for rent; had made his way to Bristol, hoping to get a berth on board ship, but, having no character, could not get employment; his money had soon been spent, and he had then started to walk to London, in the hope that his old teacher would be able to reconcile him to his father. The teacher took him next morning to the clergyman, who ordered him to provide for the lad for some days, and to write at once to the parents, who gladly consented to receive back their truant, and sent the money to pay the expenses of his journey home. Some time elapsed, and one day a most grateful letter arrived from the boy, stating that the kindnesses shown to him had opened his heart to feel the yet greater love of his Redeemer, and that he who had been once rescued from the pit was now endeavouring, as a Sunday school teacher, to aid others also."

Such stories might be multiplied almost without end; plenty, at all events, to encourage the Teachers in their very arduous up-hill work. Many might even wonder how they dare undertake such a task. The grand secret is, the love of Christ con-

POETRY.

strains them to the attempt; his example, in condescending to the most wretched, is their example; and his blessing crowns their devoted and persevering labours with success. The brightest gem in the coronet of the Earl of Shaftesbury is that which might be lettered—

THE PATRON OF RAGGED SCHOOLS.

Poetry.

PLEA OF THE POOR RAGGED RACE.

O YE who have tasted the comforts of home,
Where good food and clothing have always found place,
To you let the plea of the destitute come,
And pity, O pity, the poor Ragged Race!

Too long were we left all neglected and wild,
Regarded by many as wretched and base,
And seldom the light on our darkness e'er smiled;
Then pity, O pity, the Poor Ragged Race.

No parents e'er taught us "Our Father" to say,
Or told us of Jesus and his loving grace,
Or kneeled down with us for mercy to pray;
O will you not pity our Poor Ragged Race!

For like you, we possess a bright gem, which if lost,
Not the wealth of the world could ever replace—
To redeem it the blood of IMMANUEL it cost;
Then pity, O pity, the Poor Ragged Race!

Dont forget that you too, in the sight of your God,
Were both sinful and guilty; for such was your case,
Until you were cleansed by His precious blood.
So pity, O pity, our Poor Ragged Race!

Ye who have found mercy that mercy display,
And you will if the source of that mercy you trace;
For you never can then your face turn away,
From the pitiful plea of the poor Ragged Race!

For we too, if you help us, may swell the great throng,
Redeemed from all people by infinite grace,
And yet join with you to sing the "new song";
Then pity, O pity, our Poor Ragged Race!

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE POINT IN THE SERMON.—It is mentioned as a remarkable fact in the life of a remarkable man, that the Rev. George Whitefield in 1743 had resolved to go to America, and had engaged his passage in a ship that was to sail from Portsmouth; but as the captain afterwards refused to take him, for "fear of his spoiling the sailors," he was obliged to go to Plymouth. While staying there he frequently preached, and an attempt having recently been made to murder him in his bed, much attention was excited, and many thousands flocked to hear him. Mr. Tanner, who was at work as a ship-builder, at a distance, heard his voice, and resolved, with five or six of his companions, to go and drive him from the place where he stood; and for this purpose they filled their pockets with stones. When, however, Mr. Tanner drew near, and heard the preacher earnestly inviting sinners to Christ, he was filled with astonishment, his resolution failed him, and he went home with his mind deeply impressed. On the following evening he again attended, and heard Mr. Whitefield on the sin of those who crucified the Redeemer. After he had expatiated on their guilt, he appeared to look intently on Mr. Tanner, as he exclaimed with energy, "Thou art the man!" These words powerfully affected Mr. T.; he felt his iniquities to be awfully great, and in the agony of his soul he cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner." The preacher then proceeded to proclaim the free and abundant grace of Jesus, which He commanded to be preached among the very people who had murdered him; on hearing which, Mr. Tanner was encouraged to hope for mercy, and surrendering himself to Christ, he afterwards became a pious and useful minister of the gospel.

THE POINT OF THE PARABLE.—A young man who called himself a free-thinker, which means a wild-thinker, venturing one evening to hear Dr. Wayland lecture on the "Moral Sense," was so convicted by what he heard that he had used his own wickedly, that he became very unhappy, and in this state of mind sought an interview with the lecturer, who received him kindly. Sitting down he told Dr. W. that he believed God would never forgive him. The good man sat silent for a few moments, and then fixing a piercing look on the unhappy youth, slowly repeated the words, "And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him." This point of the parable pierced the heart of the convicted one. "Let us pray," said Dr. W. They knelt down, and a healing balm was applied by an unseen hand to the conscience of the contrite penitent, who went home filled with new and wondering admiration of the *riches of God's mercy in Christ Jesus.*

WAITING AT HEAVEN'S GATE.—“Again I render thanks to my heavenly Father that he has in mercy spared me to see this birthday. Eighty-two years of age! a period to which none of my forefathers or brothers reached. O Lord! help me to live every future day and hour as if I were at the gate of heaven, waiting for Christ to admit me into his presence. Prepare me, O my God, by thy Spirit for that blessed event! May nothing worldly now perplex me! Let all my thoughts, hopes, and wishes, be concentrated on my God and Saviour, all rising up to heaven from this day! Amen.” So wrote one who had spent more than sixty years of his life in teaching and preaching Jesus Christ. He did not wait long. In about six months (March, 1865) his Master gave entrance. Who does not wish so to die?

“O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!”

THE PENITENT'S DUETT.

Penitent.—I AM a sinner, lost, undone.

Friend.—A sinner lost, but not undone.

Penitent.—I feel that I must surely die.

Friend.—I'm glad of that—thou wilt not die.

Penitent.—Why how is that? how can I live?

Friend.—Jesus will all thy sins forgive.

Penitent.—My heart is very foul with sin.

Friend.—His blood can wash the foulest clean.

Penitent.—And will he save a wretch like me?

Friend.—O yes! He lived and died for thee.

Penitent.—Could I believe that, I were blest.

Friend.—Believe, and enter into rest.

Penitent.—Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief.

Never again may I thy Spirit grieve.

Friend.—Amen! Now let us magnify his name,
Who ever is, world without end, the same.

Both.—Jesus, the same for evermore,
Thy love and grace we now adore!
We once were lost, but thou hast found us,
Dark, but thy light is now all round us.

Thy strength and righteousness impart,
That we may ne'er from thee depart,
But follow on in loving duty
Until we see thee in thy beauty!

THE FIRESIDE.

THE NAME JESUS.—Jesus! How does the very word overflow with exceeding sweetness, and light, and joy, and love, and life! Filling the air with odours, like precious ointment poured forth, irradiating the mind with a glory of truth in which no fear can live. Soothing the wounds of the heart with a balm that turns the sharpest anguish into delicious peace, shedding through the soul a cordial of immortal strength! Jesus! the answer to all our doubts, the spring of all our courage, the earnest of all our hopes, the power omnipotent against all our foes, the remedy for all our sicknesses, the supply of all our wants, the fulness of all our desires! Jesus! melody to our ears, altogether lovely to our sight, manna to our taste, living water to our thirst! Jesus! our shadow from the heat, our refuge from the storm, our shelter by night, our morning star, our sun of righteousness! Jesus! at the mention of whose name "every knee shall bow and every tongue confess!" Thy name is our most transporting theme, as we sing going up from the valley of tears to our home on the mount of God—Thy name shall ever be the richest chord in the harmony of heaven, where the angels and the redeemed unite their exulting, adoring songs around the throne of God and the Lamb. Jesus! thou only canst interpret thy own name, and thou hast done it by thy work on earth, and thy glory at the right hand of the Father: JESUS, SAVIOUR!

The Fireside.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS SIX CHILDREN.

THERE is a saying that "a father can more easily maintain six children, than six children one father." Luther relates this story:—

"There was once a father who gave up everything to his children—his house, his fields, his goods—and expected for this the children would support him; but after he had been some time with the eldest son, the latter grew tired of him, and said to him, 'Father, I have had a son born to me this night, and there, where your arm-chair stands, the cradle must come; will you not go to my brother, who has a large room?' After he had been some time with the second son, he also grew tired of him, and said, 'Father, you like a warm room, and that makes my head ache. Wont you go to my brother, the baker?' The father went, and after he had been some time with the third son, he also found him troublesome, and said to him, 'Father, the people run in and out here all day, as if it were a pigeon-house, and you cannot have your noon-day sleep; would you not be better off at my sister Kate's, near the town wall?' The old man remarked to himself, 'Yes, I will do so; I will go and try it on with my daughter.' She was

always fearful when her father went anywhere, and was obliged to descend her deep stairs; and at her sister Elizabeth's there were no stairs to descend, as she lived on the ground floor. For the sake of peace the old man assented, and went to the other daughter; but after some time she, too, became tired of him, and told him, by a third person, that her house near the water was too damp for a man who suffered with the rheumatics, and her sister, the grave-digger's wife, had much drier lodgings. The old man himself thought she was right, and went to his youngest daughter Helen; but after he had been three days with her, her little son said to his grandfather, 'Mother said yesterday to cousin Elizabeth that there was no better chamber for you than such a one as father digs.' These words broke the old man's heart, so that he sunk back in his chair and died."

The Penny Post Box.

THE BOOKS WE READ.

It has been said, and there is much truth in the saying, that a man may be known by the company he keeps; and I think he may by the books he reads. It is wonderful, too, what a powerful influence books have in the formation of character, though they are only made of paper and ink, which, like telegraph wires, convey thoughts into the minds of those who read what they tell. How important, then, that the books we read should be good and true. But many are not. They tell nothing but lying wonders, which only fill the heads of those who read them with vain and foolish fancies. These I call counterfeits. Then there are books which have in them so very few good words that you have to waste much time to find them. These I compare to farthings, of which you must gather almost a thousand to make a pound. And in the same way we might compare books to other coins, some being worth more than others, just as they are true or false, useful or useless. We should therefore be careful what books we read, for though we have more books to choose from than our fathers had, we have not any more *time* to spare for reading them; indeed I think we have less. We ought therefore first so to know the character of the book we select to read as to be able to say, "Come, I shall not waste my time in reading this; there is no nonsense here."

I make these remarks because I think they will apply to the *Pioneer*, which I hope will find its way into ten thousand more families next year. I only add that what I have written is of books in general, such as men make for us, not of THE BOOK which GOD has made for us, which is solid gold, and which we can never read too much.

SELECTOR.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

RAILWAYS IN INDIA.

OVER this vast country railways are extending rapidly. About 3,500 miles have been laid down, and 1,500 more are contemplated, and in a few years all will be in working order. These, except one hundred and twenty-four miles of double, are all single lines, with numerous shunting places for the carriages to pass each other, as in America. In laying down these lines, obstacles such as are unknown in England have to be overcome. The storms and floods often do much injury, and interrupt progress and communication, and English engineers suffer much from the heat of the climate. They have also another labour to perform not required in England—there are no roads to the stations, and they have to make them, or heavy goods cannot be brought to the lines. These extensive works have already cost several millions of money, and millions more will be required. The money is raised both in India and England, the government engaging that subscribers shall be paid not less than a certain amount of interest. One other difficulty is the obtaining of proper fuel for the engines. There are coal mines in certain districts, but these will have to be worked, and lines laid down to them by which coal may be conveyed to the stations. But it is confidently expected that Indian railways will ultimately pay well.

Telegraphs have also been fixed over thousands of miles, and communication by land and water with England is now in partial operation and will soon be completed.

India, by way of Egypt, may now be reached in a few weeks. What a change since it took six months by way of the Cape.

Hints.

SOME WRITERS are sad rogues; they steal the fruit of other men's brains, and then throw away the basket to conceal the theft.

KNOWLEDGE in the mind is like treasure in a casket, which ought only to be opened with the key of discretion turned by the hand of wisdom.

MEN'S THOUGHTS are sometimes bitter; but let them, like sea water, be drawn up to heaven, and they become sweet, and descend like gentle rain upon all around them.

SOME MEN'S RICHES are like a belt full of gold round a drowning man, who had better cast it off and seize that wooden plank that is floating past him.

THERE ARE MEN who are only counterfeiters. The image and superscription may be like genuine coin; but ring them, and you will find they are not sterling gold.

MISFORTUNES are not always evils. We should be content to take them as men do bitters, to restore a healthy tone to the stomach of the mind, which often gets out of order by too much indulgence.

WE CALL THOSE POOR who have no money-bags; but poorer far are they who have no mind-bags. Treasures of mind are richer than treasures of money; they are always at hand, and no thief can steal them.

FASHION IS A TYRANT; and has a kingdom of its own, in which it makes stupid laws for walking, talking, eating, drinking, dressing, in short—everything! But its subjects are all slaves.

OF ALL THE BOOKS in the world the Bible is the only one of which we never tire, but relish it more, and grow wiser and better the more we use it.

Gems.

SUN, MOON, AND STARS, might be regarded as only so many lanterns hung out of heaven to light us through the dark streets of this world, inviting us to come and see the glory within.

THAT BLIND BOY loves his own father though he has never seen him. We have not seen our Father in heaven, but we have better evidence of his love to us than that boy can have of his father's love.

WHEN WE THINK OF CHRIST'S LOVE in coming, and suffering, and dying, and rising, and reigning in heaven for us, we may feel sure that he will never harm us, but save us if we ask him.

DAVID LAMENTED JONATHAN, whose love to him, he said, "was wonderful, passing the love of woman." But the love of Christ was greater than the love of all the wives and mothers in the world, and all the angels in heaven united. It passeth knowledge.

THE WONDERFUL LOVE OF CHRIST, which passeth knowledge, is only known by us so far as we feel it, and are able to say, "He loved me, and gave himself for me."

THE GLORY OF THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST is, that its blessings are freely offered to every one of us, and it is no presumption in us to come and humbly claim them as our own.

"WHOSOEVER WILL MAY COME." This invitation includes you, my reader. Whoever would have you doubt this is of the devil, who began his hellish work of lying in this way, and will never give it up.

BELIEF OR UNBELIEF of the truth of God in his word, forms the great broad mark of distinction between the children of God and the children of the devil. Reader! which of these marks do you now bear?

LOOK AT THAT MAN who is "diligent in business, serving the Lord." He is an every day preacher of righteousness, and his life is a sermon that will secure attention and regard.

Poetic Selections.

MY SHEPHERD.

THE LORD is my Shepherd,
No want shall I know:
He leadeth me down
Where the still waters flow.

Through lovely green pastures;
And there I recline
And think of his mercies
Which ever are mine.

He restoreth my soul
To the joys of his love,
And over my pathway
Sheds light from above.

Though I walk through the vale
Of the shadow of death,
I will trust and will praise Him
With my latest breath.

For then my Good Shepherd,
In mercy and love,
Will provide me a home
In his own house above.

NO NIGHT THERE.

HERE there is darkness,
Sadness and gloom,
Sorrow and sighing,
Death and the tomb.
There ever shineth
Day without night,
Unfolding new glories,
Bright and more bright.

O what a change
From this night of sin!
How my soul longeth
That day to begin!
Day ever-lasting,
The LAMB is its light;
Glory enduring,
Will never know night.

Joyfully active,
Labour is rest;
Holiness ever
Filling each breast;
Voices harmonious,
Songs ever new,
Giving HIM worship
To whom it is due.

And shall I behold Him,
And fall at his feet,
And will he me welcome,
And lovingly greet?
And shall I there praise Him
For ever and aye?—
How my heart boundeth
At thought of that day!

The Children's Corner.

TO BOYS.

I MEAN such of you as are getting old enough to work. I expect have been at school, and have learned to *know* something, but like all the rest of us, you must begin to *do* something. Beside are "wanted." In a shop window you may often see a paper stuc with "Boys Wanted" written on it. Indeed boys always were always will be wanted. We cannot well get on without them. they must be of the right sort; for there are two sorts of boys—sort is "wanted," and the other "not wanted." That any boy reads this may know whether *he* is wanted or not, I will des both sorts.

THE BOYS NOT WANTED are such as go about their work i awkward clumsy manner, or creep as if half asleep, or stop to when sent on an errand, or are sulky or saucy when told their f; or are always making mistakes through want of attention—such as these are only in the road; they are *not* wanted.

The BOYS WANTED are such as are willing to learn how to do work well and quickly, and who move about it as if they were awake; who come to their work in good time, clean and tidy, speak in a cheerful and respectful manner to others, never flinch doing their part, working with a will while they do work, and les all play until working hours are over.

I have had scores of boys, of both sorts, and can soon find o which sort one belongs. The skulks, who seem only able to their work, I start as soon as I can; but am always glad to kee willing workers. They are the lads for me! I always want t and I am pleased to know that I have had a good many of them, of whom, who were poor boys when they came to me, are now r than I am. The way they got on was by taking my advice w said, as I did to all of them—

DO YOUR WORK RIGHT FIRST,
THEN DO IT AS QUICKLY AS YOU CAN;
FOR SO YOU WILL MAKE YOURSELF
WANTED, AND GET BETTER WAGES.

WINTER—COMING AND GOING.

POETIC FANCY has been wont to picture Winter as an old man, whose hair is white with age, from whose long beard icicles are hanging, and who, girding his warm garments tighter around him that he may ward off the falling snow, moves slowly and carefully along over the slippery ice-path.

But without the aid of poetic fancy we know what winter really is. Before Autumn has finished its work of stripping the trees of their leaves, we know that Winter is coming by the shortening days and the darkened skies.

There are who regard the approach of winter with gloomy feelings. They would rather have clear skies and warm sunshine all the year round. True, it always brings more or less of inconvenience or suffering, especially to the poor. But it has its uses, and on reflection we shall find that as a season of rest in the natural world it is not only necessary, but often forms an agreeable variety.

A clever American orator has thus described some of its uses and advantages:—

“What were your thoughts when you waked this morning, and looked forth into the drifting snow, and found the air grey, cold, and threatening, and the wreaths already dimly fitting round the dwelling? Did you shrink from the thought of longer cold and tenacious winter? Did you consider the hindrance or inconvenience of the storm to your going forth to-day? Or did you think of the poor? These things were not unwise nor improper; but were they all the thoughts you had? Is there nothing in those experiences that ever suggests God; the sublimity of his power; the mysteriousness in which by his very vastness he must be wrapped to those that are finite in their comprehension?

Did you ever search out how much is said in the Bible about ice, and snow, and hail, and cold, and wintry storms? Did you ever make it one of the ways of rendering a winter sabbath-day pleasant to your children, to sit down with them, and set their nimble fingers and memories to work to cull from the Word of God, and particularly from the Old Testament, allusions to these things? Did you ever make the hour short to them by gathering together all the use that the Bible has made of this season of the

year? You will be surprised yourselves to see how much there is in it, and how exquisitely beautiful a part it is.

While you are doing that you may be led to extend your investigation. And if you do, you will find that the Old Testament furnishes the most complete and sublime manual of natural religion yet known. The Old Testament may be compared to Esau's garments. It smells of the fields all the way through. It is the simplest of books; and it leads back our thoughts to the facts of created nature in a way that no other religious book does that I know of.

These Old Testament scriptures are alone, absolutely, in ancient literature, in regard to the natural world. The Greek literature has almost nothing of nature in it. And that which was true of the Greek literature was almost as true of the Roman; for, although in Roman literature there were treatises that touched on agriculture, yet the Latin tongue leaves the great natural world almost untouched and unthought of. And it is one of the signs of coming health, that Cowper and the writers who followed him have become so largely imbued with the moral aspects and uses of nature. But the Old Testament, which still is our model, stood up ages and ages ago, and proclaimed, 'The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth its handywork.' There is not its like anywhere.

Did you ever consider what were some of the elements of beauty in the seasons, and particularly in winter? The whole year is but the four movements of one grand symphony. Nor can I regard the solemn preparations for winter without feelings for which I have no name, and which cannot fashion themselves into any form of expression. The falling of the leaves; the silence of the birds, that have been singing all summer long, as now they gather themselves together in groups, covering the fences and filling the orchards, in dumb fellowship; the retreat of light, shortening the day; the colder winds beginning to come by whirls, modulated to melancholy in all their sounds; the hints of frost; the quick yielding of tender things that do not know how to make battle for their life, but that, in their weakness and sweetness, fold themselves to death at the first summons, as if it were easier to die than to live; and then the stout fight made by other things—by the glorious old evergreen tree, which is the only thing that is able to hold out and carry green banners through the whole year—did you ever watch these

things in autumn, without a solemn sympathy? without a feeling of something touched in you deeper than you can explain by words?

Then come the days of peace. The ground is covered with snow. The plough at last rests. All growth ceases. The insects that vexed you, or that amused themselves, are gone. All nature rests. This long night of winter is to me a most solemn night. Man takes his night out of every twenty-four hours; and vegetation needs to sleep as much as men. And as through all the spring and summer and autumn they sleep not, but work perpetually, God gives them a rest-period of months together; and Winter is its name. And forests and orchards sleep, or nearly sleep, taking their rest in larger measure and at longer intervals than man takes his. And I know not how one can reflect upon these things, and not have moral feelings awakened within him.

Then come the elements of beauty. The brilliant days of winter are not surpassed by any days. The forms of hills are never so clear-cut as at times they are during this season. There are days when it seems as though the earth were carved in marble before your eyes. There never was such beauty of form as is presented by the sprays, the branches, the limbs of the trees in the field, or the shrubbery that surrounds one's dwelling in winter. Then there is the beauty of the snow; of the pictures of ice frescoed on the windows, which in design and execution are enough to throw any Rembrandt into despair; of the crystals that robe the trees with gorgeous splendour. And who can behold all these elements of beauty, and not have some effect produced upon him?

Then, there is a beauty of storms—a solemnity of beauty that tends to inspire the light-hearted and frivolous. For my part, I am very much in sympathy with the Scandinavians, whose theology was rude and turbulent, because they lived in the countries of the far north, where the most soul-stirring influences were storms and tempests. They read of God in these. And I never stand and look at the murky air and the infinite particles that, falling from the clouds, are caught by the fierce wind and swept hither and thither through wide circuits, when I am not lifted up toward Him that is full of power and full of effects, though he is invisible, and his works are mysterious.

Finally come the signs of ending winter—beautiful still, and

to the very last: the departure of darkness; the advance of light; the lengthening of days both ways; snows more infrequent; thawings more and more continuous; the emergence of the ground from its long sleep and covering; tokens of growth in the ruddy forms of the tree-tops. And, last of all, who ever forgets that thrill, on some bright day, such as the trumpet gives to the sleeping soldier, except that it addresses itself to the taste and to the affections, and not to the battle-feelings, when the first blackbird carols out of the tree, when the first meadow-lark springs from the sod. I mark down in my calendar the days of the coming of the first birds. They are days of rich experience. Beautiful as the winter was, impressive as it was, instructive as it was, glad as I was to see it, happy as I was in much of it, there is a sense of triumph and ecstasy as it is driven away, and the earth comes forth again in the garb of spring, and God sends his birds to sing peans of victory.

Again, the very first step of civilization is that which compels a human being to begin to act for a future period; to begin to act for himself in another and invisible condition—that is, in a future day.

The majority of men in such latitudes as ours, are under circumstances in which they are instructed, that eight months of the year must be employed in providing for the other four months. In other words, God says to every man, by the voice of cold, by the voice of hunger, by the scourge of necessity, 'Have faith, and learn to have it. Believe in things that you cannot see. Provide in the present for the future.' Every need is cast in such a mould as to be a school in which men are compelled to civilize themselves.

From this results, first, foresight. For what is foresight but the first growing element of faith itself? It is the use of the higher faculties in distinction from the lower. Living by sight is living by the senses; and living by faith is living by the higher reason, or forelooking, or foresight. Although it is a rude form, foresight is the first-fruit of winter in the year.

Then, next, this foresight must be conjoined to self-denial. What is self-denial? It is doing or not doing something with reference to a higher future good. Every man is by nature willing to do easy things; but there stands a stern necessity for men to form the habit of being willing to do things now that are not easy, for the sake of benefits which will be realized by-and-by;

to forego enjoyments in the present, for the sake of experiencing enjoyments in the future.

Next is joined to these the eminently moralizing element of frugality and carefulness, which leads to considerateness and reflectiveness of every part of life, making a man divide his time and use it discreetly, under the laws and canons of just reason.

Frugality and carefulness, with foresight and self-denial, are results of being obliged to provide in two-thirds of the year for one-third of the year.

To these are added industry and zeal therein. A methodized industry, that shall give employment to the faculties steadily from day to day, is one of the most civilizing and one of the most moralizing of all the influences that can be brought to bear upon a man.

These things are infixed in the very constitution of nature. When we look upon nature, and trace it, we say, 'How much better is summer than winter;' but we must remember that winter is the cause of making summer an instrument of moral education to mankind.

I now wish to speak of the great blessings that winter produces in domestic affairs. In summer, the family is more or less scattered. Men live out of doors largely, during the hot season. This has its advantages, but it leaves out important elements. I may go so far as to say that no nation ever had the family in so rich a state as the Anglo-Saxon nation. A nation without a winter in their year never had a family institution, according to our ideas of a family institution; and, if they ever do have, it will be because it is framed and fashioned where there is a winter, and then transmitted by sympathy or example. The Teutonic races are marked in the power and the blessings of domestic institutions.

But see how this is. Winters in our northern latitudes shut in men from much journeying. They make it impossible for them to find their pleasures out of doors. The nights are long. And though they may be occasionally irradiated by social gatherings, yet, in the main, parents and children are in the house by themselves. And they learn to love each other. And living in an atmosphere of love, which exists nowhere else so purely and so beneficently as in the family, they are saturated by it, and ripened in it. And industries there thrive under the best conditions. There, as part provision against gloom or indolence, are readings and games. And so it comes to pass that, from being

shut up during three or four months of the year in the house, we get a family institution that stands out more prominently than that of other nations. And it all comes from the circumstances of the structure of the year in the climate in which we happen to live.

And as for me, I thank God for every wintry storm that drives men into the house, and keeps them there, and makes them live together. I thank God for the necessity that there is of providing for winter all through the summer. I thank God for the influences of winter in bringing out the best affections of our nature. If winter did no more than to accomplish these things, independent of its natural results, it would be a blessing for which we could never praise God enough.

There is one other relation which I may mention while I am on this subject, and then I will let you take a trial of winter again. I mean the relation of this season to health. Man must be considered, in this state of being, as a body and a soul tempered together; and no analysis can separate them properly. And where a man is rugged, strong, and healthy in body, he is apt to be rugged, strong, and healthy in reason, conscience, and the affections. Where men are comparatively feeble in body, where their bones are soft, and their muscles are relaxed, and their nerves are weak, you will find that their minds are feeble too.

Now vigour comes with cold, or with that necessity for exertion which cold inspires. There is tonic in it. It is invigorating.

One word more. I see, coming up upon the earth, a mist filled with all forms of fear; and, to my terror, I see, as distinctly as though I were a prophet, that the tendency is to unbelief or atheism. Against this terrible tendency, that will make life drear; that will make the soul a desert; that will make religion doubtful; and that will make all of man's hopes as a dream when one waketh—against this I set, as a cure and a remedy, the habit of cultivating higher thoughts. Morning, noon, and night, cold and heat, winter and summer, the fertile fields and the barren sands, the surging sea and the sounding storm, all that there is in the round year, may say something to you higher than of themselves. Their voice may seem to be some echo from the spiritual; may bring some thought of the boundless realms of immortality; may wake in you some feelings that will be more spiritual; may make nature say to you, from day to day, 'God is Father, ye are his children, and life and immortality are bright beyond, because Christ has brought them to light by the Gospel.'

Poetry.

GOD'S SERVANTS.

WIND and rain, and frost and snow,
As they come and as they go,
All have got some work to do.

Wind will purify the air,
Nor the noxious vapours spare;
We could not, with all our care.

Rain, when heavy clouds fly lower,
Comes down in a copious shower,
Moistening earth with gentle power.

Frost, without or noise or rumble,
Makes the hardest clay-clods crumble,
And down into the furrows tumble.

Snow, too, God in goodness sends,
And so the springing corn defends,
On which our future life depends.

These are His servants, give him praise,
For wonderful are all his ways.
But his great love in Christ his Son,
Has all his wondrous works outdone.

Anecdotes and Selections.

SINGULAR ADVICE.—A man who had been very much connected with infidels, was taken dangerously ill; and feeling that he could not recover, became alarmed for the safety of his soul. His infidel principles gave him no comfort. He began, for the first time, to examine into the christian religion. He embraced it, and found it to be the power of God to his salvation, enabling him to triumph over the fear of death. In the mean time, his infidel friends hearing of his sickness, and that he was not likely to recover, showed a degree of feeling which, it was hoped, might prove the first step towards their own conversion. They were not aware that their dying friend had become a christian. They called to see him, and actually told him that they came on purpose to advise him now to embrace Christianity; "Because," said they, "if it be false, it can do you no harm; but if it should prove true, you will be a great gainer."

WHEN JOHN WESLEY, in company with John Nelson, was once travelling and preaching in Cornwall, the people heard him willingly, but never offered them food or lodging. One day Wesley stopped his

horse at some brambles, to pick the fruit. "Brother Nelson," said as he did so, "we ought to be thankful that there are plenty of berries; for this is the best country I ever saw for getting a store but the worst I ever knew for getting food. Do the people think can live upon preaching?" "At that time," says his companion, Wesley and I slept on the floor; he had a great coat for his pillow. I had Burkitt's 'Notes on the New Testament' for mine. One morning, about three o'clock, Mr. Wesley turned over, and finding I was awake, clapped me on the side, saying, 'Brother Nelson, let us have good cheer; I have one whole side yet, for the skin is off but one side.'

RICHARD REYNOLDS, of Bristol, the eminent quaker philanthropist, was remarkable for his unfeigned humility. A lady was once thanking him for adopting an orphan child, and said, "When thou art old enough I will tell him your name, and teach him to thank; when the good man replied, "Don't do that; we never thank the clouds for rain; teach him to thank God."

The Fireside.

FAMILY RELIGION.

COULD we assume the nature of some benevolent spirit, and unseen, the families of good men, what beautiful scenes of domestic affection and piety would present themselves to our view!—in which the heartless and repulsive spirit of infidelity, or the proud profligacy of fashionable life, look down upon with contempt, which do honour to human nature, and contribute, in no inconsiderable degree, to avert the curse of Heaven from a profane and demoralized world! O yes, it is a lovely sight, to behold the pious and intelligent parent reading the Book of life, and explaining, as he reads, the meaning of the sacred page. The children, rapt and motionless, hang round his lips; while all give proof, by the fixedness of their attention, that an interest is excited in their hearts, and that they love to hear the voice of their beloved instructor, of that greater "Father who dwells in heaven,"—the Parent of angels and of men. The majesty and goodness of God; the wonders of creation, exhibiting, in every element of animate and inanimate nature, the design and the wisdom of Him who formed them;—the misery brought upon the human race, and the redemption of a fallen world by the atonement and sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ;—the grace of the Saviour who died for sinful men;—the need of regeneration by the Spirit of God, and of power;—the duties of evangelical morality, and the happy state of a life adorned with Christian virtues;—the glories of the celestial state, and the blessedness of those who part on earth, with the hope of meeting again, when the whole family of God shall be gathered together.

together in one;—and the ample recompense in store for patience and self-denial, and habitual piety, in “the rest that remaineth for the people of God;”—these are subjects which, being peculiarly appropriate on the Sabbath, have been the means of training up multitudes in religious families to honour and usefulness in the present life, and of preparing them for happiness in the world to come.

The Penny Post Box.

EASY-GOING RELIGION.

“More the tempting calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o’er my head.”

Is a sentiment which real Christians will be ready to adopt, for it is confirmed by Scripture and their own experience. But in our day many who profess religion think otherwise. They don’t like “tempests” at all, and would rather have it always “calm.” The fact is, they have adopted the profession of religion because it is now more respectable and fashionable, and more likely to advance their temporal interests. Such people mistake real religion altogether, and would forsake it in crowds if times of persecution were to return. A sensible writer says:—

“The religion of the day is an easy-minded religion, without conflict and wrestling, without self-denial; a religion which knows nothing of the pangs of the new birth at its commencement, and nothing of the desperate struggle with the flesh and with the devil, day by day, making us long for deliverance. It is a second rate religion—a religion in which there is no large-heartedness, no noble-mindedness, no elevation, no self-devotedness, no all-constraining love. It is a hollow religion, with a fair exterior, but an aching heart—a heart unsatisfied, a soul not at rest, a conscience not at peace with God; a religion marked, it may be, by activity and excitement, but betraying all the while the consciousness of a wound hidden and unhealed within, and hence unable to animate to lofty doing, or supply the strength needed for such doings. It is a feeble religion, lacking the sinews and bones of harder times—very different from the indomitable, much-enduring, storm-braving religion, not merely of apostolic days, but even of the Reformation. It is an uncertain religion: that is to say, it is not rooted on certainty; it is not the outflowing of a soul assured of pardon, and rejoicing in the filial relationship between itself and God. Hence, there is no liberty of service, for the question of personal acceptance is still an unsettled thing; there is a working *for* pardon, but not *from* pardon. All is thus bondage, heaviness, irksomeness. There is a speaking for God, but it is with a faltering tongue; there is a labouring for God, but it is with fettered hands; there is a moving

in the way of his commandments, but it is with a heavy drag upon the limbs. Hence the inefficient, uninfluential character of such religion. It does not tell on others, for it has not yet fully told upon the person himself. It falls short of its mark, for the arm that draws the bow is paralyzed."

AN OLD DISCIPLE.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

THE BRITISH HOUSE OF LORDS

Consists of—1 prince, 2 royal dukes, 3 archbishops, 25 dukes, 32 marquises, 158 earls, 30 viscounts, 28 bishops, and 158 barons—the total number of peers being 435. The Bishop of Bath and Wells sits also as Baron Auckland. The following clergymen have also seats in the House of Lords as lay peers:—The Rev. A. E. Hobart, Earl of Buckinghamshire; the Rev. William George Howard, Earl of Carlisle; the Rev. William John Broderick, Viscount Middleton; the Rev. William Nevil, Earl of Abergavenny; the Rev. F. Twisleton-Wykeham-Flennes, Lord Saye and Sele; the Rev. Henry W. Powlett, Lord Bayning; the Rev. Alfred Nathaniel H. Curzon, Lord Scarsdale; and the Right Rev. Thomas Plunket, Lord Plunket. The heir presumptive to the title of Lord Arundel is his brother, the Rev. Everard Aloysius Conzaga, a Jesuit priest. There are 115 peers of Scotland and Ireland who have not seats in the House. The oldest duke is the Duke of Northumberland, aged 85; the youngest, the Duke of Norfolk, aged 16. The oldest marquis, the Marquis of Westmeath, aged 80; the youngest, the Marquis of Ely, aged 16. The oldest earl, the Earl of Onslow, aged 88; the youngest, the Earl of Charleville, aged 13. The oldest viscount, Viscount Gouth, aged 86; the youngest, Viscount Downe, aged 21. The oldest baron, Lord Brougham, aged 85; the youngest,

Lord Rodney, aged 8. The oldest member of the Privy Council is Lord Brougham, the youngest his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The oldest member of the House of Commons is Sir William Vernon, Bart., member for the county of Armagh, aged 83; the youngest the Earl of Tyrone, member for Waterford, aged 21.

Hints.

OUR LIFE.—Every man's life is a solemn reality. He ought to think much of it. It is his own; given to him to prepare for a happy eternity.

LOOK AT THE STARS moving on without haste, never tiring or resting; teaching us by Divine favour so to pursue our course until, like them, we shine in a higher sphere for ever!

TIME MISPENT is not lived, but lost. He lives long who lives well. Some live longer in seventeen years than others in seventy.

A LONG LIFE ON EARTH is at best only a longer lease which must soon expire; but God promises to them that love him an everlasting freehold in heaven.

THE WEB OF LIFE is a mingled yarn of good and evil. Make that web into a garment, and it would be too ugly to wear among the white robes of heaven.

A MAN OF FOURSORE may be said by others to have lived a long life. But to himself the longest part of it was that between five and five-and-twenty.

MEASURE A MAN'S LIFE by his desires and he cannot live long enough; mea-

sure it by the good deeds he has done and he has not lived long enough; measure it by his evil deeds, and he has lived too long.

ESTIMATE OF LIFE.—Some seem as if they did not know its value. They are like that rude Indian who has picked up a large diamond, but gladly bartered it for a string of glass beads.

MEN DESIRE LIFE. There is nothing they covet more, for they are very fond of it; and yet how they waste it, as if it were good for nothing! Do you?

EVERY HUMAN LIFE is like a precious gem covered with dirt, but when washed and polished by the grace of God may shine with splendour on one of the many crowns of the Great Redeemer.

Gems.

REST IN HEAVEN.

MANY things make rest in heaven desirable.

1. Because we cannot find, let us do what we may, real rest on earth.

2. Because we are weary of trying, and feel that we want a rest worth calling rest.

3. Because God has promised to give us real rest in heaven, and we ought to believe him.

4. Because there is no curse in heaven, and therefore no painful labour to weary us.

5. Because there will be no sin there to burden us with an unbearable load of guilt.

6. Because sorrow and sighing through bereavements and suffering will be unknown.

7. Because our Father God will wipe away all our tears, never to spring from broken hearts again.

8. Because our companions will never annoy or vex us, but do all they can to make us feel at home and happy.

9. Because our employments and engagements will always be of a cheerful and joyous character.

10. Because we shall never be driven

from the possession of our rest by violence or deceit.

11. Because that place of rest will be made over to us as an everlasting inheritance.

12. Because Jesus Christ having bought that rest for us, and the Great Father having confirmed the purchase, it will be ours to hold without fear of ever being disturbed again by all the powers of darkness.

This desirable rest remaineth for the people of God.

READER! are you one of the people of God?—that is the grand question. The Word of God will tell you. Read it as you would a title-deed to property, only with infinitely more anxiety. If you are one of the people of God that rest will be yours; if not, where can you look for rest either in this world or in that to which you are passing?

Portia Selections.

SWEETER THAN HONEY.

'Tis sweet to trust in Jesus name,
And feel its mighty power;

'Tis sweet to know he is the same,
When clouds around us lower.

'Tis sweet to hear his heavenly voice
That bids us not to fear,
But in his blessed name rejoice
Because he still is near.

'Tis sweet to feed upon that bread
Which down from Heaven came;
'Tis sweet to look to Christ our head,
And bless his holy name.

'Tis sweet to leave the world behind
And to the mount ascend,
Where we can living water find,
Flowing from Christ our friend.

'Tis sweet to worship at his throne
In humble attitude,
To know that all our fears are gone,
And feel our strength renewed.

'Tis sweet to trust him when he says,
On me thy burden cast,
'Tis sweet to claim the promises
And then to hold them fast.

'Tis sweet to look within the veil,
And view the promise given,
That when this tenement shall fall,
We have a home in heaven.

If such the sweetness while we stay
In such a world as this,
What will it be when in that day
We see Him as he is!

The Children's Corner.

TO GIRLS.

I HAVE now a few words to say to you, for you will be wanted as well as boys, that is, when you are old enough, and mother can spare you; and if she can she ought, for it will do you good to go out and learn many things which you might not learn or be willing to do at home.

And just as I said about boys, I say about girls. They are wanted, but they must be the right sort.

The GIRLS NOT WANTED are those who don't like work; who want telling twenty times how to do one thing; who give pert and sancy answers when told they have done it wrong; who turn sulky when desired to do it better; who are cross and ill-tempered with the children; and who will not get up when called in a morning. Such girls are *not* wanted.

The GIRLS WANTED are those who have made up their minds to do the best they can; who are pleased when told how to do a thing better than they did it before; who take notice of what is said to them, making once telling enough; who go about their work as if they loved to do it, and get it done as soon as they can; who so manage as to have all done by tea-time, and then sit down to do a bit of sewing, or read a book, or write a letter and tell mother how nicely they are getting on; who love the children and try to please them; and who only want calling once in a morning. Such girls *are* wanted.

Yes: and such girls as these are sure to get on and take better wages. But when a girl thinks more about crinolines, and veils, and parasols, and artificials, and finery, she is never likely to make much out; nay, she is more likely to get into mischief. The mistress will take care to keep her drawers locked if she has such a girl in the house. But she will never do that if she knows the girl is trusty, and more thoughtful about having good clothes than tinsel trumpery, unbecoming her situation.

It is an old saying, "As is the mother, so is the daughter;" and this, to a great extent, is true. From this we see how much depends upon the mother, who cannot expect her girl to do well if she does not teach her how, and set her a good example. Good and tidy mothers make good and tidy daughters; as careless and slovenly mothers make careless and slovenly daughters. If mothers wish to see their daughters grow up to be comfortable and respected by all who know them—and she is a queer mother who does not—she will spare no pains in bringing them up in such habits of industry and tidiness as shall prove a blessing to them all their life, and a comfort to herself in her old age.

LOSS OF THE "LONDON" STEAMER.

ESCAPE OF THE "JOHN WILLIAMS."

THE winter of 1865-6 will long be remembered as an awful season of calamities at sea. Far more than the average number of vessels have been wrecked on our coasts, involving great loss of life and property; and it is much to be regretted that not a few courageous men were drowned when making generous attempts to save the crews of the stranded vessels.

Two remarkable cases have excited great interest—one the loss of an Australian steamer called the *London*, and the other the escape of the missionary ship called the *John Williams*.

The *London* was probably one of the finest ships for strength that ever left the river Thames. She was built at Blackwall by her owners, Messrs. Wigram & Son. She was of nearly 3,000 tons burden, 1,752 tons register, and was fitted with an auxiliary screw and engines of two hundred horse power. The length of her main deck was 272 feet; beam 35 feet; depth of hold 24 feet. She was about a year old, and was classed on Lloyd's Register of shipping as a first-class steamer for ten years, A. 1. She had made two voyages to Melbourne and back, and had realized by her performances the great expectations which were entertained respecting her. She was constructed specially for steaming to Australia round the Southern Capes, and she had five water-tight bulkheads. On the 30th of December she sailed from Gravesend and ran to Plymouth, encountering bad weather by the way. On the 4th of January she embarked passengers at Plymouth, and on the 6th she sailed on her third and her last voyage. She was commanded by Captain J. Bohun Martin, a gentleman in the prime of life, and of ripe experience, who had gained respect not only from those in contact with him by his courtesy, but the repute of being one of the smartest and most trustworthy officers running in the fleets on that line. He was senior captain of Messrs. Wigram's Australian fleet; and he was highly esteemed by the passengers. He was scrupulous in his care for their comfort and safety. The *London* sailed from Plymouth having on board two hundred and thirty-nine souls; fifty-four of these were first-class passengers, ninety-nine ordinary passengers, and eighty-six officers and crew. On the day after she sailed (the 7th) the *London* encountered very heavy weather with rain. The next day was nearly as boisterous and unsettled, but on the 9th the wind increased to a gale, the power of which

wrought much damage. Her jib-boom, foretopmast, topgallant-mast, and royalmast, were carried away, and the port lifeboat was washed overboard and lost. This was in the morning, and the storm giving no signs of abatement, she was at three o'clock next morning put about, Captain Martin intending to run back for Plymouth to refit. About this time a tremendous sea, which terrified even the most hardened seamen, broke on board, doing great damage; the starboard lifeboat was carried away by the wave, and the cutter stove in. At noon this day an observation was taken, the ship being then in the Bay of Biscay, about two hundred miles south-west of Land's End. The violent weather continued, and at half-past ten on Wednesday night the ship rolled and pitched fearfully, shipping such quantities of water on deck as to carry away the engine-room hatch. The water soon found its way into the engine-room, putting out the fires, and thus stopping the engines. The pumps were kept incessantly going the whole night, all the passengers who were capable of rendering any help working with the utmost energy to assist the crew in keeping the ship afloat by baling with buckets, in addition to the pumps. During that frightful night—the night, it will be remembered, when thirty vessels were driven on shore in Torbay, and so many other wrecks occurred—the gale increased, if possible, in violence every hour, until it blew a hurricane, and a fearful cross-sea incessantly made clean breaches over the hapless vessel. The utmost efforts were made, but without avail, to secure the engine-room hatch. About four a.m. the stern ports were stove in by the sea, and the exertions made to close them up again were wholly useless. The passengers and crew all this time behaved exceedingly well, and worked with an orderly energy which showed it was for their lives they strove. But the water continued to increase, and all command of the ship was lost. It then became evident that further effort was hopeless. At ten o'clock on the morning of Thursday, Captain Martin had the terrible task of making known to all those in his charge on board that the ship was sinking, and that they must prepare for the worst. She was then as low in the water as the main chains. An effort was now made to lower the boats, and the starboard iron pinnacle was got down, with five men in her. In the terrific sea she was quickly swamped and went down, but the five men were got on board the ship again. This catastrophe had the effect of intimidating the crew from attempting to launch the

three remaining boats, and all on board began to realise the dreadful fate which impended. The whole of the passengers and crew gathered as with one consent in the chief saloon, and having been calmly told by Captain Martin that there was no hope left, a remarkable and unanimous spirit of resignation seemed to come over them at once. There were neither cries nor shrieking by women or men, no rushing on deck or frantic behaviour. All calmly resorted to the saloon, where the Rev. Mr. Draper, one of the passengers, prayed aloud, and exhorted the unhappy creatures by whom he was surrounded. Mothers were weeping sadly over the little ones about with them to be engulfed, and the children, ignorant of their coming death, were pitifully inquiring the cause of so much woe. Friends were taking leave of friends, as if preparing for a long journey; others were crouched down with Bibles in their hands, endeavouring to snatch consolation from passages long known or long neglected. Incredible, say the survivors, was the composure which, under such circumstances, reigned around. Captain Martin stationed himself in the poop, going occasionally forward or into the saloon, but to none could he offer a word of comfort. He joined now and then for a few moments in the public devotions, but his place to the last was on the deck. About two o'clock in the afternoon, the water gaining fast on the ship, and no signs being apparent of the storm subsiding, a small band of men determined to trust themselves to the mercy of the waves in a boat rather than go down without a struggle. Leaving the saloon, therefore, they got out and lowered away the port cutter, in which sixteen of the crew and three of the passengers succeeded in getting, and they launched her clear of the ship. These nineteen men shouted to the captain to come with them, but with heroic courage he declined to go with them, saying, "No, I will go down with the passengers; but I wish you God speed and safe to land." The boat then pulled away, tossing about helplessly on the crests of the gigantic waves. Scarcely had they gone eighty yards, or been five minutes off the deck, when the fine steamer went down stern foremost with her crowd of human beings, from whom one confused cry of helpless terror arose, and all was silent for ever!

After the boat had got away from the *London*, and in the brief interval before she foundered, a rush was seen to be made to the two remaining boats, but the efforts to launch them were ineffectual, and the suddenness of the foundering at last—the *London*

being an iron ship—prevented what might have been a successful second attempt to save a few more lives. The nineteen survivors, in their little light boat, were driven before the gale in the Bay of Biscay all that Thursday afternoon, and evening, and night, tossed on the back of tremendous seas, and when daylight on Friday morning came there was still no rescue, nor much hope of living out the gale. About 11 a.m. on Friday, the 12th, however, a vessel hove in sight, and the attention of its crew being attracted to the boat they were picked up, after twenty-four hours' exposure to the pitiless winds and water. The vessel proved to be an Italian barque, on board which the survivors received the utmost attention and kindness, and from which they were put ashore at Falmouth on Tuesday afternoon.

Some hair-breadth escapes in connection with this disaster are already known. A lady who was desirous of proceeding from Plymouth with her family to Melbourne by the *London*, had made repeated pressing applications to the owners' agent at Plymouth, and the captain had been consulted, but, fortunately for the applicant, had declared that his cabins were so full that he could not possibly accommodate her, as result that, at that time, caused her much disappointment. A second-class male passenger was so alarmed at the rough weather which the *London* encountered on her way down to Plymouth, that immediately on her arrival at that port he came ashore, resigned his passage, and went back to his home, thus unwittingly saving his life. A young man, as the result of some family quarrel, left his home, and took a passage by the *London*. He was advertised for in the *Times*, and importuned to return, his friends being unaware of his whereabouts. Messengers were sent down to Plymouth, and an influential shipbroker in the town was employed to intercept him should he attempt to sail thence. Fortunately he was detected amongst the passengers of the *London*, and his family communicated with the broker, the result of which was that a brother of the young man came down to Plymouth, and persuaded the would-be emigrant to forego his voyage.

The missionary ship *John Williams*, commanded by a captain of the same name, having on board five missionaries, named Alexander Mickie, S. H. Davis, A. T. Saville, J. Chalmers, and J. Watson, and their wives, put into Portland Roads on Friday morning, Jan. 19, owing to injuries received in the late gale.

She left London on Thursday the 11th, bound for Adelaide, and other parts of Australia, Van Dieman's Land, and from thence to the islands of the South Pacific. She was laden principally with articles required for the various mission stations, such as books, stationery, &c., and also with articles for bartering in such places where money was not much valued. The day after the good ship left London was very fine, but soon after the weather became threatening, and dispelled the hope that the first Sunday at sea would be a joyful one, the weather on that and the following day being very rough. On Sunday night there appeared to be every indication of a storm, as the barometer fell more than Captain Williams had ever known it before. He did all in his power to put the ship in proper order, and although the weather was very rough for two or three days, it was not until nine o'clock on Thursday morning, when the full force of the gale which has caused so much destruction amongst shipping on the west part of the coast caught her, striking the ship on her side, tearing away the whale-boat from the davits, a circumstance much regretted by the captain, as it was specially built to stem the heavy surf which surrounds the islands of the South Pacific. The gale also blew away the fore topsail, causing one of the spars to break. The fury of the gale was such that every stitch of canvass was compelled to be taken off, with the exception of her fore-mast staysail and close-reefed mizen. The ship then drove before the wind for several hours, it was feared to the leeward, which would bring her on the French coast, or somewhere near the Caskets. The ship, however, answered her helm so beautifully that this dire calamity was averted, making better way than was anticipated, reaching two knots an hour, causing her to keep to windward more than was expected. At one time the ship was in such a dangerous position that the captain and passengers gave themselves up for lost, such was the violence of the sea, and every probability of drifting on a rugged coast. Under these trying circumstances, prayer and praise were offered up, when, as if in response to it, towards the afternoon the fury of the elements was abated, and the hearts of the passengers and crew made glad by sighting the English coast, St. Alban's Head. After much trouble the *John Williams* succeeded in reaching Portland Roads, and anchored in safety beneath the protection afforded by the magnificent harbour of refuge, with the breakwater there constructed. One of the lady passengers, Mrs. Mickie, was thrown

POETRY.

from her bed, and received some injury. The pilot was also injured during the storm, being thrown on his head and rendered insensible for a short time. The missionaries came on shore at Weymouth, where they were most hospitably entertained by several of the religious denominations to which they belonged. Mrs. Mickie was attended by Dr. Tizard, and it is anticipated she will be able to resume her voyage. On Sunday two of the missionaries preached in two chapels at Weymouth, where, in course of their sermons, they described the perils to which they had already been exposed. Intelligence of this safe arrival at Portland of the *John Williams* was speedily despatched to London, and soon after one of the secretaries, Mr. Robinson, who had not heard anything of the vessel since she had been seen off Broadstairs, left London for Weymouth, and the joyful intelligence was then disseminated to other parts of her safe arrival in Portland Roads.

Poetry.

"THERE SHALL BE NO MORE SEA."

"THERE shall be no more sea :"
So spake the Prophet of the golden lips,
Whose vision, clear and free,
Saw the far depths of that Apocalypse.
No more the treacherous wave
Shall overwhelm poor wanderers in the homeless deep—
The dark and lonely grave
Where thousand shipwreck'd souls have slept their sleep.
From each cavernous deep,
Where storms come not, and tempest wave is dumb,
The forms of them that sleep
Shall rise undying when the Judge shall come !
And then, its history o'er,
The great wide sea shall flee and pass away,
And many a golden shore,
Long hidden, greet the bright, eternal day.
Crown'd high with amaranth grove,
The hills shall rise by man and angels trod ;
The ocean of His love
Shall still make glad the city of our God.
God shall make all things new,
And shoreless sea shall join with sealess shore ;
And cleansed eyes shall view
Might, wisdom, mercy, met for evermore.

Anecdotes and Selections.

A LOST LIFE.—A very affecting incident in the life of a young man is related. Like too many, he had not sought the Saviour's help until affliction brought him to reflection. He then felt his need of mercy, which, seeking earnestly, through divine grace he found. At this time hopes were entertained that he would recover; and this he himself desired that he might prove that his repentance was sincere. But he became worse, and as death drew nigh he seemed greatly depressed. His anxious mother, hearing him exclaim, "Lost! lost! lost!" asked him if he had lost his hope in Christ. His answer was an expression of deep but unavailing regret. "No, mother, no; I have yet hope in Christ; but I am now twenty-four years of age, and have done nothing for Him. My life has been lost! lost! lost!"

THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.—Not with a man or a beast, nor against fire or water, to save my body for this life, but a soul struggle with an unseen enemy for eternal life. It was a struggle between the devil and myself at the time when I wanted to be saved, and almost hoped I should be saved. It was about these words of Christ—"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out;" Satan at one end of the promise, and I at the other. O what work we made! It was for this that we did so tug and strive; he pulled and I pulled; but, God be praised! through his grace I overcame him by faith; and Apollyon flew away to his den, while I, like Christian, went on my way singing for joy!

WHOSOEVER WILL LET HIM COME.—In the spirit of Him who told of the prodigal's welcome to his Father's house, I invite the most sinful and guilty to come to God by Christ; for He is only waiting until he sees in your heart the first faint motions of penitence to pour into it the comforts of boundless love. Only come, confessing that you owe much and have nothing to pay with, and he will frankly forgive you all. Come back to your Father who can see you a great way off, and ere you are aware will run to meet you; and angels hearing of your return will rejoice over you with music and song. Come then, come at once, come *now*.

OUR HEAVENLY CROWN.—If we love Christ he will give us one. But what will it be? We cannot tell. He will prepare it and bestow it on every one who is faithful unto death. And yet it seems as if we, while we live here, have something to do in providing ornamental gems for it,—those gems being the souls of all those we have been the means of leading to the Saviour. Paul seemed to think so when he said, "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming? For ye are our glory and joy."

A VALUABLE TESTIMONY.—The late excellent Dr. Wayland, of America, after a life of labour in preaching and writing, was told by his physician that he must refrain, or paralysis would ensue. He did, and afterwards wrote—"I laid aside my papers and took rest. But I read the Bible more than I had ever done before in the same time. Every new reading made me admire and love it. O how much have I lost by not reading it more! I have great reason to bless God for setting me on a side bench in his school to learn my lesson alone. I now can entertain a more steady and constant hope of Eternal Life!"

THE FIRST VERSE IN THE BIBLE.—It has been observed that this is the most comprehensive, perfect, and sublime sentence ever written. It is just what we might naturally expect God would say first of all in his own book to men of all nations and ages. He knew that Science, falsely so called, would make its bold speculations; and that stupid idols would be set up to dispute his claims; and so the very first words that meet our eye when opening His book are these—"IN THE BEGINNING GOD CREATED THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH."

MR. TURRELL, A NEW ENGLAND PREACHER, in forty-six years preached five thousand, five hundred, and eighty-two sermons. If all these had been printed, they would have made two hundred and eighty volumes, of twenty sermons in each volume. Upon an average of one soul for each sermon, what sheaves of souls would this labourer have to present to the Lord of the harvest!

The Fireside.

A CHRISTIAN MAN'S HOUSEHOLD.

HOME! is there a word that we so cling to, a memory so dear to us? Is not the heaven we are looking for a home where love reigns, blessed with the fulness of joy and peace?

But there is a flaw in every earthly thing. As the winds move the surface of the lake, and, troubling its waters, destroy the fair picture it presented, so the closest union, the most tuneful harmony that a pious family can know, is at times broken by discordant jars.

"The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something every day they live,
To pity or perhaps forgive."

When a man has taken on himself to be the head of a household, he has entered on a high and holy calling—whether his lot be cast among the great or the lowly—and his duties and their rewards are closely related. He feels, concerning his wife, his children, his servants, that

to pass safely and happily through this life, they must be guided, trained, and governed as God has directed him in his own word. And he will rejoice in his labour.

People talk of the breaking up of homes. Christian homes never "break up." The members being knit together with that which is imperishable—the love of Christ—they may be forced to separate for a few years, they may wander north, east, south, and west, but only to reunite for ever in the many mansions of their heavenly Father's house.

And so with the eye of faith the christian man looks on those around him, looks upward for help, and points them onward by his teaching and his example. Here, he will generally reap what he has sown; hereafter, who can estimate the reward of his work?

No work tells like home work. A godly household is a burning and shining light; a careless worldly one is a reproach, and a weight round the neck of its master. God commends Abraham for commanding his children and his household after him; and of the "excellent woman" it is said, "she looketh well to the ways of her household." A really christian family or household is as a bright light shining in a dark world.

The Penny Post Box.

LAND ALLOTMENTS.

I AM always pleased when I see near any of our English villages a few acres of ground laid out in patches for working men to cultivate at a low rent; and those considerate owners of the land who do such things are worthy of all commendation.

But this can only be regarded as a few short steps in the right direction. I know that as our British Isles are bound in by the sea all round we cannot enlarge the land; but do we make the best use of its surface? I think not. I believe the land of these islands might be made to maintain a far greater number than it does.

Now mind; I am no leveller. I would not rob the rich to pamper the poor. All I plead for is that there may be wider scope for honest industry. God gave the earth to man in the Garden of Paradise, and renewed the grand charter at the foot of Mount Ararat. No laws made by man ought to be allowed to abrogate or supersede this great law of nature and of God. But I fear they have; nay I am sure that most of our old feudal laws did, and some of them remain to this day.

Now mind again, I have no sympathy to spare for the men who are called poachers. Their conduct is always foolish, and sometimes cruelly wicked. But, on the other hand, I cannot believe God Almighty ever intended that thousands of acres in all parts of our land should be

set apart for the preservation of four animals—hares and conies, pheasants and partridges—affording maintenance only to the few keepers employed to watch them.

I know the difficulties which surround these questions in our old country, and so I have been careful in what I have said. And yet I never take up a newspaper but I read something about prosecutions for poaching. I am tired of reading them; and heartily do I wish that the foolish men who go out on such dangerous errands could be provided with honest employment in the cultivation of the earth. I wish rich landlords would think of these things, for men are of more value than game.

HUMANITAS.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

POST OFFICE REPORT—1864.

EVERY yearly report requires another year in which to prepare it.

The increase of letters in 1864 was thirty-seven millions—book, paper, and pattern parcels seven millions.

Registered letters, above two millions—only fourteen lost or stolen.

The returned letters numbered above three millions.

Twenty-eight millions of letters and twenty-one millions of book, paper, and pattern parcels passed between this and foreign countries and our colonies.

The total sum deposited in Post Office Savings Banks up to March 31, 1865, was £9,217,000, of which £3,852,000 deposited for safety only, had been withdrawn.

The number of valentines posted in London in the Western District alone, was nearly one-fourth of the whole of the letters posted in London.

The total revenue of the Post Office service was £4,231,558. The total cost £3,072,235. Clear balance in favour, £1,159,323.

The average balance in favour for the first five years was £509,966; for the second five years, £851,655.

Upon the whole our Post Office system in all its branches is the most perfect that the wisdom of man ever devised or his energies ever accomplished, embracing as it does nearly the whole civilized world.

Hints.

ONE OF THE BEST WAYS of doing good to ourselves is to try to do some good to others.

EVERY HOUR has its appointed duty, which, if neglected, may never come back to give us a new trial.

HASTY WORDS may be compared to the shout which we are told sometimes brings down an avalanche when climbing the Alps.

BOISTEROUS AND BLUSTERING MEN are generally fearful cowards, and are often as cruel as they are cowardly.

A TRULY COURAGEOUS MAN is cool and calm. He fears not other men, but he fears himself lest he should do wrong. When assured he is in the right he advances boldly.

CONSTANT EMPLOYMENT is good for both body and mind. What a burden it is to have nothing to do! "To be employed is to be happy," said one; "employment is the best physician," said another.

! GREAT FOLLY of human nature lose the blessings we already in silly and vain attempts to old of those which are beyond ach.

y has been described as riding crazy boat on the sea of malice, ten when watching to see her our's boat upset, is upset her- running upon an unseen rock. RE IS MORE TRUE GREATNESS ing to a fault and repairing it a stupidly persisting in wrong. retreat like a lion with your the foe, than like a yelping our our tail between your legs.

GEMS.

GREAT PIRATE, Satan, never his time and strength in ng empty vessels; he bears with all his force on those which hly laden with divine gifts and

LOVES US ALL, even the evil e unthankful, and would have o be saved. And therefore he it as a wrong done to Him, if pair of any man whom he has and for whom, as for us, Christ ed.

EN THE AGED CHRISTIAN sinks bodily infirmities into the arms h, he reaches that period of his ice when he is just passing to oymnt of immortal youth.

, THOUGHTS, whether conceived or intruded on us, are among hief tormentors in this life. a relief will entire deliverance hem in heaven be!

THIS WORLD the Christian is but l in its rough state; at death re gold is melted out and re- and the dross cast away.

RE HONOUR IS DUE to the Chris- ho does battle with the world, o him who skulks like a coward he confict. We honour Christ by serving Him in a crowded an in a solitary cell.

THE CAPTAIN OF OUR SALVATION is strict in his discipline, demanding implicit obedience, but he is bountiful in distributing the high reward which he himself has won for us—even heaven for a few days' faithful service on earth.

THE BEAUTIES OF EARTH often excite our admiration, and they ought; but if in this prison of sin we are permitted to gaze on such scenes, what shall we behold in the palace of holiness when our eyes see the King in his beauty?

Poetic Selections.

A VOICE FROM THE SPIRIT LAND.

I SHINE in the light of God,
His likeness stamps my brow;
Through the valley of death my feet have trod,
But I reign in glory now.

I've found the joys of heaven,
I'm one of the ransom'd band;
Unto me a crown of life is given,
And a harp is in my hand.

I've learnt the song they sing,
Whom Jesus hath set free;
And the glorious walls of heaven ring
With my new-born melody.

No breaking hearts are here,
No fear, nor thrilling pain;
Nor wasted cheek where the frequent tear
Roll'd down and left its stain.

Ye friends of mortal years,
The trusted and the true,
Ye are walking still in the valley of tears,
But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget you? no!
For memory's golden chain
Still binds my heart to the hearts below,
Till we meet to unite again.

Each link is strong and bright,
And love's electric flame
Flows freely down like a stream of light,
To the world from whence I came.

Do you mourn when another star
Shines out in the glittering sky?
Do you weep when the raging voice of war,
Or the storms of conflict die?

Then why should your tears flow down,
And your hearts be sorely riven?
My soul is a gem in the Saviour's crown,
My house is for ever in heaven!

The Children's Corner.

HUNTING SQUIRRELS.

JONATHAN WOODVILLE was a honest hard-working man with a wife and several children. He was only a farm labourer, but by industry and frugality he had managed to buy a cow and rent a bit of land. He had also an allotment near the village on which he grew vegetables for the house, and some barley for his two pigs; and his wife saw after a few chickens and ducks. But it was hard work to make both ends meet. Having heard that he could have assistance as an able-bodied labourer to go out to Canada, he sold his furniture and stock, bought a few new tools, and started. He was sent down into the western parts, where some new settlements were forming. About fifty acres were allotted to him at a low price, but he had all the ground to clear of trees and bushes. He set to work, and having first of all put together a log house to live in, he then began in good earnest to chop down the trees and root up the bushes. He had four strong lads with him, all of whom, except one, Mike, fifteen years old, helped their father and worked like men.

Perhaps I should not have told you about all this if it had not been for that Mike; for one day when they sent him to go to the log-house for a saw, he went, but on the way seeing a squirrel in one of the trees he gave chase to it, and forgot all about the saw. His father and brothers wondered what had become of him. When they got home he was not there; but it was not long before he came too, tired and hungry, and then they knew all about it. He had been hunting squirrels.

Years passed on and Jonathan Woodville had a snug farm of his own. "But where is Mike?" said one of his neighbours. "I hardly know," said the father, "we could not get him to settle down to work, and one day he left us for the United States of America, where, I suppose, he is now, hunting squirrels."

I hope all the lads who read this will take care not to do as Mike did. They may not find any squirrels to hunt, but if they run first after one thing and then another instead of minding their own work, *that* will be just as bad as Mike hunting squirrels.

TRIAL OF RICHARD BAXTER,

HIS LAST HOURS, AND HIS LAST SONG.

FLITTING across the scenes of the English Rebellion, Restoration, and Revolution, two hundred years ago, we see the shadows of some of the greatest men that England ever produced.

Among these, as a preacher and writer, Richard Baxter was conspicuous. As a preacher his energy was most forcible and powerful—few being able to resist his appeals. As a writer no man, perhaps, ever wrote and printed so many good books. He was, however, like all other men, not without his failings; but these consisted chiefly in errors of judgment arising often from the spirit and manners of the age in which he lived, and never from evil intention. In our days his life and labours would have won for him universal admiration. To think of such a man being treated in the brutal manner he was at what was called his trial cannot but excite our wonder and indignation. But there never was an English Judge who disgraced the bench like Jeffreys. But verily the wretch, as Lord Macaulay has described, met with his reward.

"It had been determined before the death of Charles II. that Baxter should be imprisoned and tried, and he was actually on bail when that wretched king died. He was, by a warrant of Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys, committed to the King's Bench for writing 'that scandalous, seditious book,'—so was it styled—'A Paraphrase on the New Testament.' He was committed in February, and in May he was brought to his trial. In fact, nothing could be more innocent than the words for which he was indicted. He was indicted as 'Richard Baxter, a seditious and factious person, of a depraved mind, impious, iniquitous, of turbulent disposition and conversation, determined to break in the peace of the community and the tranquillity of our Lord the King,' etc. He was brought to trial before Jeffreys. His counsel had moved for more time. 'I will not give him,' said that drunken and blood-stained judge 'a minute's time to save his life. We have had to do with other sorts of persons, but now we have a saint to deal with, and I know how to deal with saints as well as sinners. Yonder stands Oates in the pillory, and he says he suffers for the truth, and so says Baxter; but if Baxter

did but stand on the other side of the pillory with him, I would say two of the greatest rogues and rascals in the kingdom stood there.' On the 30th of May, Baxter was brought for trial. Sir Henry Ashurst had the courage to stand by him all the while. 'When I saw,' says another eye-witness, 'the meek man stand before the flaming eyes and fierce looks of this judge, I thought of Paul before Nero. The barbarous usage which he received drew plenty of tears from my eyes, as well as from others of the auditors and spectators. He drove on furiously, pouring out contempt and scorn upon Baxter, as if he had been a link-boy or knave, which made the people who could not get near enough to hear the indictment or Mr. Baxter's plea, exclaim, "Surely, this Baxter had burned the city." But others said, it was not the custom now-a-days to receive ill, except for well-doing; and, therefore, this must needs be some good man that my lord rails so at.' The obscenity, the vulgarity, and unrighteousness of the judge on the occasion of that trial, are well known. Before the trial of Baxter, a short cause was heard; and then the clerk called another cause. 'You blockhead you,' said the judge, 'the next cause is between Baxter and the King.' Some part of the 'Paraphrase' objected to was Mark xii. 38-40—'And for a pretence make long prayers.' Baxter made some remarks on liturgies. 'Is he not now an old knave,' said Jeffreys, 'to interpret this of liturgies. No, no,' continued he, 'it is their own long-winded extempore prayers, such as they used to say when they appropriated God to themselves. Lord, we are Thy people, Thy peculiar people, Thy dear people.' And then he snorted, and squeaked through the nose, lifting up his eyes and mimicking their manner, as he said they used to pray. Baxter's counsel interposed. 'Polfexen,' says Jeffreys, 'I know you well. I will set a mark upon you; you are the patron of the faction. This is an *old* rogue who has poisoned the world with his Kidderminster doctrine. Don't we know how he preached formerly? "Curse ye Meroz; curse them bitterly that come not to the help of the Lord against the mighty." He encouraged all the women and maids to bring their bodkins and thimbles to carry on their war against the king of ever blessed memory. An old schismatical knave, a hypocritical villain.' 'I beseech your lordship,' said Polfexen, 'suffer me a word for my client. It is well known to all intelligent men of this age and nation that those things do *not* apply to the character of Mr. Baxter. My lord, Mr. Baxter's

loyal and peaceable spirit, King Charles would have rewarded with a bishopric when he came in if he would have conformed.' 'Aye, aye,' said the judge, 'we know that; but what ailed the old blockhead, the unthankful old villain, that he would not conform? Was he wiser and better than other men? He hath been ever since the spring of the faction. I am sure he hath poisoned the world with his linsey-woolsey doctrine; a conceited, stubborn, fanatical dog. Hang him! this old fellow hath cast more reproach upon the constitution and discipline of our Church than will be wiped off for a hundred years; but I'll handle him for it, by G——! He deserves to be whipped through the city.'

Let us blush for the days when that trial took place; blush that the bench of English justice was filled by so drunken and disgraceful a buffoon—blush that the throne of England was filled by a man of a more depraved character than the judge. Jeffreys was fond of whipping, and he was desirous that Baxter should be flogged through the city; but the sentence was ultimately fixed at a fine of £500—a tolerable sum to pay for telling a mild piece of truth. This was one of the first acts of the gentle reign of James II.; and it was early in the administration of his Lord Chief Justice, but it was a type of both;—mercifully both were short. Jeffreys danced a sort of bloody hornpipe through England when he went on circuit; while his white-lipped master taught for a brief year or two that love and forgiveness had no place in his christian code; then the magnanimity of England sent both master and man packing. For two years Baxter continued in prison. We were walking once with Elihu Burritt over York Castle, where George Fox was confined, and when he saw the comfort of all the prisoners, their clean cells and raiment and food, he said, 'Ah, poor dear George Fox; dear Bunyan and Baxter; how very thankful they would have been to have had such a comfortable place as this!' In truth, perhaps, prison would not be very irksome to a man like Baxter. In those days the saints expected it—they took pen, ink, and paper, and a book or two, and went into jail as if they were going home. The accounts given to us of Baxter, in prison, are interesting. The old man wrought away with his pen still. His Puritan friends came to see him. 'We interrupt you,' said they once; 'Of course you do,' said he; 'but never mind, go on.' A man like that would not feel the shackles so much as many men.

We confess we like best to look at Baxter in prison. The dear

old man ; and how beautiful his words are in those closing hours. 'I wish,' he says, 'all over-sharp passages were expunged from my writings, and I ask forgiveness of God and man.' Blessings on thee, thou dear old teacher, thou shalt have for that word, not our forgiveness only, but our veneration. He says that all mankind appear more equal to him ; the good not to appear so good as he once thought, nor the bad so evil, and that in all there is more room for grace, to make advantage of, and more to testify for God and holiness, than he once believed. 'I less admire,' he continues, 'gifts of utterance, and the bare profession of religion than I once did, and have now much more charity for those who, by want of gifts, do make an obscure profession.' Again, 'When God forgiveth me, I cannot forgive myself, especially for my rash words and deeds, by which I have seemed less tender and kind than I should have been to my near and dear relations, whose love abundantly obliged me. When such are dead, though we never differed in point of interest, or any other matter, every sour, or cross, or provoking word, which I gave them, maketh me almost irreconcilable to myself, and tells me how repentance brought some of old to pray to the dead whom they had wronged, to forgive them, in the hurry of their passion.' Grieve not—weep not thou brave and tender spirit ! Cheer up, Richard !—time is short—the cross is heavy, but you have not far to carry it ! Dear old father, it is but a step or two more, and even now beautiful eyes are waiting on the opposite banks of the river, in the house of youth and life, to smile forgiveness on thee for every word, forgotten indeed by them, though so keenly remembered by thee !

At length he was restored to freedom. He could not pay the fine, and so he was liberated ; but when he was urged to sign a declaration of thanks to James II., the sternness of his ancient knighthood returned. His heart was softened, but his soul was perhaps, therefore, even stronger ; he would not commend that infamous act of intolerant toleration, by which he and many others were only made the cat's paw for the destruction of all English liberty and freedom. We venerate the brave old heart of oak in that act as much as in any heroism of his noble life. Seventy years of age. Sick, infirm, bankrupt and beggared by the act of a succession of governments and of kings, he was firm and unshaken. He lived to see the Stuarts fly, and fly, *thank God, for ever !*

He died in 1694. 'I have,' said he, 'great pain ; there is no use arguing against that. I care not ; I have peace—peace—I have peace.' A little while after they asked him how he was, and he replied, 'Almost well.' To the last he continued singing, when his sleep was broken in the night, 'then,' says his friend Silvester, 'he sung much, nay, he believably expected that his angelical convoy would conduct him through all the intermediate regions to his heavenly Father's house, with those melodious hallelujahs or with something equally delightful.'

Then, too, he chanted these last verses. They ring like a glorious farewell to earth, and all hail to Everlasting Rest."

Poetry.

BAXTER'S LAST SONG.

My soul, go boldly forth,
Forsake this sinful earth ;
What hath it been to thee
But pain and sorrow ?
And thinkest thou it will be
Better to-morrow ?

Look up towards heaven and see,
How vast those regions be,
Where blessed spirits dwell—
How pure and lightful !
But earth is near to hell,—
How dark and frightful !

Here life is but a spark,
Scarce shining in the dark ;
Life is the element there
Which souls reside in ;
Much like as air is here,
Which we abide in.

Jerusalem above—
Glorious in light and love,
Is mother of us all ;
Who shall enjoy them ?

The wicked hellward fall,—
Sin will destroy them.

God is Essential love,
And all the saints above
Are like unto him made—
Each in his measure ;
Love is their life and trade,
And their constant pleasure.

Love flames in every breast,
The greatest and the least ;
Strangers to this sweet rest
There are not any ;
Love leaves no place for strife—
Makes one of many.

Lord Jesus, take my spirit !
I have thy love and merit.
Take home thy wandering sheep—
For thou hast sought it ;
This soul in safety keep,
For thou hast bought it.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE ST. KILDA MAN.—At a meeting held for the establishment of schools in the highlands and islands of Scotland, Dr. M'Leod related the following fact:—"A friend of mine happened to be in a boat, by which a poor simple-hearted man from St. Kilda was coming, for the first time in his life, from his native rock to visit the world; and as we advanced towards the island of Mull, a world in itself in the estimation of the poor St. Kilda man, the boatmen commenced telling him of the wonders he was so soon to see. They asked him about St. Kilda; they questioned him regarding all the peculiarities of that wonderful place, and rallied him not a little on his ignorance of all those great and magnificent things which were to be seen in Mull. He parried them off with great coolness and good-humour; at length, a person in the boat asked him if he ever heard of God in St. Kilda. Immediately he became grave and collected. 'To what land do you belong?' said he, 'describe it to me.' 'I,' said the other, 'come from a place very different from your barren rock; I come from the land of flood and field, the land of wheat and barley, where nature spreads her bounty in abundance and luxuriance before us.' 'Is that,' said the St. Kilda man, 'the kind of land you come from? Ah, then, you may forget God, but a St. Kilda man never can. High up on his rock, suspended over a precipice, or tossed on the wild ocean, he never can forget his God—he hangs continually on his arm.' All were silent in the boat, and not a word more was asked him regarding his religion.

CHRISTIAN CALMNESS.—"Some impressions," says a young man, who went out as a missionary, "of true religion were made upon my mind at a very early period. The first that I recollect was when I was about five years of age. There came one day a very violent storm of thunder and lightning, when a few christian friends who lived near us, terrified by its violence, came into my father's house. At last there came a most vivid flash, followed by a crash of thunder, which much alarmed the whole company except my father, who, turning towards my mother with the greatest composure, repeated these words—

"The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please;
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas;

This awful God is ours;
Our father and our love,
He will send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above."

The words sunk deeply into my heart. I thought how safe and happy are those who have the great God for their father; but, being conscious that I had sinned against him, I was afraid he was not my

father, and that, instead of loving me, he was angry with me; and this thought for some time continued to distress and grieve my mind." He then proceeds to say that these early impressions were succeeded by others which terminated in his conversion.

WHEN THE KENT EAST INDIAMAN was on fire, several of the soldiers' wives and children, who had fled for shelter into the after-cabins on the upper deck, were engaged in prayer and in reading the Scriptures with the ladies, some of whom were enabled, with wonderful self-possession, to offer to others those spiritual consolations which a firm and intelligent trust in the Redeemer of the world appeared at this awful hour to impart to them. The dignified deportment of two young ladies in particular formed a specimen of natural strength of mind, finely modified by christian feeling, that failed not to attract the notice and admiration of every one who had an opportunity of witnessing it. On the melancholy announcement being made to them, that all hope must be relinquished, and that death was rapidly and inevitably approaching, one of the ladies above referred to, calmly sinking down on her knees, and clasping her hands together, said, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus!" and immediately proposed to read a portion of the Scriptures to those around her. Her sister, with nearly equal composure and collectedness of mind, selected the forty-sixth and other appropriate Psalms, which were accordingly read, with intervals of prayer, by those ladies alternately, to the assembled females. God mercifully delivered them from death either by burning or drowning.

WHY NOT BELIEVE GOD?—Why doth thy faith stagger at the promises of God? Can God lie against himself? or is he not able to perform? or does he intend only to mock thee? It may be so with man, but never with God. The wonderful promises he has made of grace and glory are very great truly; but He is greater than the greatest promise he ever made, and is of power to do more than you ask or think. "Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."

THE MASTER CALLETH THEE. Awake, listen; what saith he? "Come up hither." Wilt thou go? What! art thou a mole or a bat that thou wouldst rather dwell in twilight and darkness than go to live in the light of the glory of God and the Lamb? Art thou afraid to go where thou hast not been before? Hark again; thy Saviour says, "Fear not; I will be with thee." And dost thou yet fear to follow such a Guide? What! thinkest thou that the Light of the World will lead thee into darkness; that he will leave thee in the hands of death who died to save thee from it; or will allow the devil to rob him of thy soul which he died to deliver from his power? I tell thee again the Master calleth for thee. Arise and follow him, singing

that glorious song of faith—"Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation."

RISEING TO HEAVEN.—As the pretty lark doth sing most sweetly, and never cease her pleasant ditty, while she rises aloft, as if she would enter heaven's shining gate, is suddenly silent when she begins to descend again to the earth; so the frame of the soul is most delectable and joyous while it soars up to God by divine contemplation. But alas! like the lark, we make up there too short a stay, and down again we fall, and lay by our music. So it is on earth, but never in heaven.

A SCOTCH MARTYR, a few minutes before his execution, stood up and exclaimed, "Farewell, sun, moon, and stars; farewell, kindred and friends; farewell, world and time; farewell, weak and trembling body—welcome, heaven; welcome, holy angels and perfect saints; welcome, Jesus my Saviour; welcome, God my Father; welcome, long, long, long eternity!"

The Fireside.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

"MY FATHER," says Professor Tenbrock, of America, "was one of those still men who, much as he thought of company, carried on his part of conversation in brief questions and short answers. He had deceived himself into the belief that his talents were not such as to make it his duty to conduct family worship. With this view he had lived for more than forty years in every *other* respect a consistent christian. A son who, at the time referred to, was preparing for the ministry, and already licensed to preach, was spending a vacation at home—the last evening of his stay had arrived—the family Bible, as usual, was placed before him on the stand, with a request to lead in prayer. The thought occurred, that now for a year or more, whatever devotion might be felt, no voice of prayer could be heard in the family, except from the lips of strangers who should turn in for the night. The thought affected him: and endeavouring to use such a manner as would become him in addressing a father almost threescore years and ten, he said—'Father, I delight to lead in this exercise when at home, but I am affected with the thought that there is to be no more prayer here until I shall return. How is it that you have never established family prayer? I know the diffidence of your nature—I know that it would be hard to overcome it—but would it not have been attended *with satisfaction* to yourself and a blessing to the family worth a far

greater sacrifice? You can ask a favour of a neighbour; to do the same thing with God is prayer; and he greatly mistakes, who thinks that the best prayer is that clothed in the most fluent language.' The old man was affected, said he knew that it was so, and then gave an account of his feelings and practice in this respect since the commencement of his christian course. The father's expression gave encouragement to hope that the suggestion would not be in vain. On the day following, before leaving, the son mentioned the scene of the previous evening to the minister of the place, who took an opportunity to add his influence to what had been said, and it proved effectual. The good man whose voice, though for forty years a professed christian and a father, had never been heard in prayer by his children, at the age of threescore years and ten commenced the discharge of that duty in his family, and, so far as I know, never ceased until the infirmities of age rendered it impossible for him longer to perform it. His children, ten in number, have since professed the religion of Jesus Christ."

The Penny Post Box.

LAST WORDS.

I HAVE lately been reading a collection of the last words of eminent persons, most of which are expressive of their ruling passion, strong even in death.

Keats, the poet.—"I am better; I feel as if the daisies were growing over me."

Haller, the physician, when feeling his own pulse, "The artery is ceasing to beat."

Napoleon muttered something about his being the "Head of the army."

Sir James Mackintosh.—"Jesus Christ, Love, the same thing. Happy!"

Goethe, the philosopher.—"Let the light enter."

Henry VIII.—"Monks, Monks, Monks!"

Edward VI.—"Lord, take my spirit."

Queen Elizabeth.—"All I have for a moment of time."

Cardinal Beaufort.—"What! is there no bribing death?"

The learned Grotius.—"Be serious."

George Washington.—"It is well."

Adams.—"Independence for ever!"

John Quincy Adams.—"It is the last of earth."

Bishop Ken.—"God's will be done!"

Parkhurst.—"I have peace."

Burkitt.—"Come, Lord Jesus!"
George IV., as they lifted him up, "This is death."
Quarles.—"Accept, Lord, my heart and soul."
Oliver Cromwell.—"I am safe."
James, Earl of Derby.—"Let the whole earth be filled with his glory!"
Heylyn.—"I go to my God and Saviour."
Hooker.—"My days are passed as a shadow."
Mozart the musician.—"Let me hear those notes again."
Sir Philip Sydney.—"In me behold the end of this world's vanities."
An aged Minister.—"Christ is with me. Now Death strike!"
John Wesley.—"The best of all is, God is with us."
 I could have given many more; but these perhaps will suffice at present.
 SELECTOR.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

THE FORMER DAYS.

WERE they better than these? Go back for about one hundred years, and see and judge for yourselves.

1. The public roads were almost impassable in winter, and infested by foot-pads and horse-robbers.

2. The streets of only a few towns were lighted, very badly, by oil-lamps. Villages were not lighted at all.

3. Our vast manufactures of cotton, silk, and wool, had scarcely commenced.

4. Our enormous mineral treasures of coal and iron were almost undisturbed.

5. There were no railroads, electric telegraphs, penny post, or penny newspapers; and no gas, or self-igniting matches.

6. Free trade was not dreamed of, and sanitary regulations were almost entirely neglected.

7. The villages were generally without schools for poor children. There were no sabbath schools.

8. There was very little preaching of Christ's holy gospel; and no Missionary or Bible Societies.

9. The poor were in a miserable plight; and there were very few asylums for orphans or idiots. Hospitals and Infirmarys were very scarce.

10. Books and songs of an indecent character were common; Bibles and good books were both scarce and expensive.

Were those days better than these?

Hints.

PROPER WORDS, woven together in proper places, form the most suitable dress in which proper thoughts should appear.

TRUTH CANNOT BE PUT OUT. It passes from mind to mind with renewed light, shining with increasing brightness as it advances.

TIME IS AN ISTHMUS, a narrow neck of land between the two boundless oceans of Eternity—past and to come.

VANITY.—He or she who has the most of this silly folly, has the least of common-sense wisdom.

RE IS NO MAN, however humble position, whose example has no use for good or evil.

E PEOPLE spend more time in to conceal their faults than in trying to correct them. Which after all would be the task?

R IS A HEAVY TAX levied on the conscience of one who knows he has done wrong.

SE FRIENDSHIP, like our own, keeps close to us in sun—but vanishes when clouds pass by.

OFTEN SUFFER MORE in expectation of trouble than we do when it comes.

VEIL which covers the face of nature from our view is hung by the hand of a Merciful enee.

Gems.

ER ENTERTAIN hard thoughts; for if you think that he have pleasure in your ruin, you must put out all love to him in your soul.

NEVER CAN HAVE too high thoughts of the love of God in Christ in our soul; it is higher than the deepest, deeper than the deepest, than the widest, and more vast than eternity.

MORE WE LOVE God the more all desire to love Him; our love will grow by what it feeds, but we shall never be fully satisfied until we wake up in his presence.

AT A HAPPY LIFE would ours be could love our Saviour as much would; could we be like Him, true and always loving.

THE BUSY BEE dives into the hive to suck out its sweetness, and the babe in its mother's arms draws the sweet food from her breast, could we desire to feed on the sweetness of the love of God.

WERE GOD to MAKE me the supreme ruler of the earth, and place all its riches and honours at my disposal, were he then to withhold his love from me, I should be a poor miserable restless and blighted thing!

ON THE OTHER HAND, were I poorer than the poorest, and weaker than the weakest, so long as I feel that God loves me and I love him, I shall be richer than the richest and stronger than the strongest.

WE ONLY LIVE so long as we live in the love of God. Life without love is only a living death. But death will usher the christian into a new life of love for ever!

Poetic Selections.

"BLESSED ARE THE DEAD."

I HEARD a voice which said,
"How blessed are the dead
Who rest in Jesus, all their sorrows o'er!
Their feet have touched the strand
Of the immortal land,
And with the angel band
They soar and sing, and sing for evermore."

And then I heard a cry
Of mortal agony,
A voice of wailing o'er the grassy bed,
Where one, whose narrow life
Had been with sorrow rife,
Forsook the mortal strife,
And laid in peaceful rest her weary head.

"O cease your grief," I said,
"For why should tears be shed,
Because our Father calls an exile home?
Can ye not be at rest
When aye you love is blest,
Gathered to Jesus' breast,
No more to suffer, and no more to roam?"

O blind and selfish love,
Which asks that those above
Might share again our mortal toil and strife;
Far better might we say,
That blessed is the day
Which called them hence away,
And op'd to them the gates of endless life!"

V. G. R.

The Children's Corner.

PARENTAL REMEMBRANCES.

BY THE FATHER OF TWO BELOVED CHILDREN.

OUR DEPARTED ONES.

TWELVE months and more have passed
away

Since our dear children died—
No: reached a world of endless day,
And death itself defied.

Well we remember every smile
That lighted up the face
When pain allay'd, they talked awhile
Of mercy, truth, and grace.

Well we remember what they said
With interrupted breath;
To whom they looked, to whom they
fled,
And triumph'd over death.

Well we remember how they prayed,
And how they valued prayer;
On whom alone their trust was stayed,
On whom they cast their care.

Well we remember what they thought
In view of all their sin;
How they rejoiced when they were
brought
To feel sweet peace within.

Well we remember their concern
That we should meet above;
That each should taste, and see, and
learn

The Saviour's wondrous love.
Well we remember that sweet calm
Which death could not destroy;
It was, and is, a healing balm
To turn our grief to joy.

Prepare us, Lord, to meet in heaven,
And never part again,
The old, the young, the two, the seven,
Amen, Amen, Amen!

"I'M GOING HOME."

A HOME

Where strife can never enter,
Nor angry passions rise,
For no unruly temper
Can pass within the skies.

A HOME

Where every voice is pleasant,
And every inmate wise;
Where love is ever present,
And pleasure never dies.

A HOME

Where every joy is holy,
And every face is bright;
Where saints are full of glory,
And clothed in spotless white.

A HOME

Where we shall meet no tempter;
Where sin can never come;
Where no disease can enter,
No tear, no sigh, no moan.

A HOME

Where all sad scenes have vanished,
Like war, and want, and woe;
And death itself is banished,
That last of foes below.

A HOME

Where love's redeeming story—
In strains before unknown—
Is sung by saints in glory,
In their eternal home!

THE PURITAN PREACHER.

THE hateful custom of calling nicknames cannot be too severely condemned. No man who wishes to maintain a character for fair dealing will resort to such mean and dastardly conduct; only those whose cowardice is as great as their malice will take up such a dirty weapon when all other means of doing mischief have failed.

We have reasons for hoping that all well-meaning people are getting more and more ashamed of this hateful custom. But it is not dead yet, neither do we expect it will die until men and women are brought to regard "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you."

Haters of all real religion have always been the most ready to do this dirty work for their master the devil. Two hundred years ago in England all those pious men who desired to live in the fear and love of God were nicknamed puritans, as one hundred years ago they were nicknamed methodists.

But they were noble men, those puritans. Lord Macaulay said, "The Puritans were perhaps the most remarkable body of men which the world ever produced." But they were only one body in serving God, for they were of various denominations. Their numerous writings have been esteemed, and perhaps ever will be, as next in value to the word of God itself. But it is not of a puritan writer we wish to tell you; it is of a puritan preacher.

SAMUEL ANNESLEY was born in Warwickshire in 1620. His pious grandmother, who died a few days before he was born, desired his mother, if her child should be a boy, to call him Samuel, for said she, "I have asked him of the Lord." He was the only son of his mother, and his father dying when he was a few years old, she was careful to bring up the boy Samuel in the knowledge of religion.

While yet young he knew that his parents had devoted him to God for the work of the ministry, and his own desires were in that direction. He was fonder of reading than playing, especially the Bible, of which he always read twenty chapters every day, and this same plan he pursued to the end of his long life. Suffering for religion was common in those evil days in England, and from a child he thought he should have to suffer and perhaps die for it.

He was sent to college, where he made great progress. In

1644 he was set apart to the work of the ministry by the Presbyterians. His first station was at Cliffe, in Kent; but the people did not like him, he was a puritan, and they wanted a "jovial parson" like the last; so they hailed him into the parish "with spits, forks, and stones," and said they would kill him. This was a rough reception for a modest youth not much above twenty! But he stood his ground, and by kindness and good conduct "the storm was soon hushed."

These were the days of the "Great Rebellion," as it was called, which ended in the death of the King, and the instalment of Cromwell as Lord Protector of the Commonwealth.

When he left Cliffe to go to London, the people parted with him amid "many tears and cries." He had led many of them into the way of life, and what should they do now without him? What a wonderful change!

Dr. Annesley preached in London in various places until the death of Cromwell, and the restoration of Charles II. But when the infamous "Act of Uniformity" was passed in 1662, he was one of the nearly two thousand puritan ministers who, refusing to subscribe, were turned out of their livings, with their wives and families, without receiving their accustomed payments!

We almost lose sight of him for the next ten years. What he and his wife and their large family of children suffered no one can now tell. He had a very large family. When the last child was born he humourously observed to a friend that he did not know whether it made up two dozen or a quarter of a hundred; but his wife did!

But happier days were coming! Royal persecution slackened its hand. Dr. Annesley took advantage of this to license a "Meeting House" in Little Saint Helen's, Bishopsgate Street. He soon gathered a large congregation and a flourishing church. Loving his flock and loved by them in return, during the next quarter of a century he was one of the most attractive, laborious, and useful preachers of his day.

His personal appearance was noble and commanding. 'Fine figure;' 'dignified mien;' 'highly expressive and amiable countenance,' are the phrases used by his contemporaries. Hardy in constitution and almost insensible to cold, hat, gloves, and top-coat were no necessities to him, even in the depth of winter. The days of 'hoare frost' and chilling winds found him in his study, at the top of the house, with open window and empty fire-grate. Temperate in all things, he needed no stimulants, and

his infancy hardly ever drank anything but water. He could do any amount of active exercise and toil, preaching twice every day of the week without any sense of weariness. The time that the Divine Voice said unto him, 'Get thee up e,' his 'eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated.'

Annesley was a Presbyterian, but he was no controver-

Preaching was his great work, and he loved it. But as a man of marked prominence among his sect; a very in the tribe to which he belonged. He possessed an intellect capable of grasping the leading points of the discussions on around him. His judgment was apparently clear and

The weight of his moral character was beyond all price party. He could not be indifferent to his principles, for he sacrificed seven hundred a-year rather than abjure them. was it, then, that he stood aloof from the all-absorbing

There were other themes more congenial to his thoughts, the contemplation and enforcement of which he probably and he could more glorify God, and better serve the spiritual interests of his community." His preaching was lively, simple, attractive. The celebrated Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," was one of his hearers. He speaks of "his aspect" and his "charming tongue," and gives the following description of his pulpit style:—

"The Sacred Bow he so Divinely drew,
That every shaft both *hit* and *overthrew*.
His native candour and familiar style,
Which did so oft his hearers' hours beguile,
Charmed us with godliness; and while he spake
We loved the doctrine for the teacher's sake.
While he informed us what those doctrines meant,
By dint of practice more than argument,
Strange were the charms of his sincerity,
Which made his actions and his words agree."

liberality was only bounded by the extent of his means. He consecrated a tenth of all his own substance unto the Lord; as a faithful almoner of many. "The sick, the widows, the orphans, were innumerable whom he relieved and settled." Poor looked up to him as a common father. He spent in the relief of needy ministers, in the education of candidates for holy orders, and in the circulation of Bibles, Catechisms, and profitable books. "O, how many places had sat in rest," exclaims Williams in his funeral sermon; "how many

ministers had been starved, if Doctor Annesley had died thirty-four years since! The Gospel he even forced into several ignorant places, and was the chief instrument in the education as well as subsistence of several ministers." But he died poor, bequeathing to each of his surviving children *one shilling each!*

The final scene is thus described:—"During a severe and long-continued affliction, he was perfectly resigned to the Divine will. He charged those around him not to entertain hard thoughts of God because he suffered so much in his last end. 'Blessed be God,' he exclaimed, 'I have been faithful in the work of the ministry above fifty-five years!' Having enjoyed 'uninterrupted peace and assurance of God's love for above thirty years last past,' the holy calm of soul was not broken when the waves and billows of death went over his head. 'I have no doubt, nor shadow of doubt! All is clear between God and my soul. He chains up Satan; he cannot trouble me.' His mind had so long been filled with thoughts of God and heaven, that, even in moments of mental wandering, 'he still breathed the same spirit, and spake of Divine matters most consistently. His head was not free of those projects for God which in health it was ever full of.' 'Come, dear Jesus! the nearer the more precious, and the more welcome,' was a sentence often falling from his lips. Then the flood of holy joy so inundated his soul that he exclaimed, 'I cannot contain it! What manner of love is this to a poor worm! I cannot express a thousandth part of what praise is due to Thee! We know not what we do when we aim at praising God for His mercies! It is but little I can give; but, Lord, help me to give Thee my all! I will die praising Thee, and rejoice that there are others that can praise Thee better. I shall be satisfied with Thy likeness!—Satisfied!—Satisfied! O, my dearest Jesus, I come!"

But one more most remarkable fact of this eminent man must by no means be omitted. Among his children who survived the perils of infancy were several daughters. One of these, Susanna, became the wife of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, afterwards Rector of Epworth. They, too, had a numerous family, on all of whom the mother bestowed much labour. JOHN WESLEY and CHARLES WESLEY were her sons. Some affirm that she was the **FOUNDER OF THE METHODIST SYSTEM** which John and Charles built up. At all events such a mother was worthy of such sons, and such sons were worthy of such a mother!

Poetry.

OUR CITY ABOVE.

O city, golden-bright!
Transparent as the day!
How softly shines thy distant light,
For pilgrims far away!

Thy joy, serene and pure,
E'en now pervades my breast;
On God's foundations built secure,
Thy jasper bulwarks rest.

There dwell the ransomed host,
So safe, so satisfied!
And thither shall the Holy Ghost
Lead home the sanctified.

No more a care or fear!
No more earth's wailing cry!
For God shall wipe each bitter tear,
And hush each heaving sigh.

Sweet home of peace and love!
By faith thy light I see,
Diffusing from the realms above
Celestial radiance.

O sun, that rules the day,
Stand still, and hear the tale!
To add one single glory-ray
Thy brightest beams would fail!

Fair moon,—dispelling night,
The city needs not thee;
God and the Lamb shall there the light,
The light and temple be.

The blood-bought sons of God
Shall walk those streets of gold,
Rejoicing ever with their Lord,
In ecstasies untold.

I, too, when toil is o'er,
Those blissful courts shall gain,
Where praise resoundeth evermore,
And love supreme shall reign.

O city, golden-bright!
Transparent as the day!
How softly shines thy distant light
For pilgrim's far away!

GLORIFIED SAINTS.

Where shall true believers go,
When from the flesh they fly?
Glorious joys ordain'd to know,
They mount above the sky,
To that bright celestial place;
There they shall in raptures live,
More than tongue can e'er express,
Or heart can e'er conceive.

When they once are enter'd there,
Their mourning days are o'er;
Pain, and sin, and want, and care,
And sighing is no more;
Subject then to no decay,
Heavenly bodies they put on,
Swifter than the lightning's ray,
And brighter than the sun.

But their greatest happiness,
Their highest joy, shall be,
God their Saviour to possess,
To know, and love, and see:
With that beatific sight
Glorious ecstacy is given;
This is their supreme delight,
And makes a heaven of heaven.

Him beholding face to face,
To him they glory give,
Bless his name and sing his praise,
As long as God shall live.
While eternal ages roll,
Thus employ'd in heaven they are:
Lord, receive my happy soul
With all thy servants there!

Anecdotes and Selections.

GOD, OUR CREATOR.—By the character of God as Creator, we are called upon, in the most solemn and affecting manner, to regard him with unceasing admiration, reverence, and awe. There is something singularly awful, something singularly fitted to inspire profound reverence in the character of God as our Creator—in the consideration of him as the Being by whom we were made. On this Being, we cannot but feel, if we feel at all, that as we derived our existence from him, so we absolutely depend on him for our continuance in being, and for all which can render that being comfortable or desirable. In this view we can scarcely fail to realize that *we* are nothing, and that *he* is all. At the same time, the amazing nature of his works, their number, their variety, their beauty, their grandeur, their magnificence, the glory of the end for which they are made, and the astonishing fitness of the means by which it is accomplished, necessarily excite, in every sober and contemplative mind, the highest possible admiration, an admiration which will continue and increase for ever!

DIVINE LOVE.—"God is love." All his perfections and procedures are but so many forms of his love. What is his omnipotence but the arm of his love? What his omniscience but the medium through which he contemplates the objects of his love? What his wisdom but the scheme of his love? What are the offers of the gospel but the invitations of his love? What the threatenings of the law but the warnings of his love? they are the hoarse voice of his love, saying, "Man! do thyself no harm;" they are a fence thrown round the pit of perdition to prevent rash men from rushing into ruin. What was the incarnation of the Saviour but the richest illustration of his love? What were the miracles of Christ but the condescension of his love? What were the sighs of Christ but the breath of his love? What were the prayers of Christ but the pleadings of his love? What were the tears of Christ but the dew-drops of his love? What is the earth but the theatre for the display of his love? What is heaven but the Alps of his love, from whose summits his blessings, flowing down in a thousand streams, descend to water and refresh his church situated at its base?

JOHN WESLEY had full measure of lying slanders poured out upon him; and that might have been expected, for like his Great Master he spent his life in throwing light upon the darkness of wicked men, and they hated him for it. But Wesley was as wise as he was meek. When a friend told him of an evil report a certain man in high position had spread about him, and that he ought to expose the falsehood, he only replied, "I am serving God, and I cannot leave my work even to defend my own character."

ABSENT—PRESENT.—"Absent from the body—present with the Lord." But how quickly! You cannot compute it by time—not a sand-fall, or the twinkling of an eye! It is here, it is there! On that bed lies your friend. Death's cold hand is upon him. You wait in awful silence for the coming change. You tremble to think of what he is and what he must be in a moment! You catch his last breath; you notice that twitch of the face—he is gone! You bend over him—no, not over him, over his dust; you call, but there is no answer. You glance upward, and faith sees a convoy of angelic messengers upbearing his redeemed and wondering spirit to paradise! And are these things so with the humble believer in Jesus? O yes! Blessed, thrice blessed hope! "Therefore we are always confident, knowing that, whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord: for we walk by faith, not by sight: we are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord. Wherefore we labour, that, whether present or absent, we may be accepted of him."

THE OLD HIGHLAND CHIEF.—The late celebrated Dr. Chalmers was once spending an evening at the mansion of a Scotch nobleman. The conversation was on the condition of the very poor and the new pauper system for their relief. On these subjects Dr. C. was quite at home, and he talked wisely and well. Among the company was a fine old Highland Chieftain, who heard with profound attention and admiration the Doctor's wonderful conversational powers. Soon after the old chieftain retired to rest, when he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and in a few minutes expired. As Dr. Chalmers stood among the distressed visitors, he broke out in a tremulous voice, "Had I known that my venerable friend was within a few minutes of eternity, I would not have dwelt on pauperism in our evening's conversation. I would have preached unto him Christ Jesus and him crucified, and would have urged him with all earnestness to prepare for eternity."

OUR GRAVES.—Christian! you ought not to have a weeping willow planted over your sleeping dust. We are told that one of these trees was planted so as to droop over the tomb of Napoleon on the island of St. Helena; fit emblem of unavailing grief for the vanity of human glory! Christian! evergreens should grow over your resting place; emblems of your body rising again, a glorious, immortal form, at the resurrection of the last day.

THAT WAS A SINGULAR COMPLIMENT, at least some will think it was, which Charles Wesley once paid to one of his sisters. She was a thoughtful young lady, and did not seem to relish the witty fun and crackling jokes of her young companions, but found higher enjoyment in improving her mind and seeking earnestly the best gifts. When her brother was told of this, he said, "O yes! it is true. In fact sister Patty is too wise to be witty."

LAMENT OF A LOST SOUL.—“What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?” Robert Hall, impressed by the solemnity of these words, flowing from the lips of him who spoke as never man spoke, asks with awful emphasis, “What would be the funeral obsequies of a lost soul? where shall we find the tears fit to be wept at such a spectacle: or, could we realize the calamity in all its extent, what tokens of commiseration and concern would be deemed equal to the occasion? Would it suffice for the sun to veil his light, and the moon her brightness—to cover the ocean with mourning, and the heavens with sackcloth; or, were the whole fabric of nature to become animated and vocal, would it be possible for her to utter a groan too deep, or a cry too piercing to express the magnitude and extent of such a catastrophe?”

The Fireside.

A FAMILY I KNEW.

WHAT an uproar there is in some houses where there are many children who have been allowed to do just what they please. I am always glad to get out of such a place as soon as I can; and when I get quite out of the sound of their noise, I then think to myself somebody must be to blame for that. In a few cases it may be that both father and mother may have to be from home nearly all the day working for scanty wages, only just enough to find bread. In that case it would be unkind to blame them, and unfeeling not to pity them. But in cases where mother is always at home, well to do, and in good health, there can be no excuse for such disorder. Here is a case in contrast.

I have some pleasing recollections of a family I once knew. In thinking of them now, a feeling of sadness crosses my mind, because of being separated from them: but the day is at hand when separated friends shall meet, and then I hope to meet this whole family—father, mother, and ten or eleven children, with their Saviour and mine.

Ten years, perhaps, have passed since I lived near them, was intimate with them, and often in their dwelling. The word of God was valued in that house, and Christians assembled there to read it and offer prayer and praise.

One thing which struck me at the time, and still remains vividly impressed on my mind, was the implicit submission of the children to their parents. It was not that they were easily subjected, but that they did not appear to think of having a will in opposition to that of their parents. Yet they were not in slavish fear or dispirited, for they were not ruled with an iron rod.

I said once to the father, "How is it that your children are in such subjection?" This was his remarkable answer: "We have made it a rule—a law in this house—that no child shall act in opposition to the will of the parent. The parent's will is expressed, the child must then obey. That is an understood thing with all our children. When there is a new comer—when another child is given us—we have some trouble at first with it; there is a disposition to wilfulness, until it is old enough to understand the rule. Then we have no more trouble with it—it acts like the others."

The Penny Post Box.

THE SEVENTH-DAY SABBATH.

WHAT an infinite blessing when rightly observed! But I do not wish to offer any thoughts of my own on this great theme. I lately met with a paragraph which I thought might be suitable to your Penny Post Box.

"The Sabbath is nearly as old as the creation. On the sixth day of time that work was completed, and its Author stamped the following day with his signature, in perpetual memory of himself as the Being by whose underived wisdom the vast undertaking was devised—by whose uncaused power it was achieved. Adam awoke from his first sleep to behold the light of the earliest Sabbath-day. Almost contemporaneous with the appointment of marriage, it might be said of the corrupters of the one as it was to the perverters of the other, 'From the beginning it was not so.' Our Magna Charta is an ancient guarantee of civil rights, but neither in antiquity, nor in its own nature and extent, can it for a moment vie with the world-old and world-wide charter of a free seventh day, which the Creator hath given to the human race for all time. How many changes and catastrophes has it survived! Kingdoms have, in multiplied instances, risen and fallen. Systems of opinion on all subjects have succeeded each other in constant succession. The institutions of man have perished one after another. Religious ordinances themselves have fulfilled their temporary destinies and disappeared. But the Sabbath, like the perpetual hills, has outlasted the patriarchal altars, witnessed the decay of all other sacred monuments, survived the tabernacle, the temples, and sacrifices of a gorgeous ritual, and, after the various fortunes of eighteen christian centuries, is still as full of vitality and vigour as at any former period of its history. And we have reason to believe that, like the ordinances of heaven, it will live through all the ages of time. Nor will it end when the sun has ceased to run its course. Then, indeed, it will no more bless the men who shall be

found to have preferred death to life—a lawless freedom to a holy rest. But there will 'remain a rest to the people of God,' and for them the Sabbath will begin a brighter career, as the one day—the unchanging holy day of eternity."

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE BOAT SOCIETY.

THIS is one of our most noble and generous institutions. The Report for 1865 states that during the past year thirty-seven new lifeboats had been built, and most of them already placed on the coasts of the United Kingdom by the institution. Boat-houses and transporting carriages had been likewise provided for nearly the whole of these boats. The lifeboats of the institution now numbered no less than 182. Through their direct instrumentality 532 lives and twenty vessels were saved during the past year, nearly all of them under circumstances when no other description of boat could with safety have been used. For these, and for exercising the lifeboats quarterly, the institution had granted payments amounting to £4986. The number of shipwrecks on the coasts of the British Isles last year was 1,738, attended with the loss, unhappily, of 472 persons. It was, however, an encouraging fact that the preservation of life from shipwreck continued steadily to make progress, and that the average loss, instead of being, as in former years, 1,000 per annum, was now not more than 600. The total number of lives saved during the forty-two years since the establishment of the institution, either by its lifeboats or by special exertions for which it has granted rewards, was 14,930. The lifeboats of the institution have, during the past four years,

been manned on occasions of service and quarterly practice by about 26,550 persons, and out of that large number only six have lost their lives. Since the formation of the society it had expended on lifeboat establishments £136,881, and had voted eighty-two gold and 759 silver medals for saving life, besides pecuniary rewards to the amount of £21,140. The total amount of receipts during the year had been £28,932 3s. 3d.

It is a pleasing fact that several large midland towns, far away from the sea, are raising subscriptions to present a lifeboat to the Society.

Hints.

GOOD COUNSEL.—Deliberate with caution, and then act with decision; oppose evil with firmness, but forgive offences cheerfully.

CHOOSING A WIFE.—Old Fuller gave a whole volume of advice when he said, "Take the dutiful daughter of a good mother."

MEN, IT IS SAID, must belong to one of three classes—those who go backward to do worse, those who stand still and do nothing, and those who go forward to do better. Now take your choice.

MIND YOUR MONEY.—Make it your servant, or it will be your master. If you love it you cannot be said to possess it, for it will possess you.

DON'T TRUST A MAN who tells you money will do anything, depend upon it he will do anything to get it.

ALL INTELLIGENT BEINGS ARE SOCIAL.—A mad would only have little pleasure in discovering all the beauties of creation if he had no companion to whom he could tell his joys.

OPPOSITION is not always our enemy, but often our friend. A kite rises against the wind. For a ship a head wind is better than none, for it cannot move in a dead calm.

IDLENESS ENFEebles A MAN. It works on him insensibly until he is almost as unable as he is unwilling to work. In such a condition Poverty soon catches him, and grips him like an armed man.

Gems.

ETERNAL SALVATION is the great end of this life. Get what you will if you lose this you have lost the great purpose of existence.

ONE THING SEEMS CERTAIN. If there be nothing beyond the grave worth dying for, there is little on this side it worth living for.

HEAVEN IS SET BEFORE US as a goal from which all evil is excluded, and where complete perfection is enjoyed:—this is just what all would.

WE are all in the same boat, and all are in the same storm.

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The Children's Corner.

"I DONT CARE."

IN an old spelling book with pictures, there was a tale about "Tom and Harry." Tom was a good lad, but Harry was a rough fellow who often did wrong, and when told of it always said, "I dont care." So he went on, and at last went to sea. When in a country where there were wild beasts, he was told to mind, but again he said, "I dont care." Well, one day a lion got hold of him, killed him, and ate him up! And so the old spelling book says, "Dont care brought Harry to an ill end."

Whether this was so or not I cannot tell; but I do know that many boys have got into trouble by not caring what they did. But who taught them to say, "I dont care." Not their fathers or mothers I hope. Perhaps they heard some big stupid swaggering fellow shout out in the street when half drunk, "I care for nobody, for nobody cares for me." Boys ought to know better than imitate such a great clown. Just think of it. Such a fellow does not take care himself, and how can he expect others to take care of him. They have all got something better to do.

Beside it is a very bad saying, for it is not true. Look at a boy that tries to make himself pleasant with his companions and takes care not to do them any harm, why all the others will try to be pleasant with him, and take care not to offend him. Depend upon it if you are kind to others, others will be kind to you. As long as you live you will find that half your happiness will come from your trying to make others happy.

Never, then, my dear lads, let such words come out of your mouth as "I dont care," or "I care for nobody, for nobody cares for me." Rather say, "I care for every body," and then you will find that "everybody cares for you."

Try to get hold of some good sayings. Here are too nice verses for you to get off and sing:—

"I'll not willingly offend,
Or be easily offended;
What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
And endure what can't be mended."

"He that is down needs fear no fall,
' He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide."

A LETTER FROM EGYPT.

: we are in Egypt, by the side of that mysterious Nile, whose al flow has made its immense valley not only the granary garden of the world, but for ages the seat of empire and of ce. And still it flows, with the same rise of twenty-three as four thousand years ago. The natural scenery and itages of the country are still the same, and all the land, its blanketed men and enslaved women, its camels and ays, its sun-dried bricks and primitive agriculture, appears much as indicated in the dim morning of history, twenty-undred years before Christ. Here are the pyramids and belisks, with their strange inscriptions and earliest species of written language. Here Joseph was bought, imprisoned, honoured; and here his people toiled in bondage two hundred years. Perhaps we walk upon the very fields where they ; and as they now make bricks just as they were made and as the pyramids and other monuments reach back to day, the associations are striking. And this stand-still t of the country is one of the first things that strikes the . You seem not only to have gone three thousand miles home, but to have gone back three thousand years at least story. There is no winter here in reality. We arrived the 4th of February to find spring or summer. Some of heat planted immediately after the Nile begins to fall, the of October, now shows the head, while other crops are ed later. Plums and peaches, roses and other flowers, are om.

e lands and their culture attract attention first of all. The of the Nile is from five to forty miles wide, embracing sixteen thousand square miles, bounded upon either side rren deserts. These fields are of course destitute of fences, it up by canals, through which the water passes to and fro, om which, by wheels, well-sweeps, or swinging baskets, the is thrown into small ditches for irrigation, after the Nile back into the channel. The land is cultivated by camels, oes, donkeys, mules, horses, oxen, and cows, harnessed or promiscuously, according to circumstances. The yokes imple poles, nearly straight, about six or eight feet long. ently a small camel and cow are yoked together. Cows are

more commonly worked than oxen; the latter being killed for meat, as I suppose. Camels and donkeys are much more numerous than horses.

All the instruments of husbandry are of the most simple kind. A straight stick, about four feet long, with a piece of iron about four inches wide at the point, constitute all of the plough but the handle and beam. From the back end of this two perpendicular sticks, about four inches apart and three feet high, tied together with a cord, stand for the handles. From the same point, and attached to the bed, a long pole for a beam extends to the yoke, and is there tied by a rope. By this means the bed piece is simply dragged endwise through the ground, stirring about as much as a respectable pig's nose. All their instruments are of the same simple primitive character, and everything seems to be done without any regard to the economy or effectiveness of labour.

There are some burnt brick for palaces and extraordinary work, but most of the brick are of mud deposited by the Nile, made very roughly and dried in the sun, just as in the days of Moses. These mud brick, and sometimes nothing but mud and straw, are laid into houses ten or fifteen feet square, and about eight-feet high. And these huts, covered with palm leaves, or sometimes with branches and mud, without windows and with only an opening for a door, constitute the great majority of all the houses in Egypt. In some parts of the cities there are palaces and residences of the rich built more in European style, and others have stone mixed with the mud, so as to carry the walls higher up; but hundreds of acres in and around the cities are covered with the low huts above described, and the villages are almost entirely made up of such houses, with scarcely a window to be seen. There are no houses elsewhere than in cities or villages, and no barns anywhere. The animals graze, being tied to a stake, or else the men or women sit down upon the ground, and with a knife about as large as a butcher's knife cut the clover and feed or sell it green. I see no indications of any dried feed excepting straw, and am told that hay is never dried and kept as in other countries.

The costume and habits of the people are quite as simple and antique as their houses. A good many Europeans and Americans are here for business or pleasure, and of course dress like

civilized beings; and some of the Egyptian officers and nobility begin to yield a little to French tailors and milliners, but the great mass of the people, although adopting a great variety of colours and patterns, still continue some form of a loose dress and enormous turban. It is very difficult to describe this dress. But you may imagine a man with a slight under garment reaching a little below the waist, with a narrow, thin skirt extending below the knee, and sometimes to the ankle, closed at the bottom around each limb, and a turban, consisting of a small tight cap and a shawl, or long roll of white, red, or black cloth, wound around the head at its base,—and you have a common example. Some have white stockings and French shoes, but nineteen-twentieths of the people wear nothing upon their feet, and some wear thin, rough slippers, or very low raw-hide shoes, without stockings. Most of the common labourers, however, wear nothing but a loose frock, extending a little below the knees, and a turban. Our guide who accompanied us to the pyramids wore such a frock, costing him three shillings; over that a loose cloth around the loins, costing three shillings more; and a turban of silver wove cloth, costing *thirty-three shillings*. This last, of course, was the extra suit for special occasions. But common labourers can clothe themselves for eight shillings a year. Indeed we had not proceeded far from Alexandria before we saw one biped, as light coloured as Egyptians (viz., about the shade of a sun-burnt sailor), about five feet two inches high, of what species I do not know, perfectly innocent of all fashions and articles of clothing, moving as calm as the buffalo team he was driving. I have noted several such cases, but they are not common. It is not uncommon, however, to see men, like one upon the boat in which we took our ride upon the Nile, without coverings upon the upper or lower extremities; and a good many labour with only a cloth around the loins. This is Egypt, apparently less civilized than when the pyramids and obelisks were finished thirty-five hundred years ago.

Their places and methods of business are also very singular and primitive. The streets are very narrow, without pavements, and never cleaned excepting as ladies (?) or their daughters gather portions of the filth, mix it with straw and water, make it into cakes about six inches in diameter and two inches thick, and use or sell it for fuel. Some of the streets in Alexandria and Cairo are wide enough for carriages, and some splendid hacks

from Europe or America are driven by the foreigners and officials, but most of them, especially in Cairo, are too narrow for wheels, or even loaded camels, admitting of footmen or donkeys only. Upon some of these better streets the French and English have some very pretty shops with very fair goods at *good* prices. But most of them consist of a recess about eight feet wide, seven feet high, and six or eight feet deep. Around this space the goods are placed, and the trader sits upon the floor, which is about two feet two inches above the street, where he can reach in either direction to accommodate the customers, who are very patient, for the apparently stupid dealer is in no hurry to trade, or to deliver the articles sold. The streets are generally crowded, for the people seem to live out of doors; and not unfrequently there is some pushing, a good deal of loud talk, and flourishing of canes, which are carried by almost everybody. But upon the whole the people at Cairo and in the villages seem rather dull and not quarrelsome. And even the dogs, which abound in innumerable companies, knowing neither master nor owner, but wandering like the Arabs upon the desert, will snarl and howl and show their wolfish teeth, for their ears and general form look more like wolves than dogs, and yet not raise their sluggish heads from the sand. But the sour spirit seems to amount to more at Alexandria, where I saw more contention, striking, and cruelty than ever before in the same length of time. But all kinds of business and labour seem to be upon the driving principle—the master with his stick, and the labourer or servant under him. And this arises, to a great extent, from the nature and character of the government, an absolute monarchy of the severest kind. The Viceroy, we are told, owns nearly one-half of all the land, and compels the people to furnish their own provisions and labour such a portion of the time upon his lands without pay. Railroads, palaces, and all public works are built in the same way. And our dragoman, after pointing to one palace after another, says that all the good houses in Egypt are palaces of pashas, or residences of foreign traders. The spirit of oppression seems to be universal. The higher officers oppress the lower, the under officers the people, and the men drive the donkeys. But of all the oppressions, that of the women and girls is the most deplorable; and this is the secret of Egypt's fall. It is clear to my mind that the oppression of woman leads to indolence, ignorance, and the decline of civilization, and is the main

cause of the stagnation of Egypt and other countries, which were once the glory of the whole earth. I have not seen a piece of mason-work in progress in this country where girls from eight to fourteen years of age did not carry the mortar upon their heads; and that under a savage driver with a long stick. And in one instance when that stick was being used most unmercifully, I confess that the temptation which led Moses to that hasty step with the Egyptian appeared more striking than ever before. And I will not say that it was well for this Egyptian that I could not look "either way" without seeing somebody, but I will say that if ever a human being ought to be killed, this monster deserved such a fate. But in spite of all these things the business of Egypt is increasing rapidly. The railroad is finished from Alexandria to Suez, and is used for the overland route to India and China. The French are building a canal from Suez to the Mediterranean Sea. And since the American rebellion cut off the supply of cotton, tremendous efforts have been put forth to encourage the growth of that staple. This has been so far successful, that with the high prices of that article, the people have made more money than ever before, business has increased, foreigners flocked in, and the stagnation even of Egypt is disturbed by the finger of commerce and the mighty dollar. Prices of labour have advanced, and the cost of living nearly doubled within three years, except with the common people, who raise their own onions and turnips. But hotel bills, always reported "cheap, if poor," are now about fifteen shillings a day, and O such living!

Well, there, my space, and more than I intended for this letter, is used up all upon Egypt as it is, and why? Because everybody who visits this country seems to come to see the pyramids, and have given repeated and better descriptions of them than I can, while the present life and aspect of the country has not been noticed much. This is a strange country. We walk around the pyramids, which probably the Jews helped to build, and through the immense quarries where the slaves of those times toiled, and pass over the spot where tradition says Moses was found, and then look out upon the people, dressed very much as they were then, and seem to feel that it is a kind of dream or vision. Here are solemn lessons, worthy the study of the world. But will the world study and improve?

R. D.

Poetry.

WHOM GOD HEARS.

It is not he who prays the loudest,
With many a polished phrase or word,
Who walks the path to church the proudest,
Whose voice of prayer is ever heard.

Not they who talk and loudly sing
The anthems of the saints of light,—
They are not always in the van
Of those who labour for the right.

The faintest sigh of Christian love,
Breathed at the morning time or even,
On fragrant gales is borne above,
And finds an audience in heaven.

Like perfume in the summer morn,
Or like the early silvery dew,
Dissolving in the grateful air,
Floating to heaven's ethereal blue;

Thus from the humble, contrite soul,
The perfumes of devotion rise,
And thus the breath of warm desire
Is mingling with the sacrifice.

Dearer to God are honest rays,
And hearts of deep sincerity,
Than pompous form and gaudy show
And robes of flowing drapery.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE OLDEST CITY IN THE WORLD.—Damascus is the oldest city in the world; Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore; Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra lies buried in the sands of the desert; Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the shores of the Tigris and Euphrates. Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a centre of trade and travel, an island of verdure in a desert, "a predestined capital," with martial and sacred associations extending beyond thirty centuries. It was near Damascus that Saul of Tarsus saw the light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun; the street which is called Straight, in which it is said "he prayeth," still runs through the city; the caravan comes and goes as

it did one thousand years ago; there is still the sheik, the ass, and the water-wheel; the merchants of the Euphrates and the Mediterranean still occupy these "with the multitude of their waiters." The city which Mahomet surveyed from a neighbouring height, and was afraid to enter, "because it is given to man to have but one Paradise, and, for his part, he was resolved not to have it in this world," is to this day what Julian called the "Eye of the East," as it was in the time of Isaiah "the Head of Syria."

ROUGH DIRECTIONS.—If we know of a great danger in a road, or on a hill, and we write a notice, and get it printed, or painted on a board, for the information of our fellow-creatures, we do a good deed. If the board be as handsome and striking as the best sign-board, or if the printed bill be well executed, and the language correct, all the better. But if a man is uneducated, and yet benevolent—and many such there are—and no other means are at hand than a black board and a bit of chalk, and he writes upon it, *tak. kere. vn. te. list. cide. ov. te. rode. over. te. klif.*, and thus sets people on the look out, he does good, and he is but a sorry fool who laughs such a man to scorn. The humane will honour him. Certainly every word in his notice is spelt wrong, and for this, if he pretended to scholarship, he would deserve to be ridiculed; but it has saved a life whilst it has caused many a laugh. Would it have been best for him to have omitted his notice because he could not do it as it ought to have been done? Certainly not. For, in that case, the man who was saved by it would most likely have gone over the cliff.—*Herrick.*

MEDITATE ON GOD.—If you would meditate on God and the things of God, take heed that your hearts and your hands be not too full of the world, and the employments thereof. The more full your hand is of worldly employments, the more you will think thereon; and the more you think thereon, the less you will think of God and the things of God. And what is the reason that many meditate and think so little of God and the things of God, but because their hearts are so full of the world. Where their treasure is, there will their hearts be also.

THE BIBLE.—Let me entreat you to study the Bible; study it with prayer, with expectation; with eyes alert and open, read it; in your most tranquil retirement, read it; and when a few of you, who are friends like-minded, come together, read it; search it; sift it; talk about it; talk with it. And as he thus grows mighty in it, I promise each earnest Bible student two rewards—it will make him both a wiser and a better man.

COMPASSION OF JESUS.—The orb of day may be quenched in gloom, the lustre of the stars may fade and melt away, the tides of ocean may fail, genial dews and refreshing showers may cease to revive the thirsty land, but the compassion of Jesus can never fail, so long as there is to be found amongst those who believe in him one who, in this vale of tears, needs his guardian care or the consolations of his grace.

RAGGED SCHOOL EMIGRANTS.—Girls in considerable numbers were taken some years ago out to Canada, accompanied by a matron; and not only was every one of them speedily placed in a comfortable situation, but there was an eager demand for as many more. Here is a letter from one of them:—

“My dear Mother,—This comes with my kind love to you, hoping you are well, as it leaves me at present. Dear mother, I have enclosed you a small sum of money, hoping that it will be received by you, dear mother, though so far away. I do not forget you, and at some future period, I hope and trust I may enjoy the pleasure of your society. The sum enclosed is £12. I hope you and my sister are well and happy. I myself am very well. So believe me to remain, your ever dutiful and affectionate,
MARGARET MACK.”

In a previous letter received from her, this girl had enclosed a sum of £5. Such facts as these need no comment: they are complete in themselves. And very many more cases like these continue to bear witness to the blessed social results of Ragged Schools.

The Fireside.

ON MOTHERS CONDUCTING FAMILY WORSHIP.

WE can see no good reason why a christian mother, in the husband's absence, should not be willing and happy to gather the children as usual, read the accustomed scripture, and then offer up an appropriate prayer. There is nothing unfeminine or indelicate in it, nothing that need be embarrassing, nothing at all so difficult or inappropriate as when praying in the presence of females alone, as many are accustomed to do in their social meetings. While, on the other hand, we think it quite as practicable as it is christian, and are fully persuaded that as soon as the first embarrassment is over, this would become a service which the lonely wife would be exceedingly reluctant to give up on account of the encouragement and comfort it gave her. During those few moments, she would seem to meet the absent one at the throne of grace, and hold sacred intercourse there. How much less anxiety, too, would she probably feel, after having thus committed herself, and all her precious interests, unto Him who has promised to care for those who cast all their cares on him. We are also confident that the happiest influence would go forth from such a daily service upon children and others who might chance to witness it. It would more than perpetuate the daily service; the fact that the *mother* assumes it *rather than have it once omitted*, will *deepen* the wonted impression of

it; and to our watchful Father in heaven we are sure it would be one of the sweetest offerings that earth can send up before him.

We plead for the service also on the very good ground of its influence upon the absent husband and father. Wherever he may be, he is apt to be thoughtful, if not sad, when the hour of family worship at home comes round; and we make appeal to any christian father to say whether anything could give him purer satisfaction in his absence than to know that at the appointed hour his household are at their accustomed place, while the wife leads their thoughts to God, or intercedes with him for his blessing upon them and upon their absent head.

The Penny Post Box.

HAVE YOU LOST A CHILD BY DEATH?

To Fathers and Mothers.

THERE are, perhaps, few wounds go deeper into the hearts of a father and a mother than the loss by death of one of their children—a little boy or girl who could just begin to walk and talk, and make itself interesting and lovely. Has the father or mother who reads this ever lost such an one. I have: and I know how deep such wounds go into the heart. I never could feel so much for David weeping for his child as I did after I had endured such a loss. Yet, like him, I was wonderfully comforted by the thought that I should go to it, and I would fain have gone then to see if it were safe; for I felt as if a part of myself had gone into eternity. My family chain was broken. There were nine links in it. One was now snapped, and it could not be repaired any more on earth—only in heaven; and so that made me think more of heaven and less of earth. I believe the Lord broke off that link on purpose to do us all good—father, mother, brothers, sisters,—all of us. We had not had one death, and but little sickness. Now both came, again, and again, and again. And every time they came they made us think more of that world where there will be no more death. Well: they are gone! the dearly loved ones are gone, and we must follow. Our Father who is in heaven took them home to himself. I have no doubt of that. They were his, and he loved them more than we did—I am sure of that too. We must now try to follow them whither they are gone, that we may see them and have them again. And this is why they are taken often, that we who live may be reminded that on earth all is frail and uncertain, and that heaven only is the place of immortality and certain lasting enjoyment. May I and mine, and you and yours, by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who died to save us from sin, and death, and Satan, and hell, be all found at last “IN LIFE'S ETERNAL BUNDLE BOUND.”

A FATHER.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

OF POPEERY.

POPEERY is a daring usurper of the rights of both God and man.

THE POPE OF ROME blasphemously takes the names, and claims the honours due alone to God.

THE SACRIFICE OF THE MASS is made to supersede the Great Sacrifice which the Son of God made for the sin of the world.

THE VIRGIN MARY is made to take the place of Jesus Christ—the one only Mediator between God and man.

THE TRADITIONS OF MEN are made of greater importance than the word of the Everlasting God.

THE PRIEST assumes the attributes of Deity. He asks for confessions of sins to him which ought only to be made to God; and impiously pretends to forgive them.

EVERY MAN is required to surrender up his judgment and conscience into the keeping of a priest—that is, to *unman* himself.

LIKE SATAN it assumes all forms and shapes to accomplish its wicked purposes. Creeping and cringing where it has not power, until it gets hold of it, and then, by relentless cruelty, binding down or extirpating its victims.

THE DOMINION OF ALL THE EARTH is its great object—princes and peasants, merchants and mechanics, rich and poor, wise and ignorant, are all expected to bow the knee to this usurper.

IT IS THE ALLY OF DESPOTIC TYRANNY. The greatest despots who have trampled on the liberties of nations have ever found popery ready and willing to aid them, and it flourishes most in their dominions.

IT PRETENDS TO DOMINION IN THE INVISIBLE WORLD—robbing Jesus

Christ of the keys of hell and death, it assumes to open or shut the unseen world at its pleasure.

FINALLY, it is the very masterpiece and perfection of satanic mischief—at once a lie and a curse, it is the most terrible scourge that ever afflicted poor suffering humanity. Never again may this sea-girt island be cursed by this most terrible of all curses; for that would be by far the greatest calamity that could ever befall it.

Hints.

RELIANCE on your own efforts is the great secret of success.

A TRUE MAN will rise above untoward circumstances and conquer them, or make them bend to his purpose and use.

TRUE WEALTH consists in the fewness of our wants. "I can do without it," is a capital maxim to hide in our heart and have ready for use any day.

RICHES often load more than they fill. Wealth often increases wants. A rich man oftener wants appetite and rest than a poor man a bed to lie on. Though a man without money is poor, a man with nothing but money is poorer.

CIVILITY is a debt we owe to all men—rich or poor. It costs us nothing at all, but it always pays well, for it brings back to us something better than money.

RUDENESS should never be indulged. It is a mean, cowardly, vulgar habit, which sometimes gets repaid in its own coin, and with interest.

TO WIVES. — Never sit with one hand in the other doing nothing. Let both be at something, for something always wants them both.

A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT in my eye is a nice neat tidy cottage, in which the corners of the floor are as clean as the

e, and the furniture, though
is as bright with elbow grease
much polish could make it.

BEARANCE.—He is surely most
it of another's patience who has
of his own.

Gems.

SCIOUS GUILT, or *one* sin, is a
or load than the weight of a
and crosses.

THANKFULNESS overlooks present
rts and looks only at present
nces. It has no hope. Is it
evil thing?

ONSISTENCY.—To put on the
of a christian, and not walk in
ys of Christ, is the greatest of
onsistencies.

PAIR ill becomes any living man
as a Bible in his hand, eyes to
t, and a mind to understand it.

YING.—He who prays as he
will live as he prays.

SUM OF CHRISTIANITY is, that
is a sinner, and that Christ is
avouir. These two great facts
le all.

ING LIGHT.—Direct another man
rist, and you light another man's
e by your own. Your own yet
, and perhaps brightens, and his
too.

UR FATHER," said Jesus Christ.
mber that. God is our Father.
ave offended him it is true, but he
our Father, ready to pity and for-
and receive us back to himself.

FLICTIONS are medicines adminis-
by the heavenly Physician to
as of some moral disease. Mind
take them right, or they may
the wrong way.

ATION is the great lesson of the
—salvation by atonement—the
ment of Jesus Christ, "who
for our sins."

WLINNESS OF MIND is not a flower
grows in the field of nature,
planted by the finger of God in
sweated heart.

Poetic Selections.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF DECAY.

O! LET the soul its slumbers break—
Arouse its senses, and awake
To see how soon
Life, in its glories, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide,
Down which our flowing minutes glide
Away so fast,
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream a joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind,
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day;
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—
Like them decay.

Our lives like hastening streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall—
The sea of death, whose waves roll on
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble rivulet's glide,
To that sad wave!
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side,
Within the grave.

Our birth is but the starting place;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal;
There all our glittering toys are brought—
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

See, then, how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here:
Dreams of a sleep that death must break
Alas! before it bids us wake,
We disappear.

Long ere the damp of death can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Has passed away;
Youth smiled and all was heavenly fair—
Age came, and laid his finger there,
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurned decay,
The step that roved so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows wearisome, and woe!
When age comes on!

The Children's Corner.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

ONE day I saw a little boy who lately had a very narrow escape for his life. He was at play in the yard, drawing about a little cart, but he stepped backwards without minding where he was going, and fell into a well above fifty feet deep.

Some persons were standing near; they thought the poor boy was gone; but not being like those foolish unkind people who think it is of no use to try to help in a case of danger, they ran to the well; a man took hold of the rope, and the others let him down in less time than it has taken me to write about it. There was water at the bottom of the well, and just as the man reached the water, the poor boy was rising for the last time. The man caught hold of him, and sitting down upon the bucket, placed the boy upon his knees, and told the people to draw him up. They did so, but their danger was not over; for just as they came near the top of the well, one of the handles of the bucket gave way, and they had nearly fallen again, but the man laid fast hold of the rope, and so they were brought safely to the top.

I talked with the little boy, and asked him whether he had time to pray, as he fell down the well, and I found he had not time even to think about doing so. Now I mention this to my little readers that they may not put off praying, and think, "O, it is time enough;" or, "I can pray when I am in trouble." Perhaps they may never fall down a well; but many other accidents may happen which leave quite as little time to call upon God.

I have not mentioned the name of this little boy because he is still alive; but I think it is very likely that he may read what I have written about him. If he does, I would remind him of what his minister told him; and I hope he will remember his Creator in the days of his youth; and, like Peter, call upon the Saviour, saying, "Lord save me," for

"Dangers stand thick through all the ground
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home."

JERUSALEM IN 1866.

Holy Week in Jerusalem. The city is full of people, for tide of visitors and pilgrims has been setting steadily and gly in this direction, for some weeks past, from almost quarter of the religious world. The culminating point of activities is just at hand, and the attraction holds nearly all arrive. Last Sabbath was Palm Sunday, and the Latins heir usual ceremony in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. ay is Good Friday, observed by the Catholics and the Epis- ians according to their custom; it is also the great day of ewish Passover, and the unleavened bread and the bitter ill not be forgotten by any son of Abraham according to esh. To-night the crucifixion of Christ is to be dramatized e Great Church—a performance scandalous enough, one l think, to raise a blush even on the cheeks of the shameless iastics who get it up in the name of religion and the h. I shall decline to attend it. The very thought of it is ing. I would prefer to go out alone to Gethsemane, and by the moonlight half a dozen of those touching and sub- chapters beginning with the thirteenth chapter of St. John. housands of pilgrims who went out of the city on Wednesday ing to bathe in the Jordan, are to-day pouring back over the it of Olives and through St. Stephen's gate; and the Jews oaning and smiting their breasts with peculiar unction at wailing-place, while they look upon the stones of the nt city wall, and read the passages that speak of the glory is no longer theirs. Next Sunday will be Easter, and then ving tide will begin its ebbing; though the Greek party will hold out the attraction of the Holy Fire, and keep another r a week hence.

is not easy to be descriptive here. One would prefer silent ation to speech, and to leave thought and feeling to them- s, rather than constrain them to flow in any epistolary el. There is quite too much to be told; and one is likely d that very little can be done in the way of telling what is ived and felt at such a point as this. The historic per- es and significant events that are associated with almost square foot of this territory come crowding upon the mind, he present is lost in the past. Through the steady murmur

of the streets there seems to be coming up the music of David's Psalms, sung over there on Moriah; and while the throngs sweep by, you are wondering how the Great Teacher appeared when He came up to the Passover, and interpreted and fulfilled the ancient ritual by becoming Himself the Lamb of God to take away the sin of the world.

But you do not wish a picture of my personal experiences here, written from within. If I write, you would have something said of the actual Jerusalem and its surroundings; and of this let me say a few words. There is such a thing as an actual, material, matter-of-fact Jerusalem and Palestine. To write of them plainly is to write very straightforward prose. The golden haze through which some writers seem to see everything, and the superlatives employed in description, require some special effort, or are the products of an active and not very reliable imagination. Jerusalem is a very ordinary looking town, of less than 20,000 inhabitants. Only when you look down upon or over it from the brow or the shoulder of Mount Olivet, as you come from the east, does it present to the eye anything imposing or beautiful. Its buildings are very ordinary structures generally, greatly wanting in architectural beauty and effect. The streets are mostly narrow, rough, uncomfortable to the feet, dirty, and not without bad odours. The principal thoroughfares are full of people, who trade, smoke, follow their occupations, beg, converse, and quarrel, without seeming to care for privacy or ampler accommodation. All nationalities appear; the number of different tongues heard may suggest Babel or Pentecost; and the one great feature marking the costumes is variety. All sorts of faces look out upon you—from those that only embody stolidity, to such as nobody except religious fanatics ever carry about. There is a brisk bustling energy which contrasts pleasantly with the stupor of Cairo; but it is plain enough that the energy lacks system and efficiency, that government is not a wise and beneficent power here, that ignorance underlies the self-complacency, and that the ambition which aims at improvement and hits it, is neither prevalent nor active.

The country about the Holy City is uneven, rough, rocky, and mountainous. It is all this in an eminent degree. Some of the valleys are pleasant and fruitful; the husbandman sows his seed or the shepherd keeps his flock on the green hill-sides; some of the mountain-slopes are terraced from base to summit,

and are beautiful with vineyard or fig, orchard or olive; but a large portion of the face of the country exhibits only a stunted vegetation, which struggles for life among the stones, or sucks up vitality by constant effort from what earth it can find in the crevices of the bare, limestone rock. Care, labour, and some skill are required to make this land flow with milk and honey; heedlessness and neglect would soon give over its most fruitful and beautiful portions to sterility and desolation. The capacities of the soil are large, but left to itself the garden would speedily become desert.

On some accounts we seem to have had a favourable introduction to this land of the Bible. We had spent time enough in Egypt to recover from any shock which a first view of oriental life might occasion. The features which seemed at first strange and disagreeable had become familiar, and so had mostly ceased to absorb attention and give pain as they did at first. The trip across the desert had made us ready to appreciate the beauty which natural scenery had to offer, and the low life of the Arabs, among whom we journeyed for nearly a month, made Palestine appear beautiful in its spring costume, and a long way toward genuine civilization. As we came gradually upon the cultivated lands about Gaza, saw the flowers springing among the grass, caught the melody of birds as they flung their music to our ears from every side, and found peasants following the plough, or casting the seed into the soil, or coming out to greet us with smiles and civilities, it seemed like a blessed world that was giving us welcome, and the common people appeared dignified and noble. Just now the feet of spring are specially beautiful upon the mountains of Syria, and the city and the people find favour in the eyes of those who were becoming weary of the monotony of the desert, and who had been studying humanity in the type presented by the Bedouins.

Passing through the valley of Eschol, as we approached Hebron, it did not seem wonderful that the spies brought glowing accounts to their brethren in the camp of Israel; nor did it appear at all unlikely that a generation which had grown up in the wilderness should have thought Palestine next to Paradise; and when we passed into the city by the Jaffa gate, on the afternoon of March 21, and found ourselves comfortably quartered at the hotel, where the dirt did not lie in piles, and where not more than a score of fleas and a dozen mosquitoes attacked each

lodger in a single night, it was only natural to be appreciative and not difficult to be grateful.

And my feet are at length really standing within the gates of Jerusalem! I have walked on Mount Zion, explored Moriah, followed the bed of the Kidron through the valley of Jehoshaphat, drunk from the pool of Siloam, threaded the valley of Gehenna, mused in Gethsemane, stood on what is said to be Calvary, climbed Olivet, and strolled about Bethany. I do not much trouble myself now about the assertions, pretensions, and disputes of Mohammedan, Jew, Greek, or Latin, respecting topography in detail; and questions of historic and critical probability consume little of my time. I am sure that here is where the great events which underlie our Christian faith occurred; here Jesus walked, and taught, and triumphed, and opened a way to redemption for those who take Him as Master and Lord; here the whole scriptural narratives are illustrated, confirmed, and invested with a meaning and a reality which they never before possessed, as I read them where their heroes lived; and that answers every vital demand of intellect and heart. Light flashes upon the pages of the New Testament like that which came streaming down upon the plains of Bethlehem so long ago; I am sure its source is in heaven, and so I bow down with a grateful confidence, and lift up my eyes with exceeding great joy. The distant Christ comes nearer now; blended with the Divine majesty in His face, there is a more thoroughly human smile than my eye had ever before caught; and in the incarnation of Jesus I behold the highest glory of God and the dearest hope of man. Here where the feet of the Messiah pressed the mountains, my faith finds a rock on which to plant itself; on the height whence He sprang to His uppermost throne, my hope spreads its wing and stops only at immortality.

We have spent nearly ten days in and around Jerusalem, and the work of exploration has now extended to nearly every recognized point of interest. We took Hebron on the way, and encamped during a night beneath the old oak which has been called Abraham's. Mohammedan turbulence and fanaticism allow nobody except a believer in the Koran and the Prophet to do more than look into a dark hole in the wall of the cave of Macpelah, where the bones of the patriarchs rest. The partial exception made in favour of the Prince of Wales has not yet been repeated, and so we saw the *hole*, but could only guess at the

rest. It is to be hoped that this puerile exclusiveness may soon give way to authority and reason. We have looked at all the points of interest in and about the church of the Nativity at Bethlehem. It is a pleasant, thriving town, pleasantly located; the inhabitants are nominally Christians, and it being well identified as the home of David's boyhood and the birth-place of Jesus, the visit was not without its satisfaction. We have been to the Dead Sea, the Jordan, and Jericho, by way of the convent of Mar Saba, where we spent an agreeable night. We took a bath in the Dead Sea, according to custom. The waters are clear, the temperature was just comfortable, and the impossibility of sinking renders bathing a peculiar exercise. Beyond this the satisfaction is not large. The body being so buoyed up by the great weight of the water, it is almost impossible to get low enough to swim much, as the feet come quite to the surface at every movement and moment; the taste of the liquid, if only a drop or two gets within the lips, is not unlike that of beef brine, with a strong infusion of pepper-sauce and thoroughwort; and in spite of every effort at rubbing, the body keeps the decided sensation of having been immersed in castor oil. We were very glad, two hours later, to take a second bath in the Jordan; for though the stream is turbid like the Tiber or the Mississippi, the plunge in it was thoroughly refreshing, and the greasy feeling did not survive the second bath. Our stay at the modern village near the site of ancient Jericho is not to be described now; but if the blowing of ram's horns would set the modern town and castle tumbling, and open a door to civilization for the miserable natives, the sooner the blast rings the better.

The last half of the way up to Jerusalem from Jericho was marked by a constant stream of pilgrims, which must have embraced thousands, working their way toward the Jordan, where the great sacred bathing operation, annually performed, came off the next day. The pilgrims represented almost every nationality where Christianity has a foothold, both sexes, every variety of costume, and all the ages from infancy to senility, while the faces suggested almost every variety of character. Two-thirds, perhaps, were on foot; the rest were on camels, horses, mules, donkeys, man-back, woman-back, on cushions, on bedding, in a sort of chair-saddle, beneath awnings; the strong were supporting the weak, the seeing leading the blind; there was youth with elastic step, and age leaning on its staff; some were driving up

the animals, others clinging to their tails and thus being pulled onward; some moved with hurried step and hopeful face, others slowly and with downcast eyes; here was a soulless plodder and copyist of custom, there a rapt enthusiast ready for any wild crusade; now a man of cares, moving silently on as though impelled by duty; there a gleeful, chatting girl, who frisked along as though drawn by curiosity or expecting to see fun; on one side a man of manifest wealth and standing, and on the other a poor, half-clad wretch, whose countenance was a picture of hunger and privations;—and thus for more than two hours the motley host kept passing on, and passing on, as though the living stream were to have a perpetual flow. It suggested the old Jewish gatherings from the whole land of Israel, when the feasts at Jerusalem summoned the people to the place of sacrifice and the ceremonies of purification.

Of course we have visited the places and objects of interest in and about the city. They are of varied importance, and are coupled with the more or the less of superstitions—generally more rather than less. The hills and valleys mentioned in Scripture and by Josephus are readily made out, though time and revolutions have changed the face of the sites not a little. The five heights embraced within the city, in whole or in part, are still distinguishable—Zion, Moriah, Akra, Bezetha, and Ophel. The course of the Tyropean valley is yet obvious. Gihon, and Hinnom, and Jehoshaphat cannot be mistaken. The Mount of Olives still rises on the east just across the Kidron, with Gethsemane at its feet; and less than a mile south east from its summit Bethany still abides, suggesting at once the circle of sacred friendships and the calling of Lazarus from the tomb. Beneath the city, and entered near the Damascus Gate, is the great cave but recently discovered, whence it is supposed that Solomon drew much of the stone for the ancient temple. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the Mosque of Omar need some detailed description; for the first claims to occupy the brow of Calvary, to embrace the spot where Christ's resurrection took place, &c.; the latter undoubtedly stands on the site of the old temple of Solomon.

G. T. D.

Poetry.

FEAR NOT.

ON ye who on the sea of Life,
Shrouded with clouds and tempest-toss'd,
Surrounded with the beating waves,
Despairing, deem that all is lost;—
Whose hearts are full of phantom-fears,
Whose ev'ry joy seems ever flown,
Whose course is dark as starless night,
Where once the cheering sunbeams shone;—
Arouse ye from your moody thought!
Awake ye from your lethargy!
Erect in form and firm in mind,
And strong in purpose, true and high,—
Fear not the clouds, but dare the storm;
Press onward through the heaving tide;
Conquer the waves, repel Despair,
Be Faith for ever at your side.
Then all the clouds shall roll away,
The stormy billows will subside,
And night will change to brightest day,
As o'er the sea ye gently glide.

Anecdotes and Selections.

ACTIVITY IN DOING GOOD IS PLEASANT.—Activity in doing good is itself pleasant. When a man aims only at self-interest, or self-satisfaction, the state of his mind is servile, his views are contracted, there is something unwholesome in his entire disposition. He is a man confined to a narrow chamber, and forced to breathe again and again the same air; the consequence is, that his constitution is ordered, and he becomes subject to gloom and deadliness. But he who is engaged in promoting the common welfare, is like a man breathing the free air, the constant fresh supply of oxygen which he gives invigorates his system, and he is rendered lively and buoyant.

DID SET MY BOW IN THE CLOUD.—It was out of the cloud that the deluge came, yet it is upon it that the bow is set! The cloud is a mass of darkness, yet God chooses it for the place where He bends the bow of light! Nay, it is just upon this mass of overhanging gloom that He spreads out, in all its sevenfold richness, the beauty of His verdurous light. Such is the way of our God. He knows that we need the cloud, and that a bright sky without a speck or shadow would

not suit us in our passage to the kingdom. Therefore He draws the cloud above us, not once in a lifetime, but many times. But lest the gloom should appal us, He braids that cloud with sunshine, nay, makes it the object which gleams to our eye with the very fairest hues of heaven. Yes. It is not merely light *after* the darkness has fled away. That we shall one day know. How fully! But it is light *in* darkness; light beaming out of, nay, produced by, that darkness! Water from the rock; wells from the sand; light from the very cloud that darkens; life in the very midst of death! This is the marvel; this is the joy. Peace in trouble, gladness in sorrow; nay, peace and gladness produced by the very tribulation itself; peace and gladness which nothing but that tribulation could have produced! Such is the deep love of God; and such is the way in which He makes all things work together for good to us.—*Bonar*.

THE MEMORY OF OUR LOST FRIENDS has many solemn and affecting lessons to enjoin upon us. It may whisper to us a kinder treatment of those who are still left us, and entreat us to avoid even a word or look which might inflict undeserved pain on those who are likewise mortal and of uncertain continuance. It will also bid us to prepare to take our place with them in the grave, and so to cherish and imitate all that was good in them, as to be found worthy of joining them beyond the grave, in the mansions of eternal happiness.—*Greenwood*.

The Fireside.

"BE SOBER."

LET me give you some good advice—the best advice I am able. I will if you will let me.

I am not a boy or a youth. I am one who has seen more than seventy summers. I have not gone through the world with my eyes shut.

I have seen many evil things done under the sun. But one thing I have observed, and that is, that some men are their own greatest enemies. They might be happier than they are if they would.

I do not believe that a man must be rich before he can be happy. I believe my Master's words when he said, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

I will tell you how I think a man who is not rich may be happy notwithstanding.

I shall have to tell you of several different things. But I must tell you of only one thing at a time. For I consider that poor men who work hard are often tired when they have done their work, and cannot keep wide awake to read a great deal, or hear a great deal read, and so I shall do with them as I would if I had to pour water into a bottle with a long neck—I shall pour it gently, and a little at a time.

Well: I will now give my first piece of advice, and I give it first, because if you do not follow it, it will not be any use my saying any more. **BE SOBER**, and I give this as my first piece of advice—

Because one cannot talk to a muddle-headed man; for he puts an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains, and makes himself silly. Who can talk to such a man? Even children laugh at him. How degrading for a grown-up man to let himself down to be a make-sport for children! *Be sober*, if you would be **A MAN**.

Because what you save by not indulging in intoxicating drink will buy many comfortable things. The price of one pint of ale would whitewash and make sweet and clean the room you sleep in. And so I might say of many other comforts that a man might have in his family, all bought with money saved from ale or gin. *Be sober*, if you would have **COMFORTS**.

Because if you are not you will be in great danger. I not only mean that you will be in danger of accidents (and how many have lost their lives when what they had drunk had made them silly and helpless), but you will be in danger of being cheated by designing men when you have not your natural wits about you. But these are not all. You will be in danger of falling into other sins. A drunken man on a ship-mast in a storm, or reeling about on the edge of a high cliff, would make one shudder to look at him. But what I now mean is worse—far worse than breaking limbs. It is the ruin of the soul! No drunkard can go to heaven. And it is a sad, very sad thing, that such a man puts himself beyond the reach of all instruction. You might as well attempt to teach an idiot or an infant. *Be sober*, if you would keep out of **DANGER**.

The sober man can be talked to—he makes the best of what little he has—keeps out of harm's way for body and soul—and is ready for the discharge of any duty for his family, his neighbour, or his God—is healthy and happy here—and if a real Christian, is looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life. My first advice, then, is, *Be sober*. PAUL PRUDENT.

The Penny Post Box.

ABOUT JESTING.

JESTING is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, and season. So wrote quaint old Thomas Fuller more than two hundred years ago. He also gives eight maxims, equally quaint, on this subject. It will be well for us all to think of them and put them into practice.

1. *It is good to make a jest, but not to make a trade of jesting.* Some men are always wishing to raise a laugh; and so do nothing without a jest. This is folly: the “crackling of thorns under a pot.” You may be merry-hearted without always cracking jokes.

2. *Jest not with the two-edged sword of God's word.* Never go to the Scriptures for your puns. It is a poor and profane wit that seeks its fun in things sacred; and that will turn and twist sacred words for the sake of an empty laugh. Never do it yourselves, nor listen to it from others without rebuke.

3. *Wanton jests make fools laugh, and wise men frown.* The Holy Book says, "Fools make a mock at sin." Be pure in your thought. Avoid all impure allusions in your speech.

4. *Let not thy jests, like the mummy, be made of dead men's flesh.* Abuse not those who are dead. Even pagans had a proverb—"Speak of the dead nothing but good."

5. *Scoff not at the natural defects of any, which are not in their power to amend.* O it is a cruelty to beat the cripple with his own crutches. Mock not a cobbler for his black thumbs.

6. *He that relates another man's wicked jest with delight, adopts it for his own.* Do not repeat such jests if you hear them. No man can touch pitch without being defiled.

7. *He that will lose his friend for his jest, deserves to die a beggar for his bargain.* Check such jesting as would wound any, even though the are not your friends. Wit is not like mustard, useless unless it bite.

8. *No time to break jests when the heart-strings are about to be broken.*

MATTHEW MERRY-AND-WISE.

FACTS, HINTS, GEMS, AND POETRY.

FACTS.

THE BIBLE.

THE Bible is not of man. Many facts prove this.

Its views of the character of God are not such as man could invent. One page of the Bible contains more true light on the character of our Father in heaven than whole libraries of books by pagan philosophers.

The Spirit of the Bible is not of man. The stream cannot rise above the spring; and man, evil and full of sin, could not of himself describe a morality so pure and a goodness so divine.

The purpose of the Bible is not one that man could invent. It is to bring men back to their Father in heaven; to take away all their sin, and make them holy and pure.

The method by which that purpose is to be carried out is of God's devising. "It is of God that sheweth mercy through Jesus Christ our Lord."

The revelations of men's hearts are such as only He could make who knows all hearts. As we see our faces reflected in a glass, so in the glass of God's word we see our characters and our hearts.

The descriptions of the future world are not from men, but from God. He sees the end from the beginning. He has foretold us what unspeakable joy they shall have who love Him; and it is the same Lord which has warned us of the woe and misery of those who "will not retain God in all their thoughts."

Love the Bible. It can make you wise unto salvation, through faith in Christ Jesus."

Hints.

POETRY, is music in words; music, is poetry in sound. Both are excellent sauce; but they have lived and died poor that have made them their meat.

WITHOUT HISTORY a man's soul is purblind, seeing only the things which almost touch his eye.

HE WHO WOULD CLEANSE BLURS with blotted fingers makes the blurs bigger. So is one who speaketh well and liveth ill.

IT IS AS ILL to turn back favours as to disobey commands.

AIR is a dish one feeds on every minute, and therefore it need be good.

TO BE ANGRY FOR EVERY TRIFLE, debases the worth of thy anger; for he who will be angry for anything, will be angry for nothing.

SAMSON'S HAIR GREW AGAIN, but not his eyes. Time may restore some losses, others are never to be repaired. Therefore do not in an instant what an age cannot recompense.

WORLDLY RICHES, like nuts, tear many clothes in getting them, spoil many teeth in cracking them, and fill no stomach with eating them.

EVERY MAN is a SMITH who must beat out his own fortune; but God first doth give him coals, iron, and anvil, before he can set up his trade.

IF IT WERE POSSIBLE to put a young man's eye into an old man's head, he would see as plainly and clearly as the other.

Gems.

GOD sends his servants to bed when they have done their work.

HE THAT SINS against his conscience sines with a witness.

TOMBS are the clothes of the dead. A grave is but a plain suit, and a rich monument is one embroidered.

THOSE WHO BOAST most of contentment have often the least of it. Their

very boasting shows they are begging for commendation.

GOD HATH MADE "a time for everything under the sun," save only for that which we do at all times—sin.

MODERATION is a silken thread running through the pearl-chain of all the virtues.

SORROWS, by being communicated, grow less; and joys, greater.

CHRIST is not only a light to see *by*, but a light to see *with*.

DIVINE WISDOM shows us heights that scorn the reach of our prospects, and depths in which the tallest reason will never touch the bottom.

THE BEST SACRIFICE to a crucified Saviour is a crucified lust, a bleeding heart, and a dying corruption.

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, Jesus Christ, is always rising, and never sets. Let that light shine into your heart.

Poetic Selections.

ONWARD! ONWARD!

ONWARD! is the march of mind,
Onward! is the path of man;
All for progress is combined;
Progress is the Almighty plan.
Onward! onward, rolling ever;
Onward! rivulet and river.

Nought in heaven's arched hemisphere,
Nought in earth's long history,
Nought in all the things that were,
Nought in all that is to be,
Shows a backward way or will;
All is onward, onward still.

Upward all the loveliest things,
Upward all the holiest tend.
When the skylark loudest sings,
When the sweetest odours blend,
Upward unseen angels bear
Piety, and praise, and prayer.

All is onward, upward flight,
Soaring more and more above,
Through long vistas tracked in light,
Opening into realms of love.
Light and life still brightening on
To their own effulgent throne.

The Children's Corner.

A COUNTRYMAN AND HIS WAGGON.

"Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."

A COUNTRYMAN his loaded Wain
While driving through a miry lane,
Was much impeded in his way
By rough mud banks and clods of clay.
And now his heavy wheels stick fast,
The sky above has looks downcast;
The horses to a stand-still come,
A weary way from hearth and home.
Down drops the driver on his knees,
Beseeching Heaven his way to ease;
Depending on its aid, alone,
No effort making of his own.
"Great Hercules!" he cries, "befriend,
Thy strong support and succour lend;
Assist my horses with their load,
And help them up this hilly road."
"My son," the fabled god replies,
"Before I listen to your cries,
Present your shoulder to the wheel;
The *idler* makes a vain appeal."

My readers, seek a truth divine,
Lock'd up within a heathen shrine;
And in the mythologic creed,
A *Bible* lesson strive to read.
Learn, then, for help, in vain you pray,
To hold your goings in the way,
Unless, by efforts of your own,
Your confidence in Heaven is shewn.
Together labour then with God,
As homeward in your path you plod;
Then life's rough places shall be plain,
And crooked paths made straight again.

—E. Robert

HOW A SCEPTIC WAS WON.

"I CANNOT feel as you do ; I wish I could ; but I was born a sceptic. I cannot help my doubts ; other people swallow down these visionary things, but as for me I can't. I do not know there is a God, and if there is, what he has to do with us particularly I can't see. Nature has her laws, and whoever breaks them will bring evil upon his own head ; that is about all that I can see."

Thus spoke an eminent politician as he walked with a Christian friend through the blackness of a winter's night. It was bitter cold, and the snow flakes powdered the rich fur coat wrapped about him, and whitened the thick clusters of raven hair that peeped out from beneath his cap.

Yes, John Hunter was a sceptic. A man of rare intellectual powers, wielding a mighty influence, and yet without God, without hope for the future,—walking in the darkness satisfied, contented.

Almost everybody had given him up. He parried reason skillfully and calmly, and, to all human appearance, it seemed impossible to make an impression on the rocky soil of his heart. But one friend had never despaired of him ; they had been boys together, sat on the same form at school, played at the same games. Manhood opened to both invitingly.

Ambitious of worldly honour, and feeling what it is, the power to sway men to his will, John Hunter early entered the political arena, and it was not long before his fellow countrymen applauded to his heart's content. He was a successful man.

The other, Jasper Schumann, was a quiet, unobtrusive man, a humble mechanic, supporting his family by his daily labour, a cheerful, happy Christian man ; and though so widely apart in the journey of every day life, these two were still friends whenever they chanced to meet ; and when absent on his political circuit, John Hunter was always remembered by Jasper Schumann as he gathered his loved ones around the family altar.

It chanced on this particular night Jasper Schumann had been pressing the matter of personal religion on the attention of John Hunter, and now his only reply was : " God has more power over your heart than you have, John ; and I mean still to pray for you."

" O ! I'm willing that you should do that, if it's a comfort to you ; go on ; but I shall never change. I've read more books of divinity than most ministers. I've about as much as I can do in this world, and must run the risk of another. However, let us

change the subject. Whew! how the snow flies! Here's a restaurant; let us stop and order supper."

How warm and pleasant it looked as they entered! The bright gas light streamed over the glitter of cut glass and silver, and fell into the hearts of the flowers lavishly strewed over the richly tinted carpet, while splendid mirrors and marble tables reflected the waves of light dazzlingly. Goodly viands were placed before them, and their conversation had been genial and pleasant. John Hunter was on the point of rising, when a strain of soft music came through a half-opened door;—a child's voice. Passionately fond of music, the politician stopped to hear.

"Sweet, isn't it?" as his eye caught Jasper Schumann's.

"We've no time to hear you now, out of the way!" cried the waiter; and the little voice was hushed.

"But I want to hear him," said John Hunter; "let him come in here."

"It's against the rule, sir."

"Very well, send him to the reading room," and the two gentlemen followed a small slight figure in patched coat and little torn hat.

The room was quiet. John Hunter walked to the opposite side and motioned the little boy to his side. Timidly the child looked up; his cheek was brown, but a flush rested there; and out of the thinnest face, under the arch of a massive forehead deepened by masses of soft brown hair, looked two eyes, whose softness and tenderness would have touched a heart harder than John Hunter's.

"What do you sing, my boy?"

"I sing German or English," he answered sweetly.

"Why, child, what makes you tremble so, are you ill?"

As if unheeding the question the child began to sing. His voice was wonderful, and simple and common as were both air and words, the power and purity of the tones drew many of the gentlemen from their tables. The little song commenced thus:—

"I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home.
Dangers and sorrows stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my Father's land,
Heaven is my home."

The tears were in John Hunter's eyes, and his voice was tremulous.

"Look here, child, where did you learn that song?"

"My mother learnt it me."

"And do you suppose there is such a place?"

"I know there is. I'm going to sing there."

"Going to sing there?"

"Yes, sir; we shall all sing in heaven, father and mother both said so."

"Where does your father live, child?"

"In heaven."

"Your mother?"

"She went too, last spring," while the tears dropped over the thin cheek.

John Hunter was silent, his eyes were brimming over.

"Who do you live with?"

"I live with grandma now; but it wont be for long."

"Why so; what makes you talk so?"

"I have just such a cough as mother had. When she went she said it would not be long. There wont be any pain up there, sir."

"How do you know?"

"The Bible tells us so."

John Hunter had a praying mother; his heart travelled backwards; once more he knelt at her knee, a simple-hearted child.—Where was that mother now? Years ago she had gone to her rest, her last breath fluttering out in a prayer for her only son.

The little boy turned to go.

"Child, have you been to supper?"

"Grandma will be waiting for me."

"Have you no overcoat?"

"These are all the clothes I have, sir."

Along the snowy streets, down in the dark alleys, walked John Hunter, a little trembling child's hand in his. At an old dingy tenement they stopped. Up broken creaking stairs they climbed.

"Here we are, and here is grandma," as the door jarred on its hinges; and an old woman tottered across the room.

"O Hermann, has anything happened to you?"

"Only this kind gentleman came home with me;" and again the slight body was racked with that terrible cough.

"Poor child! poor child!" and the grandmother held out her arms to the little sufferer.

John Hunter had taken it all in, the want and care that had driven the parents to their graves. It was no place for him. "I'll see you again soon," and he groped his way down stairs.

He did not forget his promise. All that money could do was done; but it was too late. Hermann was dying of disease, the grandmother of want and misery.

The winter had not gone when we find John Hunter and Jaspas Schumann again walking the streets together. No longer in a fashionable square, but through lanes and alleys till they came to the gloomy building where lived Hermann Stein. They had not seen his face at the window, and it looked gloomier than ever as they mounted the stairs.

A slight rap at the door did not arouse any one. The room was not empty as they had at first thought. Hermann lay on the bed, the cold clammy sweat standing on his forehead, while his cheeks were crimson.

"I was in hopes to find you better, child."

"O no, sir, I did not expect to get well; mother said we should all meet up there."

The eyes of the two gentlemen met, and it would be difficult to say which felt the most deeply.

"You have been so kind I should like to sing for you, but I can't sing for you, but I can't sing any more; it hurts me;—it won't be so there."

"Is there any one else you expect to meet there?" asked John Hunter's friend.

"The blessed Jesus; I shall meet Him, mother said; He loves little children."

"And you love Him?" asked Jaspas Schumann, with a trembling voice.

"Love Him when He has taken care of us ever since they went away! Some days grandma and I had nothing to eat, but we knew He would not forget us; and at night when we could not sleep for the cold, we could think of Him and of what they were all doing up there. Mother said it was such a beautiful

place, more beautiful than any thing we had ever seen." The blue eyes closed wearily.

"There is something in this," said John Hunter; "children are not led away by their imaginations; and if there is a heaven, where will my portion be?"

"You love Jesus?" said Hermann, addressing the hardened sceptic; "everybody that loves Jesus will be there. O, I am so happy!"

With a little sigh the eyes again closed.

"Are faith and hope nothing?" asked Mr. Schumann, pointing to the face taking on such a strange beauty.

"To feel as that little boy does, I would gladly give all I possess," was the broken response.

"And this you can have without money and without price. Yield your stubborn will, your sceptical doubts, and accept the offer of mercy."

There was no answer, the shadow of death rested over that little room.

The physician Mr. Hunter had called came in, and shook his head; it needed no great skill to see that the messenger was near.

Presently the hands moved, the eyes opened.

"O! there is mother; and there are the angels,—they are coming for me."

The voice was gone, the hands were still, but the celestial brightness lingered yet on the face.

"You cannot doubt the reality of something here more than this world can give," said Mr. Schumann.

"It is incomprehensible," said John Hunter. "Neither can I longer doubt the reality of a religion that can comfort, sustain, and render triumphant a death like this."

Not many days, and the aged grandmother followed.

John Hunter is still a leading man and a politician; but he is no longer a sceptic. His days are filled up with usefulness. "Not for myself, but for others," is his motto, and when he dies the world will be better for his having lived in it.

Poetry.

KNOCKING, EVER KNOCKING.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

KNOCKING, knocking, ever knocking?

Who is there?

'Tis a pilgrim strange and kingly,

Never such was seen before;—

Ah, sweet soul, for such a wonder

Undo the door.

No—that door is hard to open;

Hinges rusty, latch is broken;

Bid Him go.

Wherefore with that knocking dreary

Scare the sleep from one so weary?

Say Him,—no.

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking?

What! Still there?

O, sweet soul, but once behold Him,

With the glory-crowned hair;

And those eyes, so strange and tender,

Waiting there;

Open! Open! Once behold Him,

Him so fair.

Ah, that door! Why wilt thou vex me,

Coming ever to perplex me?

For the key is stiffly rusty,

And the bolt is clogged and dusty;

Many-fingered ivy vine

Seals it fast with twist and twine;

Weeds of years and years before,

Choke the passage of that door.

Knocking! Knocking! What? Still
knocking?*He still there?*What's the hour? The night
waning—

In my heart a drear complaining,

And a chilly, sad unrest!

Ah, this knocking! It disturbs me

Scares my sleep with dreams unble

Give me rest,

Rest—ah, rest!

Rest, dear soul, He longs to give th

Thou hast only dreamed of pleasur

Dreamed of gifts and golden treas

Dreamed of jewels in thy keeping,

Waked to weariness of weeping;—

Open to thy soul's one Lover,

And thy night of dreams is over,—

The true gifts He brings have seem

More than all thy faded dreaming!

Did she open? Doth she? Will sh

So, as wondering we behold,

Grows the picture to a sign,

Pressed upon your soul and mine;

For in every breast that liveth

Is that strange, mysterious door;—

The forsaken and betangled,

Ivy-gnarled and weed-bejangled,

Dusty, rusty, and forgotten;—

There the pierced hand still knocke

And with ever patient watching,

With the sad eyes true and tender,

With the glory-crowned hair,—

Still a God is waiting there.

Anecdotes and Selections.

ASK GREAT THINGS.—To a friend asking aid, Alexander gave a blank order on his treasurer, to be filled with any sum he might choose. The indigent philosopher immediately demanded ten thousand pounds. When the treasurer, who had refused to pay the sum, remonstrated with the king, Alexander replied—"Let the money be instantly paid. I am delighted with this philosopher's way of thinking. He has done me a signal honour; by the largeness of his request he shows the high idea he has conceived, both of my superior wealth and my royal munificence." Is not the King of kings honoured by large requests? Few seem to be aware how He is dishonoured by their not rising to a more comprehensive and vigorous grasp of faith. All need to be placed in a school where they shall go on from one grade to another in learning the proper scope of supplication and the fulness of God's promises. What a slight it is upon God, who has exhaustless treasures in store for the church and the world, who throws wide open the door and invites believers to become almoners to the largest amount, for them to look doubtfully on, and take hardly enough each for himself, when thousands might as well be filled! Thus are souls kept starving and Zion languishing. O needless famine! O fraudulent bankruptcy! We would be no longer content with moderate desires and requests. In view of the promises, we would stir up ourselves to a devout enterprise; would strike out upon this broad ocean and spread all sail. There is as much encouragement to seek great things as to seek at all. Has not past experience sometimes surprised us by the largeness of bestowment, and that, too, merely as an earnest of what God is ever ready to bestow?

ONE SIN casts the angels out of heaven. One sin blights paradise and ruins a race. One sin spreads itself out, not over a region, but over a world. One sin propagates itself, and overflows, not one generation, but generations for six thousand years. One sin contains enough in its one drop to destroy millions upon millions—to destroy them for eternity. What then must sin be! What must be its virulence, its contagiousness, its immeasurable fruitfulness in evil! What havoc it makes among immortal beings! With what a terrific power it is armed! One sin! Who can count up its consequences? Yet in each of us there are myriads—not one, but myriads of these roots or seeds of evil! Surely if we realised the woe, the curse that is wrapped up in each of these, we should tremble and be appalled. Our hearts would fail us at the thought. We are poison trees, from whose branches there hang myriads of seeds,—seeds which every moment are dropping from us and springing up around. Yet the divine Sin-bearer is at hand, ready to deliver, able to undo the evil. Shall we not seek

His aid? Is not that aid available for us to the full, so that life, instead of death, may be ours? "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. vi. 23.)—*Bonar.*

ANECDOTES OF HAVELOCK'S YOUTH.—When he was about seven years of age, from a very high bough he was attempting to take a bird's nest, the branch broke, and he fell down; the boughs broke his fall, or there probably the young hero had terminated his career; as it was, he lay on the ground insensible: when he recovered from the stunning effects of the fall, he was asked if he did not feel frightened when the branch snapped, and he felt himself falling—"No," said he, "I did not think of being frightened; I had enough to do to think of the eggs, for I thought they were sure to be smashed to pieces!" It is a small incident; but the answer is the very soul of all truly great character—the entire forgetfulness of self in the object pursued, whether that object be in childhood a bird's nest, or in old age the relief of Lucknow. And this little incident is mentioned of courage and forethought at twelve, when, seeing an infuriated dog worrying a sheep, he did not merely fly before the dog with force to meet brutality with brutality, but made a rope from a haystack near at hand, threw it round the dog's neck, and then threw the dog into a neighbouring pond to cool and recover, and so walked coolly himself away. Thus, you see, nature laid the foundations in a truly noble human character, and divine grace afterwards glorified it with "the seeds of the kingdom."

THE SHIP BUILDER AND WHITEFIELD.—An eminent ship builder, being invited to hear Mr. Whitefield preach, at first made several objections, but at last was prevailed on by his friend. When he returned home, his friend inquired, "What do you think of Mr. W.?" "Think," says he, "I never heard such a man in my life. I tell you, sir, every Sunday that I go to my parish church I can build a ship from stem to stern under the sermon; but, were it to save my soul, under Mr. Whitefield I could not lay a single plank."

The Fireside.

THE DRUNKARD RESTORED TO HIS WIFE.

I ONCE picked up a man in a market-place. It was said to me, "He is a brute; let him alone." I took him home with me and kept him fourteen days and nights through his delirium; and he nearly frightened Mary out of her wits one night, chasing her all around the house with a boot in his hand. But she recovered her wits, and he recovered his. *He said to me, "You wouldn't think I had a wife and child?"*

"Well, I shouldn't."

"Yes, I have, and God bless her dear little heart. My Mary is as pretty a little wife as ever stepped," said he.

I asked him where they lived.

"They live two miles away from here."

"When did you see them last?"

"About two years ago."

Then he told his sad story. I said,

"You must go back again."

"No," he replied, "I mustn't go back; I won't. My wife is better without me than with me. I will not go back any more. I have knocked her, and kicked her, and abused her. Do you suppose that I will go back again?"

But at length he consented to accompany me to the house. I knocked at the door, and his wife opened it.

"Is this Mrs. Richardson?"

"Yes, sir,"

"Well, this is Mr. Richardson, and, Mr. Richardson, this is Mrs. Richardson. Now, come into the house."

They went in. The wife sat one side of the room and the man on the other. I wanted to see who would speak first, and it was the woman. But before she spoke she fidgeted a good deal. She pulled up her apron till she got hold of the hem, and then she pulled it down again. Then she folded it up closely, and jerked it out through her fingers an inch at a time, and then she spread it all down again, and then she looked all about the room, and said,

"Well, William," and he said, "Well, Mary."

He had a large handkerchief round his neck, and she said,

"You had better take the handkerchief off: you'll need it when you go out."

He began to fumble about it. The knot was large enough; he could have untied it if he liked; but he said, "Will you untie it, Mary?"

And she worked away at it; but somehow or other, her fingers were clumsy, and she could not get it off; their eyes met, and the lovelight was not all quenched; he opened his arms gently and she fell into them. If you had seen those white arms clasped about his neck, and he sobbing on her bosom, and the child look in wonder, first at one and then at the other, you would have said, "It is not a brute; it is a man, with a great warm heart in his breast."

O, how many hearts and homes might be cheered, if Christian men and women would visit poor drunkards, and point them to the cross of Christ!—*John B. Gough.*

The Penny Post Box.

SIN BY WHOLESALE WILL BE PUNISHED BY RETAIL.

Men must in Rome do as the Romans do—that is the proverb on which thousands of men have sailed to perdition. And when they have been charged with continuous sinning—with the violation of conscience, with the violation of purity, with the violation of temperance, with the violation of honesty or honour—they have still pleaded, "Yes, we have sinned; but we are not exceptional; we do not stand alone; we are nouns of multitude; all men do these things"—as if the inference was, "Because all men do them, they are not so culpable in us." Men may sin by wholesale; but they are punished by retail. Though hand in hand be joined in iniquity, you may be sure of this: that each man, dis severed from his fellows, will stand up and give account of his iniquity. Though a million men act together in the commission of a transgression, all of that million are not to die together: every separate man is to die by himself, is by himself to go to God, and is by himself to take, not a division as his proportion of the sin, but the whole sin. If a million men sin with you, you do not take a millionth part of the guilt: you take the whole guilt: and so does every man of the million. There were never such dividends in any bank on earth as are apportioned in the court of conscience. There every man not only is a criminal sharer in the transgression which he joins others in committing, but he is responsible for the whole sin, though thousands and millions participate with him in it.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

GREAT BRITAIN is the largest island in Europe, and the most important on the face of the globe.

There are upwards of one hundred and seventy-five islands embraced in the term "British Isles." Some are very small, and have less than half a dozen people living on them.

One island, off Fifeshire, Scotland, called Inch-Colm, has only *one* inhabitant.

The highest mountain in Scotland is Ben Maodui, in Aberdeenshire—4,390 feet.

The highest mountain in Wales is Snowdon—height, 3,570 feet.

The highest mountain in England is Sea-Fell in Cumberland—height, 3,166 feet.

The longest river in England is the Severn. It rises from a spring on the east side of Plinlimmon, proceeds north-east to Shrewsbury, and thence by Worcester and Gloucester to the Bristol Channel. Its extreme length is two hundred and thirty-nine miles.

The largest lake in the British Isles is Lough Neagh, Ireland. It washes the shores of five counties in the province of Ulster, extends twenty miles by twelve, and is celebrated for the encrusting quality of its waters.

The largest county in England is Yorkshire, and the smallest is Rutland.

Hints.

A SHALLOW STREAM can babble in interruption, but the deep runs with ut the faintest

A MAN WHO DREADS SOLITUDE : know the charms of the life, since loneliness throws a n himself and upon God.

MEN CANNOT FIGHT without ing the public with their

WISE MEN MIGHT BECOME ey but begin at the alphabet edge.

SO IS NOT CONCERNED for the f his religion, may justly be to have neither honour nor

G IS A KING even while he is and sin is in although it does lly rage.

IS NO SUCH THING as a to-n the Christian's calendar.

UN IS STILL THE SUN, though up in a cloud; and truth is ough clothed in riddles.

DOCTRINE OF A DEFERRED RE- is a mischievous doctrine, to bring those who trust in devil.

Gems.

EVER CHRIST TOUCHETH he 1, be it prince or pauper.

3 HANDS AND WILLING HEARTS en the hardest morsel, and divine light in the darkest

CT WITH SATAN is as certain t with Christ is essential in a ritual life.

ARE IN DANGER of deluding es with the idea that a weep- our can never be a punitive

I NEVER SAT at the banquet thout spreading the bread of e the guests.

TEMPTATION is the way to torment, and torment the end of temptation.

PRAYER not assisted by practice is laziness, and contradicted by practice is hypocrisy.

A PRAYING HEART naturally turns to a purified heart.

No HOPE can give us a title to heaven but such an one as also gives us a fitness for it.

THE BLIND HEATHEN have been told of an Atlas that shoulders up the heavens; but we know that He who supports the heavens is not under them, but above them.

Poetic Selections.

COME UNTO ME.

Art thou weary? Art thou languid?

Art thou sore distressed?

"Come to me," saith One, "and, coming,
Be at rest!"

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,

If He be my Guide?

"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

Is there diadem as monarch

That His brow adorns?

"Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"

If I find Him, if I follow,

What His guerdon here?

"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear!"

If I still hold closely to Him,

What hath He at last?

"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past!"

If I ask Him to receive me,

Will He say me nay?

"Not till earth, and not till heaven,
Pass away!"

Tending, following, keeping, struggling,

Is He sure to bless?

"Angels, martyrs, prophets, pilgrims,
Answer, Yea!"

The Children's Corner.

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

At a place in South Wales, a mountain-torrent rushes through a chasm in the rocks surmounted by an arch formed of an immense piece of rock, thus making a natural bridge, which is called the Devil's Bridge. The scenery is wild and beautiful. Standing on the summit of the arch and looking down into the gulf below, beholding the torrent foaming at your feet, you cannot but be struck with the sublimity and grandeur of the scene.

There are several such natural bridges in England, and most of them bear the unhallowed name which we have recorded—the Devil's Bridge—to which, in times past, when ignorance and superstition were rife among the people, was usually attached a legend ascribing the placing of the piece of rock that forms the bridge across the chasm in its present wonderful position to Satan, who, it is said, wanted to get over himself, or to help some one else across. But now, happily, all such foolish and sinful tales are exploded, and although we cannot tell by what means rock was so placed, yet we know that it must have been by the power of God.

There are other and real Devil's bridges, which are far more common than these. They have no beauty, but are so ugly that we abhor them, and yet so deceitful and insnaring, like all Satan's work, that we often use them. True, they may conduct us over a difficulty that stands in our path, like the yawning chasm and the foaming torrent; yet they as surely conduct to sorrow and shame.

A lad idles on his way to school, or plays truant for an hour or two; then, as he goes into the school, he dreads the anger of his master and the punishment of his fault; and as he considers how best he may get over his difficulties, Satan, ever near, makes a *bridge* for him, and he tells his master "he had to go on an errand for his father."

A girl, while going about her work, meddles with that which she ought not; presently a crash, and, behold, she has broken a glass, a cup, or a plate. Then comes the fear of discovery and her mother's anger, and instead of at once confessing her fault, she turns about in her mind how she may cover it. Satan makes a *bridge* to carry her over her difficulty; and, carefully replacing the broken pieces in such a way as to appear whole, she leaves the discovery of the accident and the blame of it to another.

A child comes to school with lessons unprepared Sunday after Sunday, with the oft-repeated excuse, "Please, teacher, I had no time." But, alas! this is only another of the Devil's bridges—an excuse for idleness.

My dear children, I wish I could make you see that *lying* and *deceit*, in all their many forms, are but Devil's bridges. True, they may help you in the meantime over an obstacle, or difficulty, or danger; but, alas! do they not lead to something more terrible?"

ANDREW LEE'S HOME SUNSHINE.

LEE came home in the evening from the shop where he worked all day, tired and out of spirits; came home to his wife who was also tired and out of spirits.

"Smiling wife and a cheerful home—what a paradise it is!" said Andrew to himself, as he turned his eyes from the tired face of Mrs. Lee, and sat down with knitted brows to the gloomy aspect.

No word was spoken by either. Mrs. Lee was getting supper, and she moved about with a weary step.

"None," she said at last, with a side glance at her husband.

There was invitation in the word only, none in the voice of cheer.

Andrew arose and went to the table. He was tempted to say an angry word, but controlled himself and kept silent. He could find no fault with the chop, nor the sweet home-made jam, nor the fragrant tea. They would have cheered his man, if there had only been a gleam of sunshine on the face of his wife. He noticed that she did not eat.

"Are you not well, Mary?" The words were on his lips, but he did not utter them, for the face of his wife looked so repulsive that he feared an irritating reply. And so, in moody silence, the two sat together until Andrew had finished his supper.

When he pushed his chair back his wife arose and commenced clearing off the table.

"This is purgatory!" said Lee to himself, as he commenced sweeping the floor of their little breakfast room, with his hands digging desperately away down into his trousers pockets, and his fingers most touching his breast.

After removing all the dishes, and taking them into the kitchen, he spread a green cover on the table, and placing a fresh lamp thereon, went out and shut the door after her, leaving her husband alone with his unpleasant feelings. He took a long, deep breath, as she did so, paused in his walk, stood for some moments, and then drawing a paper from his pocket, sat down by the table, opened the sheet, and commenced writing.

Singularly enough, the words upon which his eye rested were, "Praise your wife." They rather tended to increase the turbulence of mind from which he was suffering.

"I should like to find some occasion for praising mine." How quickly his thoughts expressed that ill-natured sentiment. But his eyes were on the page before him, and he read on.

"Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement. It won't hurt her."

Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the paper and muttered, "O, yes; that's all very well. Praise is cheap enough. But praise her for what? For being sullen, and making your home the most disagreeable place in the world?" His eyes fell again to the paper.

"She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for ten years; but it will do her good for all that, and you, too."

It seemed to Andrew as if this sentence were written just for him, and just for the occasion. It was the complete answer to his question, "Praise her for what?" and he felt it also as a rebuke. He read no further, for thought came quickly, and in a new direction. Memory was convicting him of injustice towards his wife. She had always made his home as comfortable for him as her hands could make it, and had he offered the light return of praise or commendation? Had he ever told her of the satisfaction he had known, or the comfort experienced? He was not able to recall the time or occasion. As he thought thus, Mrs. Lee came in from the kitchen, and taking her work-basket from a closet, placed it on the table, and sitting down without speaking began to sew. Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at the work in her hands, and saw that it was the bosom of a shirt, which she was stitching neatly. He knew that it was for him that she was at work.

"Praise your wife." The words were before the eyes of his mind, and he could not look away from them. But he was not ready for this yet. He still felt moody and unforgiving. The expression of his wife's face he interpreted to mean ill-nature, and with ill-nature he had no patience. His eyes fell upon the newspaper that lay spread out before him, and he read the sentence: "A kind, cheerful word, spoken in a gloomy home, is the little rift in a cloud that lets the sunshine through."

Lee struggled with himself a while longer. His own ill-nature had to be conquered first, his moody, accusing spirit had to be subdued. But he was coming right, and at last got right, as to

will. Next came the question as to how he should begin. He thought of many things to say, yet feared to say them lest his wife should meet his advances with a cold rebuff. At last, leaning toward her, and taking hold of the linen bosom upon which she was at work, he said in a voice carefully modulated with kindness, "You are doing that work very beautifully, Mary."

Mrs. Lee made no reply. But her husband did not fail to observe that she lost almost instantly, that rigid erectness with which she had been sitting, nor that the motion of her needle had ceased.

"My shirts are better made, and whiter than those of any other man in the shop," said Lee, encouraged to go on.

"Are they?" Mrs. Lee's voice was low, and had in it a slight huskiness. She did not turn her face, but her husband saw that she leaned a little toward him. He had broken through the ice of reserve, and all was easy now. His hand was among the clouds, and a few feeble rays were already struggling through the rift it had made.

"Yes, Mary," he answered softly; "and I've heard it said more than once what a good wife Andrew Lee must have."

Mrs. Lee turned her face toward her husband. There was light in it, and light in her eye. But there was something in the expression of the countenance that a little puzzled him.

"Do you think so?" she asked quite soberly.

"What a question!" ejaculated Andrew Lee, starting up, and going around to the side of the table where his wife was sitting. "What a question, Mary!" he repeated, as he stood before her.

"Do you?" It was all she said.

"Yes, darling," was his warmly spoken answer, and he stooped down and kissed her. "How strange that you should ask me such a question!"

"If you would only tell me so now and then, Andrew, it would do me good." And Mrs. Lee arose, and leaning her face against the manly breast of her husband, stood and wept.

What a strong light broke in upon the mind of Andrew Lee. He had never given to his wife even the small reward of praise for all the loving interest she had manifested daily, until doubt of his love had entered her soul, and made the light around her thick darkness. No wonder that her face grew clouded, nor that what he considered *moodiness* and ill-nature, took possession of her spirit.

"You are good and true, Mary, my own dear wife. I am proud of you—I love you—and my first desire is for your happiness. O, if I could always see your face in sunshine, my home would be the dearest place on earth."

"How precious to me are your words of love and praise, Andrew," said Mrs. Lee smiling up through her tears into his face. "With them in my ears, my heart can never lie in shade."

How easy had been the work for Andrew Lee. He had seen his hand across the cloudy horizon of his home, and now bright sunshine was streaming down, and flooding that home with joy and beauty.

Reader, go and do likewise.

Poetry.

THE TRAVELLER'S HOME.

THE traveller in the sunny hours

Idles along the way—

He takes small heed of time, or tide,

While cloudless is the day—

He drinks the sunshine in like wine,

He plucks the flowers at will—

And does not hasten when he sees

The sun sink down the hill.

He needs no shelter but the sky

Of azure o'er his head—

The sweet red clover at his feet

Affords a fragrant bed—

His lamps are the eternal stars

Set in the purple dome—

The birds will chant his vesper hymns,

What careth he for home?

But when black clouds obscure the
west,

And muttering thunders peal—

And the red lightning sets upon

The heavens its flaming seal;

The idle traveller to his feet

Starts with an eager eye,

And rushes on in haste to find

Some place of shelter nigh.

Just so, O God! we idle on

When all is peace and rest,

And scarce a thought of Thee

Thine

Finds refuge in our breast.

'Neath sunny skies, with love and

What need have we of Thee?

Why take a pilot when our boat

Floats on a summer sea?

But when the clouds of grief grow black

Across our placid skies—

When tempests toss our helpless boat

And boisterous winds arise—

O, then, we trembling turn to Thee

And at Thy feet we fall—

Crying for shelter from the storm,

Believing Thee our All.

Anecdotes and Selections.

JILTY CONSCIENCE.—The conscience is like a fire under a pile of wood long ere it burn; but once kindled, it flames beyond ing. It is not pacifiable while sin is within to vex it. The will not cease throbbing so long as the thorn is within the flesh. He striveth to feast away cares, sleep out thoughts, drink down, that hath his tormentor within him. When one violently stop a source of blood at the nostrils, it finds away down the not without hazard of suffocation. The stricken deer runs into cket, and there breaks off the arrow; but the head sticks still him, and rankles to death. Flitting and shifting ground gives further anguish. The unappeased conscience will not leave it hath showed him hell; nor then neither. Let then this fool that his now seared conscience shall be quickened; his death-smart for this.—*Thomas Adams.*

TONGUE.—Go lead a lion by a single hair, send up an eagle to peck out a star, coop up the thunder and quench a flaming th one widow's tears; if thou couldst do these, yet the tongue man tame. We allow the tongue salt, not pepper; let it be asoned, but not too hot. It is a little member, little in quantity great in iniquity. What it hath lost in the thickness it hath in the quickness; and the defect of magnitude is recompensed agility. An arm may be longer, but the tongue is stronger; eg hath more flesh than it hath, besides bones which it hath not, tongue still runs quicker and faster, and if the wager lie for out, without doubt the tongue shall win it.—*Thomas Adams.*

RY OF A MISER.—The following scene occurred at a railway in Italy:—"On a bitter cold day a millionaire applied at the office for a third-class ticket. 'What!' exclaimed the official, 'you, sir, take a third-class on such a day as this?' I must," was the cool reply, 'since there is no fourth-class.' your pardon,' answered the official, handing him a ticket, 'but s—here is one.' The man of wealth hastily paid for it, and forward to take his place. On the doorkeeper asking to see his the traveller produced it, but was rather taken aback on being at the ticket would not do for him. 'And why not?' he ex- l. 'Why, sir, because it is a dog-ticket!'"

T BACON SAYS OF RICHES.—I cannot call riches better than the e of virtue; the Roman word is better, *impedimenta*; for as the e is to an army, so is riches to virtue; it cannot be spared nor und, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it some- seeth or disturbeth the victory. Of great riches there is no real cept it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit.

DO GOOD.—Thousands of men breathe, move and live—pass off the stage of life—are heard of no more. Why? They do not a particle of good in the world; no one was blessed by them as the instrument of their redemption. Not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, and love, and mercy on the hearts of those you may come in contact with year by year. You will never be forgotten. No! your name, your deeds will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of the evening.

CHINESE PORTRAIT PAINTERS.—If you present yourself as a subject, you are asked the preliminary questions: "How you likey? You likey handsome, or you likey likey?" You naturally reply that you wish the portrait to be like you; but woe betide you if, after that announcement, you object to the picture on the score of its ugliness. It is said that a sitter once ventured to do so; the aggrieved artist turned round to the collected audience, and, with upraised hands, exclaimed, in expostulatory tones, "Suppose no have handsome, how can?" Great was the sympathy evinced for the aggrieved artist, and overwhelming the confusion of the caricatured sitter.

HUMILITY.—As it is with respect to all graces, so particularly as to this clothing of humility; though it makes least show, yet come near, and you will see it both rich and comely; and though it hides other graces, yet when they do appear under it, as sometimes they will, a little glance of them so makes them much more esteemed. Rebecca's beauty and her jewels were covered with a veil; but when they did appear, the veil set off and commended them, though at a distance it hid them.—*Leighton*.

RESISTING TEMPTATION.—Frequent and fierce is the devil in his attacks, on all sides besieging our salvation. We therefore must watch and be sober, and everywhere fortify ourselves against his assault; for if he but gain some slight vantage ground, he goes on to make for himself a broad passage, and by degrees introduces all his forces.—*Chrysostom*.

SECRET PRAYER.—In public and private duties we may admit of the company of others to join with us; and, if they be such as fear God, the more the better. But in secret duties Christ and thou must whisper it over betwixt yourselves; and then the company of the wife of thy bosom, or thy friend that is as thine own soul, would not be welcome.—*Flavel*.

THE SABBATH.—If keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilising of mankind.—*Addison*.

WILL YOU TRY?—Let every one study to recommend religion to the world, by conforming his practice to its rules, and adorning his life with shining holiness and virtue; and by guarding against all injustice and dishonesty, pride, passion, revenge, evil-speaking, and everything that may stumble and beget prejudices in men against Christianity, who are too apt to impute the faults of its professors to the religion itself. *If every professed Christian will contribute by personal reformation to mend one, then we should all be mended, and the increase of Christ's kingdom would be glorious.*—*Willison.*

The Fireside.

BE ACTIVE.

It is a bad thing for a man to allow himself to sink down into a state of idleness—a very bad thing. No matter what has pressed him down—it is a bad thing. So long as a man struggles up against sinking, there is hope for him. But let him give way, and it is all over with him!

I know there are many poor men and poor women with large families who often find it very hard work to bear up against the heavy weights that seem to press them down. Small wages and many wants make up the burden of their load, and many sink under it—sink into a state of helpless and careless indifference; and from this state they never attempt to rise, but sit folding one hand in the other, indulging in rumbling complaints, or, alas! only rising up to go and try to drown the recollection of their troubles in intoxicating liquors, if they can get hold of them. There they sit, idle, dirty, wretched, and discontented. As for spending a happy Sabbath—clean, comfortable, and contented, in the fear and worship of God, why that is a thing which they may see others do, but which they never think of doing, and never attempt to do themselves. They are sunk too low for that.

This is a bad state for a man to be in, no matter how he has been brought into it—it is a bad state. I know many will be ready to tell me that it is not their own fault. Well: that may be true; and I believe it is in many cases, but it is not in all. Many sink into this state who need not have sunk into it. I would ask such, how is it that your neighbour, who gets no better wages than you do, has such a nice clean house, and manages to make things “meet and tie?” Why he does not sit down in despair! He keeps doing all he can, and his wife does all she can, and the children that are old enough do what they can—all that are able do something, and “many littles make a mickle.” And then they make the “littles” they get go as far as

they can. Not half a farthing is wasted. And *time*, which makes money, and, in one sense, is money, and more than money, is not wasted—I say it is not wasted in idle gossip by the wife, or, what is worse, by hours together at the beer-shop or public house by the husband. And having worked all day, they lie down at night, and their sleep is sweet—sweeter than that of many who are richer than they. They struggle hard every day it is true, but they have their reward, and sometimes, by their industry and carefulness, they rise into circumstances of comfort and happiness.

But let a man who is down low in poverty and wretchedness sit still and fold his hands, and say he can do nothing, and never try to do anything, and he will be poor and wretched still; and so, it is likely, with such an example, will his children be after him. But they will get up, if they see their father and mother trying to get up. And if the father and mother should not succeed the children may. So courage, man! Don't sit down in despair. Be up and doing. If thou doest thy best, there is ONE who will help thee of whom perhaps thou hast not thought. God will help thee. For that old trite saying is a true one after all, "*God helps those that help themselves.*"

Yes: and I could tell you of many poor men who, by sobriety, activity, carefulness, and perseverance, have worked their way up so that they have now a comfortable house, with good furniture in it, and good food and clothing, and all they need to make them contented and happy as regards this life. And this is what I want, by writing this, to persuade other poor men to try to do. Some have even become rich. But I don't want to persuade you to try to be rich; for, having food and raiment, we should learn therewith to be content. I don't preach contentment without food and raiment, but I advise you to have a good try to get them, and by your own efforts too, and then, if you succeed, what you get will be more prized: it will be your own.

Try to get up, then: don't despair. And remember that it is because we have fallen away from God and done him wrong that the earth is cursed, and we are doomed to labour. This is a great evil it is true, but it is over-ruled for good. Men are so disposed to vice and sin that they would be more vicious and wicked than they are, if the greater portion of their time was not employed in earning their daily bread. But *idleness* is a greater curse than *labour*, and always brings its own punishment. Life and activity is the great law of the universe—God himself works in creation and providence, and in our redemption. Jesus Christ worked the works of him that sent him, when he came and died for our sins. Angels work in the service of the Most High, and are employed in conveying the spirits of saints to heaven. Devils are active in seeking to work our death—and even our first father in the garden of Eden was not put there to be idle, but "to dress it and to keep it." Never then sink into sloth, but *be active*, and God will bless you!

PAUL PRUDENT.

The Penny Post Box.

A POETIC EPISTLE

A YOUNG FRIEND, BY HER PASTOR, ON THE MORNING OF HER MARRIAGE.

MAY heaven its choicest blessings now bestow,
Like gentle dew, on Charlotte's head and heart;
In copious streams from Jesus may they flow,
And peace, and joy, and holiness impart.

United to the object of her heart,
May she a prudent, happy wife become;
In every station wisely act her part,
An honour to her husband and her home.

Meek, and submissive, as her God commands,
May she consult his will, his comfort seek,
With cheerful countenance and active hands,
Which inward peace and holiness bespeak.

And may her husband, happy in his choice,
Love her as Jesus loves his church, his bride;
Honour, support, and in her love rejoice,
And cheerfully for all her wants provide.

Charlotte, to all around a pattern give:
Be thoughtful, modest, careful, clean, and neat;
To make your husband happy, daily strive;
Seek grace to do so at the mercy-seat.

Remember, much will now on you depend:
Begin aright, go on in promised strength;
The Lord will certainly his blessing send,
And you will be a happy wife at length.

The tongue and temper hold in firm control;
All jealous thoughts and bickerings detest;
Display true fortitude, a strength of soul,
With dignity and cheerful love be blest.

Much of your happiness will now arise
From mutual efforts for each other's good:
The peace, the honour of each other prize,
And live on Jesus as your daily food.

Bear and forbear, and every fault forgive,
Or you will never know domestic joy;
As saints, as one in Jesus, aim to live,
For him your time and talents still employ.

Conceal your husband's faults from all around,
Nor dare to whisper any one defect;

Let kind attention to his wants abound,
Nor ever treat his wishes with neglect.
Prefer his company to all beside ;
Study his temper, always try to please ;
Let nothing for an hour your hearts divide,
Neglect will soon the warm affections freeze.
Put not each other in the Saviour's place,
For he is jealous of his people's love ;
And if he frown, or but conceal his face,
The painful consequences you will prove.
Seek first his kingdom, then each other's peace ;
Prize holiness before all earthly things ;
So will domestic happiness increase,
For this from true religion only springs.
Dear friends, I wish you all that God can give,
And all that kindest human hearts desire ;
May you to Jesus' glory daily live,
And after perfect holiness aspire.
Then when the time allotted you below
Is spent, and mercy calls you up above,
May you to Jesus' arms with pleasure go,
And all the fulness of his glory prove.

J.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

IN the middle of the last century one-seventh of the people of England and Wales ate rye-bread. Even principal families in the northern counties partook very sparingly of wheat, chiefly as a kind of luxury at Christmas.

THE OAT was in former times almost the sole food of the Scotch, and is still very extensively used there for bread.

THE original habitation of the potatoe plant is South America, and it is still found in a wild state on the mountains of Chili. Sir Walter Raleigh first brought the potatoe plant into England in 1585.

PEAS were first brought from Holland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth,

although so far back as 1299 were known in Scotland. The Grubbs, probably the Romans introduced it into Britain.

IN 1428, that is, in the reign of Henry VI., the hop was petitioned against as a "wicked weed." The word *hop* is derived from the A.Saxon word *hoppian*, to climb.

THE FINE APPLE ORCHARDS of Hereford began to be planted in the reign of Charles I.

THE ROMANS reared the turnip with great skill and success, and deduced it next to corn in point of utility.

THE TEAZLE, or fuller's thistle, has for more than a century been cultivated as a farm crop, owing to its use in the woollen cloth manufacture.

Quints.

HOPE NOT FOR IMPOSSIBILITIES.—He needs to stand on tiptoes that hopes to touch the moon; and those who expect what in reason they cannot expect, may expect.

SOME MEN'S MEMORIES are like inns: they retain old guests, but have no room to entertain new comers.

GUILTY MEN are afraid where there is no cause for fear, and count every creature they meet a sergeant sent from God to punish them.

IF THY BUSINESS be sedentary, exercise thy body; if stirring and active, recreate thy mind.

ON PERSONAL APPEARANCE.—Be glad that thy clay cottage hath all the necessary rooms thereunto belonging, though the outside be not so fairly plastered as some others.

WEATHER.—"What weather shall we have?" said a gentleman to a shepherd one misty morning. "Sir," he said, "it shall be what weather it pleaseth God; and what weather pleaseth God, pleaseth me."

MANY SEE THE OAK when grown, whilst few remember the acorn when set.

HE THAT IS A BAD HUSBAND for himself, will never be a good one for his sovereign.

Gems.

HE who fears his enemy, fights for him; or (what is worse) gives him the victory without the trouble of a battle.

HE who will needs fight the devil at his own weapon, must not wonder if he find him an overmatch.

God alone knows what will help and what will hurt us. He sometimes denies men honour that he may give them heaven.

TEMPTATION first finds a man evil, and then makes him worse.

NOTHING should make the Christian give up his hope, till it forces him to give up the ghost too.

HE who is not strong enough to beat back a blow, ought to be quick-sighted enough to decline it.

THE SOUL'S PLAY-DAY is always the devil's working-day, and the idler the man the busier the tempter. Idleness offers up the soul as a blank to the devil for him to write what he will upon it.

IF WE LEAVE OFF PRAYING before the devil leaves off tempting, we throw off our armour in the midst of the battle, and so must not wonder at the worst that follows.

Poetic Selections.

WAIT, MY LITTLE ONE.

Wait! my little one, wait!
When you get to the beautiful land;
Tarry a little, my darling,
Ere you join the heavenly band.
Stand close to the shining gates of pearl,
Look out on the narrow way,
For I want the first glance of my heaven-born
sight,
On my little baby to stray.

Wait! my little one, wait!
When you reach the courts above,
Look down with the light of thy beautiful
eyes
On those that you used to love,
Whisper sweet dreams in our earthly ears
When we lie down to sleep;
Paint bright pictures before our eyes
When we wake to weep.

Wait! my little one, wait!
When you reach the celestial strand,
For thy mother may be tolling up
To the heights of that better land.
For years that fall like molten lead
On the hearts this side of the sea,
Will pass like the light of a beautiful dream,
My little baby, o'er thee.

The Children's Corner.

LEARNING AND UNLEARNING.

You all know what it is to *learn*; do you know what it is to *unlearn*? The former is the chief business of your life, and will be for years to come. Perhaps I ought to say it will be so for ever, because we shall always be learners in some of God's schools.

But what is *unlearning*? To *unlearn* a lesson is to rub it out of the memory; to *unlearn* an *art* is to forget how to do a work of skill, such as knitting a purse, doing crochet-work, or drawing an object in pencil or crayon; to *unlearn* a *habit* is to get rid of the inclination which makes us love to do certain things, such as lying late in bed, leaving things in the wrong place, idling away time, foolish talking, &c. Do you understand? Yes? Very well.

Now, mark me, it is harder work to *unlearn* than it is to *learn* a thing. If you want to rub a bad thought from your memory, it is very difficult to find rubber and strength to do it. It will stay there in spite of you. If you try to break up an old habit, it will require all your strength, with Christ's help besides, to do it. There are many great men who, having learned to use tobacco and strong drink when they were young, would give much to *unlearn* those bad habits, but they *cannot*—at least they do not do it. Their habits are their masters, and they are slaves. Though great and strong in many things, they are too weak to *unlearn* their bad habits.

Now, boys and girls, I have a proposal to make. I propose that you all resolve to learn nothing which your future happiness will require you to *unlearn*. Learn all the good things you can. They will never need to be *unlearned*. But learn nothing wrong, because all wrong things must be *unlearned*, or they will ruin you. You are sensible children, and understand me. Will you accept my proposal? Will you resolve never to learn anything that you must *unlearn*, or be miserable? You will? Good! Now go to your places of prayer, kneel down, and offer this petition—

"O Jesus, teach us those things which we need to know. Show us those things we ought to avoid. Help us to learn nothing which thou wilt require us to *unlearn*. If we have learned any bad thoughts, acts, or habits, help us to *unlearn* them now; and may we never learn anything bad again. Amen."

LETTER FROM A SCOTTISH TOURIST.

My tour among the Scottish Highlands, which occupied most of the week since leaving Inverness, has been prosecuted amid all sorts of weather except the hot and sultry, and has brought a variety of experiences. I have sailed over not less than half a dozen of the famous lakes—or Lochs, as they are called—travelling by steamer through the entire length of the Caledonian Canal, across northern Scotland, from the Murray Frith to the Firth of Oban; stood at the foot of Ben Nevis, whose summit is white with snow; rode an hour face to face with Ben Lomond, and steamed by Ben Lomond; taken the wild, weird, dreary pass of Brander, on the borders of Loch Awe, whose route is well chosen; spent a day in sailing among the picturesque scenery around the island of Mull; and given an hour to the ancient ruins and ecclesiastical symbols and royal relics which have made Iona famous, and another hour to the wonderful geological formations and the strange grandeur of Fingal's Cave on the island of Staffa. Scottish life and character have been seen in many of their ordinary and their extraordinary phases, and I, for one, and the most celebrated of all the Scottish scenery have been inspected somewhat in detail.

There is a peculiarity of mountain scenery that it never exactly reproduces itself in another country. One in name and general character, mountains, like great souls, give us an endless variety of combinations, specific features, and details. The Apennines differ from the Alps, the desert groups and ranges belong to a family still more remote, the chains and single heights in each are made up after quite an original model, the Carpathians have their own unmistakeable build and aspect and expression, and the Scottish Highlands are not less unique and beautiful.

Where the naked rock appears in the loftier heights of Scotland, it does not often stand out bare, cold, unsympathizing, and sterile, but wears a softened, mellow tint of gray, or brown, or blue. Sharply cut outlines, and long acute angles, and sheer perpendicular cliffs, and dizzy precipices, are mostly wanting. In most cases, where the forests are not carried to the summits by the rains, and frost, and friction, and sunbeams, acting

through so many centuries, have disintegrated the surface to some extent, and formed a thin soil sufficient to sustain a simple vegetation, which overspreads most of the hills with delicate verdure that suggests a spring robe. The abundant summer rains keep the whole landscape looking fresh, fill all the gorges and ravines with brawling torrents, decorate the green slopes with quieter streams that wind hither and thither in their flow, and gleam in the sunlight like threads of silver, set the rivulets leaping again and again down the shelving cliffs that abut upon the sea, and so multiply the gushing, foaming, shouting waters on every side that the very hills appear as if bursting into laughter. And so, all through this highland section, beauty is for ever wedded to grandeur, the fruitful field lies in the lap of the towering height, the lake bears fertile and flowery islands on its bosom as a bride her jewels, and the majesty of nature is in sympathy with the affection of souls. These are some of the peculiarities which mark the mountain scenery of Scotland, and lend to it such an abiding charm.

The island of Staffa has been long and justly regarded as one of the most marked natural curiosities and striking geological marvels of Europe. It is of an irregularly oval shape, and is about a mile and a half in circumference. It is principally composed of basaltic rock, rising in the highest portion about 150 feet above the sea, forming an uneven table-land, mostly covered with a simple but quite luxuriant vegetation. Most of the coast presents a wall-like aspect, and the columnar structure is something remarkable. At the base is a ledge of conglomerated trap-rock; then the basaltic columns rise frequently to the height of fifty or sixty feet; and then at the top, and resting on the columns, is a mass of amorphous basalt, in which the columnar structure wholly disappears. At some points where the coast line is low, the tops of the columns are seen just below or above the surface of the water; and in a few spots the columnar structure appears on the surface of the elevated table-land, so regular and level as to suggest a tiled Mosaic floor. The columns appear not as monoliths, but as though reared apparently in sections. Most of them are either pentagonal or hexagonal, with more or less regularity in the length of the sides; while some have as few as three and some as many as nine faces. In diameter they vary from five inches to more than three feet. Some stand upright, some have an oblique position, some are irregularly bent, while others

are so accurately curved as to constitute segments of an immense circle.

These columnar cliffs are pierced with caves of greater or less regularity and extent, the result apparently of the long-continued action of the waves, and the steady ministry of friction and frost. Of these caves, the most remarkable is that which is called Fingal's, and which may be entered on foot at a low stage of the tide by walking on the ends of the broken columns, or by boat, when the sea is thoroughly calm. We were fortunate enough to get admission on foot, and to be able to inspect the wonder at some length, before the increasing thunder of the breaking swells, the rising of the waters, and the remonstrances of the guide, warned us to retreat while we might without peril. This cave is 230 feet in length, 42 feet wide, but narrowing to 25 near the end, and 66 feet high at the entrance, though not more than 50 feet on the average throughout the entire length. Its sides are composed of an immense number of these basaltic columns crowded together; and for a considerable distance the roof is nearly horizontal, and shows the lower ends of these columns, which have been broken off by violence, variegated in colour, and appearing as though they might become in some way loosened, and drop upon the gazer's head. Farther in from the mouth the roof assumes the form of an irregular Gothic arch, which it preserves quite to the end.

The light is dim in the interior, even at mid-day in summer; and when the heavier swells come rushing in from the sea, wave thundering upon wave, and the foam and spray dash against the sides and deepen the gloom, there is something subduing, thrilling, and well-nigh awful in the scene.

The same geological formations, in the main, appear at some other points in Great Britain, and especially at the Giant's Causeway in Ireland; though the extent to which the basaltic rock assumes the aspect of colonnades is much greater in Staffa than on the Irish coast.

I took one ride of fifty miles on the outside of a Scottish coach, in company with several other passengers, including two ladies who preferred the better view from outside with the risk, to the poorer one from inside with the security against a wetting—a ride that was remarkable both for the splendid scenery amid which it took us, and for the romantic but rough treatment which we received at the hands of the weather.

We were going from Oban to the head of Loch Lomond, where we were to take the boat for a sail through the lake. We left at eight o'clock. The sky had looked doubtful more than once during the morning: gleams of sunshine were followed by dark masses of cloud, and lazy drippings and spirited dashes of rain had mixed themselves into our experience before noon. We had stopped occasionally to change horses, but only for a few minutes; no provision was made for giving us dinner till we should reach the steamer at four o'clock. Continuous jolting, occasional moistening, partial chilling, steady gazing, and prolonged fasting, began to tell somewhat on the company. The faces were not quite as resolute as at an earlier hour, the tone of voice was not so full of cheerful defiance, the sky was scanned more anxiously; and when the rain began to come, as it did now and then after two o'clock, in a somewhat uncomfortable way, it was no more welcomed with cheery jokes, but with careful buttoning of coats, and prompt spreading of umbrellas, and grim, ghastly, bitter smiles.

During the last hour we reached the climax, which was well maintained. Notes of preparation, warnings, gusts of wind and occasional dashes of rain, gave place to the real and serious work. The clouds literally poured down their contents, and the wind drove the water into the faces of those who were looking southward, and upon the shoulders of those looking in the contrary direction. It laughed at overcoats and shawls; it fought umbrellas into comparative uselessness; it found its way through the folds and crannies of the Mackintosh; it collapsed bonnets; it leaped in cascades from hat-crowns and brims; it forced itself into boots; it felt its way to the under-clothing with steady and merciless persistence; it literally choked laughter and drowned out merriment. Nobody was proof against it but one tough, bronzed, jolly old guard, who really seemed to revel in the land-storm like a petrel in the sea-tempest. When the wind drove the torrents upon us with special violence, making us shudder, and crouch, and gasp for breath, he might be heard shouting as well as he could through the cataract that poured down his unprotected face—*"Magnificent scenery! Splendid waterfalls! Isn't it their money's worth that the gentlemen are getting now, who've paid three shillings extra to sit on the front seat with the driver!"* But if his sallies woke a responsive laugh, it hardly reached the surface; and the only acknowledgment which I heard from the

lemen referred to was a sort of dismal grunt by way of
iation.

it we reached Loch Lomond, caught the steamer, and, espe-
y among the islands at its southern end, we had the sun
ing the whole glorious scene with an unwonted splendour.
nth and rest awaited me at Glasgow, and, once in com-
ble quarters and mood, the ludicrous side of the experience
he sombre side wholly from view.

Poetry.

A MIDNIGHT HYMN.

In the mid silence of the voiceless night,
When chased by airy dreams, the slumbers flee,
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,
O God! but Thee?

And if there be a weight upon my breast—
Some vague impression of the day foregone—
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to Thee
And lay it down.

Or if it be the heaviness that comes
In token of anticipated ill,
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
Since 'tis Thy will.

For O! in spite of past and present care,
Or anything beside, how joyfully
Passes that almost solitary hour,
My God, with Thee!

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the silence of that hour,
More blest than any thing, my bosom lies
Beneath Thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire
Of all that it can give or take from me?
Of whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,
O God! but Thee?

Anecdotes and Selections.

EVILS OF GOSSIP.—I have known a country society which withered away all to nothing under the dry rot of gossip only. Friendships, once as firm as granite, dissolved to jelly, and then run away to water, only because of this; love, that promised a future as enduring as heaven and as stable as truth, evaporated into a morning mist that turned to a day's long tears, only because of this; a father and a son were set foot to foot with the fiery breath of an anger that would never cool again between them, only because of this; and a husband and his young wife, each straining at the hated leash which in the beginning had been the golden bondage of a God-blessed love, sat mournfully by the side of the grave where all their love and all their joy lay buried, and only because of this. I have seen faith transformed to mean doubt, hope give place to grim despair, and charity take on itself the features of black malevolence, all because of the spell words of scandal and the magic mutterings of gossip. Great crimes work great wrong, and the deeper tragedies of human life spring from its larger passions; but woeful and most melancholy are the uncatalogued tragedies that issue from gossip and detraction; most mournful the shipwreck often made of noble natures and lovely lives by the bitter winds and dead salt waters of slander. So easy to say, yet so hard to disprove—throwing on the innocent all the burden and the strain of demonstrating their innocence, and punishing them as guilty if unable to pluck out the stings they never see, and to silence words they never hear—gossip and slander are the deadliest and the cruellest weapons man has forged for his brother's hurt.

TROUBLES.—Some people are as careful of their troubles as mothers are of their babies; they cuddle them, and rock them, and hug them, and cry over them, and fly into a passion with you if you try to take them away from them. They want you to fret with them, and to help them to believe that they have been worse treated than anybody else. If they could they would have a picture of their grief in a gold frame hung over the mantle shelf for everybody to look at. And their grief makes them ordinarily selfish; they think more of their little grief in the basket and in the cradle than they do of all the world besides; and they say you are hard-hearted if you say, "Don't fret."—"Ah! you don't understand me—you don't know me—you can't enter into my trials."

THE BLESSED MINISTRY OF DEATH.—When the soul, like a swallow slipped down a chimney, beats up and down in restless want and danger, death is the opened casement that gives her rest and liberty from penury, fears, and snares.—*Feltham.*

IS "APPLE-PIE ORDER?"—Does it mean in order, or in disorder? We rather incline to the latter, and think it means, or meant, in a muddle. We think, too, that it has nothing to do with or "*pie*" in the common sense of the words. We believe it to be a geographical term, and that it was originally "*Chapel-pie*." A house was and is to this day called a chapel—perhaps from a chapel at Westminster Abbey, in which Caxton's earliest works are thought to have been printed; and "*pie*" is type after it is "disordered" or broken up, and before it has been re-sorted. "*Pie*" in the order came from the confused and perplexing rules of the "*Pie*," the order for finding the lessons in Catholic times, which those who read or care to read the Preface to the "Book of Common Prayer" will find there expressed and denounced. Here is the passage: "Moreover the number and hardness of the rules called the *Pie*, manifold changings of the service, was the cause that to turn out only was so hard and intricate a matter, that many times more business to find out what should be read than to read it was found out." To leave your type in "*pie*" is to leave it in disorder and in confusion, and "apple pie order," which we take to be "*pie* order," is to leave anything in a thorough mess. Those who take the other side, and assert that "apple-pie order" is perfect order, may still find their derivation in "*chapel-pie*;" and deriding and sorting of the "*pie*" or type is enforced in every printing-house by severe fines, and so "*chapel-pie order*" is such order of the type as the best friends of the chapel would wish to see.

LITERATE PULPIT.—Admitting ignorant, sordid, illiterate of this function is to give the royal stamp to a piece of lead. God has no need of any man's parts or learning, but certainly hath much less need of his ignorance and ill-behaviour. A man sitting in the chimney corner is pardonable enough, but with the helm he is intolerable. If men will be ignorant and let them be so in private and to themselves, and not set their faces in a high place, to make themselves visible and conspicuous, will not be hooted at, let them keep close within the tree, and upon the upper boughs.

NATURE.—Ask the world, the beauty of the heaven, the ordering of the stars, the sun that sufficeth for the day, the solace of the night; ask the earth, fruitful in herbs and of animals, adorned with men; ask the sea, with how great kind of fishes filled; ask the air, stocked with what multitudes of birds; ask all things, and see if they do not, as it were by a decree of their own, make answer to thee—*God made us*.

PIETY.—*My son, give me thy heart*; whatsoever else we tender, if this be wanting, it is but the carcass of a duty.—*Ezekiel*

WORLDLY PLEASURE.—No worldly pleasure hath any absolute delight in it; but as a bee, having honey in the mouth, hath a sting in the tail. Who sees an ox grazing in a fat and rank pasture, and thinks not he is near to the slaughter? Whereas the lean beast that toils under the yoke is far enough from the shambles. The best wicked man cannot be so envied in his first shows as he is pitiable in the conclusion.—*Joseph Hall.*

SECTARIANISM.—I hate dividing principles and practices, and, whatever others are, I am for peace and healing; and if my blood would be sufficient balsam, I would gladly part with the last drop of it for the closing up of the bleeding wounds of differences that are amongst true Christians.—*Matthew Henry.*

THE ACCUSER OF THE BRETHREN.—It is not harder to keep the flies out of your cupboards in summer from tainting your provision, than Satan out of your consciences. Many a sweet meal hath he robbed the saints of, and sent them supperless to bed.—*Gurnall.*

PREACHING.—The true learning of a gospel minister consists not in being able to talk Latin fluently, or to dispute in philosophy, but in being able to speak a word in season to weary souls.—*Philip Henry.*

PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.—Though the words of the wise be as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, yet sure their examples are the hammer to drive them in to take the deeper hold.—*Thomas Fuller.*

HUNGER AND FRUITION.—Desire is love in motion, as a bird upon the wing; delight is love at rest, as a bird upon the nest.—*Matthew Henry.*

The Fireside.

SUNSHINE FOR THE CHILDREN.

DID you ever take the thermometer out of doors when the snow was over the earth, and see how the tiny thread of quicksilver began to contract itself? It could not help it, the atmosphere was so cold. But bring it into the warm sitting room and hang it above the chimney piece, and how quickly it begins to feel the warmth and expand itself.

Just so young hearts are all cramped and chilled in the atmosphere of fault finding and fretfulness. They grow narrow and selfish, and most unhappy as well as unlovely. It is not at all the atmosphere God designed the young heart to develop in. Bring the same nature out of the cold into the warm atmosphere of love and kindness, and see how soon it will begin to feel the influence. Children's hearts are

fully as sensitive as quicksilver to the atmosphere about them. There are certain people who carry with them the air "that it is a great misdemeanour in a child that he has not grown up," and they feel called upon to be especially severe on such delinquents! How quick children catch the impression, and how glad they are to avoid any further offence by keeping well out of the way! Pity the poor things when this is impossible! Sitting out in the freezing cold for an hour is no comparison to the discomfort. Such people have a sharp rebuke for every sound which betrays the buoyant child's spirit within, a frown for every movement. If they could suddenly transform themselves into wooden images, they might barely be endured, that is, if they could be stowed into imperceptible space in some invisible corner.

There are many good people who do not go to such lengths in their dislike for children, who yet make their little lives wretched while in their presence by continual reproof and fault-finding. Now and then there may be a child so playful and heedless that he will bear up under the pressure, and we feel thankful for the indifference; but by far the larger number grow morose and sour, or sink down into a dreary wretchedness that makes the heart ache to witness.

Even if you live in a cottage, give the little hearts by your hearthstone plenty of sunshine. Let it flood the little home-room with its light, and rest assured when you die there will be many to rise up and call you blessed. Bad temper goes down the family line for generations, and acts and reacts on thousands of outsiders. Plenty of warmth, pure air, and sunlight are the rules for growing healthful, beautiful plants; and the same rules apply to the moral growth of the young plants of immortality.

The Penny Post Box.

MORAL COURAGE IN EVERY-DAY LIFE.

HAVE the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is prudent you should do so.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a "seedy" coat, even though you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

Have the courage to make a will and a just one.

Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money.

Have the courage to "cut" the most agreeable acquaintance you have, when you are convinced that he lacks principle. "A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities," but not with his vices.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for dishonest duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to obey your Maker at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion, in all things.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than to seek credit for knowledge under false pretences.

Have the courage to provide entertainment for your friends, within your means—not beyond.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

THE TIN MINES in Devon and Cornwall were known to the ancient Phœnicians. In the reign of King John they were leased to Jews.

TIN is used in Britannia metal, Mosaic gold, pewter, printer's types, and bell-metal.

There are more than one hundred mines of copper in Cornwall.

The most productive lead mines are in the north of England, chiefly near the mountain of Cross Fell. There are one hundred and seventy-five mines in this region, the most valuable belonging to Greenwich Hospital.

The greatest amount of iron is got in South Wales, the Forest of Dean, and South Staffordshire. Between eight and nine hundred thousand tons are smelted in these districts alone.

The Northumberland and Durham

coal field is more than eight hundred square miles in extent.

The total annual production of coal in the kingdom is sixty-six million tons!

Salt has been got at Droitwich ever since the time of the Romans.

Black-lead was first found in Cumberland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The first alum works were established in this country near Whithy, Yorkshire, in the time of Charles I.

Fuller's earth has been dug up for centuries near the little village of Nutfield, in Surrey.

Hints.

BETTER the feet slip than the tongue.

EVERYTHING is of use to a house-keeper.

HE that goes bare foot must not plant thorns.

LEAVE JESTING while it pleaseth,
lest it turn to earnest.

BETTER BE BLIND than to see ill.

THE DRUNKARD'S PURSE is a bottle.

CORN is cleaned with the wind, and
the soul with chastenings.

WITHOUT FAVOUR none will know
you, and with it you will not know
yourself.

A WICKED MAN'S gift hath a touch
of his master.

I WEPT when I was born, and every
day shews why.

THE MISERABLE man maketh a
penny of a farthing, and the liberal
of a farthing a sixpence.

EVERY PATH hath a puddle.

ONE HAND washeth another, and
both the face.

PRAYERS and provender hinder no
journey.

THE best mirror is an old friend.

THE CHILD says nothing but what
it heard by the fire.

HE IS NOT POOR that hath little, but
he that desireth much.

LIFE without a friend, is death
without a witness.

FLY the pleasure that bites to-
morrow.

THE FIRST DEGREE OF FOLLY is to
hold one's self wise, the second to
profess it, the third to despise counsel.

HE that commits a fault thinks
every one speaks of it.

FOLLY grows without watering.

Gems.

TIME is the age of the visible world;
but eternity is the age of God.

LOVE loses and finds itself in God.

GOD'S DISPENSATIONS must be read
from the right to the left, from the
end to the beginning.

IN the strength of the "cake baken
on the coals, and the cruse of water
at his head," Elijah went forty days
and forty nights into *Horeb, the
mount of God. So the whole virtue*

of the Bible, salvation, may be found
in brief passages, and may be appropri-
ated by the smallest faith. "Be-
lieve on the Lord Jesus Christ, and
thou shalt be saved, is the kernel of
the whole Bible.

CONSCIENCE is God's secretary.

THE whole of the Christian's life
is a reaching forward.

THE NINE BEATITUDES in the Ser-
mon on the Mount are intertwined
with the nine virtues. They cannot
be found apart. They are the off-
spring of one root.

THE HIGH WAY improves as you
approach the royal city, and so the
road to heaven is all the broader
when we near our rest.

Poetic Selections.

ON GUARD.

It is the eventide of life :

Death's turbid waves before me roll;
And in this narrow pass of life
I stand to guard my deathless soul.

Through storm and calm, through dark and
light,

Weary, but resolute, I cling
To my good sword, my breastplate bright,
The armour of my heavenly King.

On guard, on guard! the trumpet-voice
Rings in my ear: with watchful eye
I gaze, and feel my heart rejoice;
My deadliest foes are drawing nigh.

Ye pass not here, hate, envy, pride,
With all the embattled hosts of hell:
My Captain standeth at my side;
I fear you not; I know you well.

Fast comes the night; my watch is done:
This hour I've longed for many years:
I shall not see another sun:
Ended is sorrow, toil, and tears.

Death's waves are rising; sweet release!
Nearer I view the heavenly shore;
I lay my armour down, and cease
To be "on guard" for evermore.

The Children's Corner.

MUSTN'T ALWAYS TAKE PEOPLE AT THEIR WORD.

"O THAT I were dead," cried the bullfinch.

"I don't wonder at it, I'm sure, dear," said the cat, sitting with her eyes fixed on the cage.

"To be penned up here from day to day, while all my friends are rejoicing in the sweet sunny sky and the flowers," said the bullfinch.

"How distressing," said the cat, with much feeling.

"And just to be allowed now and then for a few minutes to try my wing, by a flight round the room."

"Mere mockery! a cruel insult, I call *that*," said the cat.

"And as to singing, how can I sing?"

"How, indeed," said the cat.

"This piping song that I have been drilled into, not a note of it comes from my heart. O that I were dead," said the bullfinch.

"It's what your very best friends wish for you, dear," said the cat; "and as the door of your cage is a little ajar, I see you have only to come out and——"

"And what?" said the bullfinch.

"Why, dearest, I would, however painful to my feelings, soon put you out of your misery," said the cat, preparing to spring; upon which the bullfinch set up a scream of such terror that his mistress flew into the room, and puss was glad to escape down stairs.—*Leisure Hour*.

"IT'S VERY HARD."

"It's very hard to have nothing to eat but bread and milk, when others have every sort of nice things," muttered Charlie, as he sat with his wooden bowl before him. "It's very hard to have to get up so early on these cold mornings, and to work all day, when others can enjoy themselves without an hour of labour. It's very hard to have to trudge along through the mud, while others roll about in their carriages."

"It's a great blessing," said his grandmother, as she sat at her knitting,—"*it's a great blessing to have food, when so many are hungry; to have a roof over one's head, when so many are homeless. It's a great blessing to have sight, and hearing, and strength for daily labour, when so many are blind, deaf, or suffering.*"

"Why grandmother, you seem to think that nothing is hard," said the boy, still in a grumbling tone.

"No, Charlie, there is one thing that I think very hard."

"What's that!" cried Charlie, who thought that at last his grandmother had found some cause of complaint.

"Why, boy, I think that heart is very hard that is not thankful to God for present blessings."

PHEBE ORR.

BY AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.

"Those deeds of charity which we have done
Shall stay forever with us; and that wealth
Which we have so bestowed, we only keep;
All other is not ours."

DURING the years of terrible strife which are past, while the waves of war have swept back and forth over the valley of the Shenandoah, there has ever been in my mind a bright little picture connected with that valley and that river; and whenever I have heard the name, whether connected with victory or disaster to our arms, that beautiful and peaceful picture, coloured with the hues of divine love, has arisen before me in strange contrast with martial camps, and purple fields.

Years ago there lived on the bank of the Shenandoah, a beautiful maiden, named Phebe Orr. But it was not her beauty which carried her name beyond the valley, and gave it a place in my memory which time has not effaced. It was a quality more lasting, and more admirable, which, if she still lives, must make her declining years no less beautiful than her youth. Her father was a farmer whose land lay on the great thoroughfare which was then thronged with emigrants going west, and his house stood near the river, overlooking the ford where travellers were obliged to pass.

The emigrants were many of them miserably poor. Men and women from Germany or Switzerland, Sweden or Ireland, who had spent their all for a passage across the Atlantic, toiled wearily on foot towards their long-sought homes on the prairies. Many of them had children which they carried in their arms. Sometimes several families would unite their means and purchase an old horse and cart, in which those unable to walk were carried forward. It often happened that these poor people came to the river without the means of paying for their passage over, and the ferryman, who worked not for love but money, would not take them across. Phebe Orr had seen them in great distress, and women with babes in their arms had been forced to wade the river with the water to their waists. Her kind heart had thrilled with indignation towards the selfish ferryman, and melted in pity to the poor sufferers. But she was not one of those help-

less sentimentalists, whose sympathy passes away in a shower of tears. When she was twelve years old she prevailed on her father to give her a boat. But it was not for an idle or selfish purpose that she asked the gift. She had resolved that the poor should neither wade the river nor pay their last cent for a passage. She herself would bring them over.

A traveller stopping at the inn on the bank of the river, thirty years ago, saw a graceful skiff, tied by a handsome cord to a sycamore tree.

"Whose boat is that," said he to the landlord.

"Phebe Orr's," was the reply.

"And who is Phebe Orr?" for he had never heard of her or her boat.

"A young lady who lives in yonder house, where she was born sixteen years ago," was the answer.

This was information enough to awaken a young man's curiosity, and he began to muse on what manner of maiden this might be, when the landlord exclaimed—"Phebe Orr is on her way to her boat."

Looking in the direction indicated he said a vision of beauty burst upon his sight. With graceful figure she stood erect in the skiff, as she drew in the cord, and he caught a glimpse of her Grecian head and beautiful young face radiant with the benevolence of her heart. She waved her hand to the east bank of the river. Then she set the sail, and with the help of a light oar, the boat swept round the semi-circular curve of the ripple, over which the stream was gurgling, and neared the opposite shore. There a family of ragged emigrants were waiting.

"Hand me that pair of children," said Phebe, and she received a pair of forlorn twin babies in her arms, while the rest of the family got into the skiff.

Thus freighted with poverty, she wrought her way back, and landed her passengers on her green wharf.

"A thousand thanks, kind lady," said the poor mother.

"Do not thank me," she answered, smiling. "Thank Him who was born in Bethlehem, who loves the poor, and who has taught us that if we are asked to go a mile we should go twain."

"Four years," said the landlord, "has she plied her boat in this work of mercy to the poor and despised. During that time she has conveyed over the river pilgrims of many lands, and the blessings of those who were ready to perish rest on her fair young head."

"It is a pleasant thing," said the traveller, "to carry a boat over this river when the skies are bright and the water smooth, but how is it with Phebe when the trees are leafless, when the winds are high, and the river, now so placid, a foaming torrent?"

"I have seen her cross the river when her boat was tossed like a feather. I have seen her lead a blind horse through the ford, from the stern of her skiff. She is fearless as she is good, for she says no harm can befall her in this work, and many think so too."

The stranger went on his way, musing on what he had seen and heard. "Surely," he said, "an angel has come down to us to show us how beautiful this human life of ours might be if it were untainted by selfishness—to exhibit before our eyes the practical working of the divine precepts which Christ gave to the world."

Such was Phebe Orr, and the impression I then received of her was so strong that her goodness and beauty have ever been associated in my mind with the Shenandoah.

How has it been with her all these long years? The heathen used to say, "Whom the gods love die young." Was this true of her? Did the kind Master whom she so loved to imitate and serve, remove her early to that better land? Did her skiff rot at its mooring under the sycamore tree, while the poor and friendless went on their weary way, unaided and unheeded? Or has she lived to see those days of vengeance which have mingled the crystal waters of her river with blood, and swept her fair valley with the besom of destruction? If so, alas for thee, our sister! innocent sufferer for the sins of others! But surely the angels have encamped around thee, and thy purity and goodness have saved thy home from fire and sword.

Poetry.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

WITHIN the sober realms of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air ;
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills,
O'er the dun waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed further and the streams sang low,
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log, with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed with gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood like some sad beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in time's remotest blue.

On sombre wings the vulture tried his flight ;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint ;
And like a star, slow drooping in the light,
The village church vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hillside crew—
Crew thrice—and all was stiller than before ;
Silent, till some replying warbler blew
His alten horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young ;
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wing like a censer swung ;

Where sang the noisy martins of the eaves,
The busy swallows circling ever near—
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year ;

Where every bird that waked the vernal feast,
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,

POETRY.

To warn the reaper of the rosy lust ;
All now was sunless, empty and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble, piped the quail ;
And croaked the crow through all the dreary gloom ;
Alone, the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo in the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers ;
The spiders moved their thin shrouds night by night,
The thistle down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this—in this most dreary air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Firing the blood with its inverted torch ;

Amid all this—the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyous mien
Sat, like a fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow. He had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen crust,
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his thick mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned, and she gave her all ;
And twice war bowed to her his sable plume—
Re-gave the sword to rust upon the wall.

Re-gave the sword, but not the hand that drew,
And struck for liberty the dying blow ;
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the drooping wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon ;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tone.

At last the thread was snapped, her head was bowed ;
Life dropped the distaff through her hands serene,
And loving neighbours smoothed her careful shroud ;
While death and winter closed the autumn scene.

Anecdotes and Selections.

WHAT BRITAIN OWES TO THE SQUIRRELS.—It is a curious circumstance, and not generally known, that most of the oaks which are called spontaneous are planted by the squirrels. The little animal has performed the most essential service to the British navy. A gentleman walking one day in a wood, belonging to the Duke of Beaufort, near Trevhouse, in the county of Monmouth, had his attention diverted by a squirrel, which sat very composedly on the ground. He stopped to observe his motions; in a few moments the squirrel darted like lightning to the top of the tree beneath which he had been sitting. In an instant he was down with an acorn in his mouth, and began to burrow in the earth with his paws. After digging a small hole, he stooped down and deposited the acorn, then covering it, he darted up the tree again. In a moment he was down with another, which he buried in the same manner. This he continued to do as long as he thought proper to watch him. The industry of this little animal is directed to the purpose of securing himself against want in the winter, and as it is probable that his memory is not sufficiently retentive to enable him to remember the spots in which he deposited every acorn, the industrious little fellow, no doubt, loses a few every year. The few spring up, and are destined to supply the place of the parent tree. Thus is Britain, in some measure, indebted for her mercantile greatness to the industry and bad memory of the squirrel.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS' MOTHER.—"Twelve or fifteen years ago," says Ex-Governor Briggs, "I left Washington three or four weeks in the spring. While at home, I possessed myself of the letters of Mr. Adams' mother, and read them with exceeding interest. I remember an expression in one of the letters addressed to her son, while yet a boy twelve years of age in Europe. Says she: 'I would rather see you laid in your grave than you should grow up a profane and graceless boy.' After returning to Washington, I went over and said to Mr. Adams, 'I have found out who made you!' 'What do you mean?' said he. I replied, 'I have been reading the letters of your mother.' If I had spoken that dear name to some little boy who had been for weeks away from his dear mother, his eye could not have flashed more brightly, or his face glowed more quickly than did the eye and face of that venerable old man when I pronounced the name of his mother. He stood up in his peculiar manner, and emphatically said, 'Yes, Mr. Briggs, all that is good in me I owe to my mother.' O, what a testimony was that from this venerable man to his mother, who had in his remembrance all the stages of his manhood! 'All that is good in me I owe to my mother!' Mothers, think of this when your bright-eyed little boy is about. Mothers make the first impressions upon their children, and these are last to be effaced."

A HUSBAND THE BOND OF THE HOUSE.—The English term "husband" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon words *hus* and *band*, which signify "the bond of the house," and it was anciently spelled *house bond*, and continued to be so spelled in some editions of the Bible after the introduction of the art of printing. A husband, then, is a house-bond—the bond of a house—that which engirdles a family into the union of strength and the oneness of love. Wife and children, "strangers within the gates," and all their interests and all their happiness are encircled in the *house-bond's* embrace, the objects of his protection and of his special care. What a fine picture is this of a husband's duty and a family's privilege! And what a beautiful emblem is this of the guardianship and love, and uniting kindness exercised toward believing souls, and inquiring sinners, and "the whole family in heaven and in earth," by Him who says, "it shall be at that day that thou shalt call me Isha (that is, my husband), for I will betroth thee unto me forever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving-kindness, and in mercies; I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness.

"THE TOWER OF REPENTANCE."—Sir Richard Steele, in one of his journeys to Scotland, soon after he had crossed the border near Annan, observed a shepherd on a hillside reading a book. He and his companions rode up, and one of them asked the man what he was reading. It proved to be the Bible. "And what do you learn from this book?" asked Sir Richard. "I learn from it the way to heaven." "Very well," replied the knight, "we are desirous of going to the same place, and wish you would show us the way." Then the shepherd, turning about, pointed to a tall and conspicuous object on an eminence at some miles distance, and said: "Weel, gentlemen, ye maun just gang by that tower." The party, surprised and amused, demanded to know how the tower was called. The shepherd answered, "It is the Tower of Repentance." It was so in verity. Some centuries ago, a border cavalier, in a fit of remorse, had built a tower, to which he gave the name of Repentance. It lies near Hoddam House, in the parish of Cummertrees, rendered, by its eminent situation, a conspicuous object to all the country round.

SNARLING.—The way not to be healthy or happy is to keep up an incessant snarling. If you want to grow lean, cadaverous, and unlovely, excite yourself continually about matters you know nothing about. Accuse other people of wrong-doing incessantly, and you will find but little time to see any wrong in yourself. We wish here and now to inform all men of irritable dispositions that they will live longer if they only keep cool. If such men want to die, we have nothing to say; snarling will kill about as quick as anything we know. We have had good health for the whole period of manhood, and attribute the most of it to the way we take things.

The Fireside.

BE A GOOD NEIGHBOUR.

AMONG the pleasant things which are enjoyed here on earth, one of the most desirable is to have good neighbours. And there are but few annoyances more vexatious than those caused by neighbours who are fault-finding, censorious, and disobliging. It is in vain for any man to pretend that he is governed by the principles of the gospel if he does not exhibit in his character the feelings inculcated in the precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." This should teach us to do everything in our power to avoid exposing a neighbour to trouble or expense, while it should be our great pleasure to confer favours. If your neighbour does anything that is trespassing upon your rights, quietly submit to it, unless it be of such a nature that you feel in duty bound to remonstrate. But be very careful never to be guilty of a similar wrong yourself.

A man wished to drain a marshy pool in his garden, and very impatiently turned the water in under the fence of his neighbour's garden. The neighbour whose rights were thus invaded was a Christian. He said nothing, but immediately employed a man to dig a trench and provide for the removal of the water. He greeted his neighbour, as he daily met him, with his accustomed cordiality, and was more careful than ever to set him the example of integrity and high-minded generosity. Whether the man who was guilty of this meanness ever felt ashamed of his conduct we cannot tell, but this we know, that the harmony which had existed between the two families was uninterrupted, and they lived side by side, year after year, in perfect peace.

Said another one, who lived near by and witnessed this transaction, "It is an outrage that I would not tolerate. I would build a strong dam by the side of my fence and drive the water back again upon him. This is the spirit of the world. Let us see how this plan would have worked. In the first place, it would have enraged the individual thus frustrated in his sordid undertaking. And the more fully conscious he was that he was in the wrong, the more would his malignity have been excited. We can better bear the injuries which others inflict upon us than the consciousness that it is our own dishonourable conduct which has involved us in difficulties. He immediately would have adopted retaliatory measures, and either have thrust his bar through the opposing wall, or have contrived some other scheme by which he might annoy his adversary. Provocations and retaliations would have ensued in rapid succession. A family feud would at once have been kindled, extending to the children as well as the parents, which probably would never have been extinguished.

was, the Christian neighbour governed his conduct by the principles of the gospel. He submitted to the wrong; and probably, by yielding to it in the spirit which Christianity enjoins, converted the wrong into a blessing to himself, his family, and his neighbour. He let trifles pass before it was meddled with. The harmony of the families was not disturbed. The occurrence was forgiven, and in a few days they were again at peace, and they lived years side by side in friendship, and prosperity and perfect peace. Is it not better to follow the advice God has given than to surrender ourselves to the dominion of our passions? He who adopts for his motto, "I will not be imposed upon," who is ready to contend against any and every infringement of his rights, hazards, pays dearly for his inflexibility. He thinks he knows his own course his best for his interests better than God, and acting accordingly, he must endure the consequences. He must live upon the turbulent ocean of contention, and his heart must be like the troubled sea that casts up mire and dirt.

The Bible inculcates upon us the great truth, that we are all members of one common family, having one common father, and we should receive every member of the human family as a brother and a friend. Let us each get full possession of the heart, and we shall be continuing to pour oil upon the troubled waters of life. Neighbours will show kindness like affectionate brothers. They will overlook infirmities to which we are all liable, and seek to promote each other's welfare as well as their own.

The Penny Post Box.

FAMINE IN INDIA.

I want to say a few words about the recent famine in Orissa, India. I trust my readers may have heard of it, and some may have seen something about it in the newspapers. But you may not have heard what I want to say.

The cause of the famine is this. The people live chiefly on rice, which they dish up in various ways. Now, for two seasons, the rice in the part of India which has suffered from the famine, has failed. This has made rice very dear there, and all the dearer, as there are no means of sending rice at once into the famine-stricken districts. The roads are bad. There are no canals, and, in fact, no railways. What rice has been sent has gone on little carts, or bigger than our hand-trucks, or by ships. The effects of the famine have been very sad. Men and women have been eating mere garbage—the sweepings of shops, where the floors are bare earth, moss, duck-weed, grubs, snails, leaves, the pounded

stones of fruit, and even grass. In some villages many have died of starvation. But you must remember that these villages are not easy to get at as ours in England. Often the road is very bad, through jungles. Some houses have lost all their inhabitants. Jaks have waited about to see men die, and have then carried them off to the jungle to devour them. Mothers have sold their children to rice; and hundreds and even thousands of men, women, and children have fallen victims to the sole want in the land.

What has been done to help these poor people? A great many Missionaries have collected money and bought rice to give it to the poor. Often one missionary has fed 200 a day. Benevolent Englishmen have given money to help the poor; and although rather late in seeing need, Government has come to the relief of the people. Very large sums of money have been spent in buying rice and distributing it to the sufferers, or in selling it at a very cheap rate; children have been taken to orphanages and schools; and the sick and old cared for.

The rain has fallen copiously, and now there is a prospect of a good harvest of rice. Let us give God all the praise.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

PARTICULAR manufactures are found in different localities, partly owing to natural advantages and position, partly owing to political events and individual energy, and sometimes from circumstances purely accidental.

Gloucestershire, Somersetshire, and Wiltshire were the counties in which the making of fine woollen cloths grew up. They were counties where the sheep bred produced softer and shorter stapled fleeces, the raw material of these finer woollen cloths; and streams of pure water abounded, very useful for scouring and bleaching purposes.

The West Riding of Yorkshire has more recently taken this manufacture, owing to the cheapness of water power in that district.

Leicester has now become the rival of Northampton as a centre for shoe manufacture.

Linen was first made at Dundee,

and other places on the east of Scotland, since flax was grown on opposite coasts of Europe, and came thither.

Bombazines and other mixed silks were introduced to Norwich by the French, and came from the Netherlands by the cruelties of the Duke of Alva.

Silk-weaving started in Spitalfields through some French refugees who were driven out of their own country by the Edict of Nantes.

Wakefield was once a cloth-market, like Leeds and Halifax, but is now an emporium for corn and a mart for cattle.

Hints.

He that falls in the dirt, the Lord helps him up; but he who stays there the fouler he is.

A cheerful look makes a difference to the countenance.

Ill ware is never cheap.

The chicken is the country's treasure, but the town eats it.

ls, and the physician hath
ull of meanings and wish-
rt's letter is read in the
round is cured, not an ill
ge is folly, except grace
ur glass tells you, will not
ounsel.
ather ride on an ass that
e, than on a horse that
.
more to do ill than to do

ords quench more than a
water.
ers more have been killed
ever cured.
are frogs; they drink and
mows much, but more he
sth him.
bred youth neither speaks
; nor, being spoken to, is
thing but sin.

Gems.

be ours, earth's ills shall
uted into blessings.
with us while we are with
ot holding out awhile, but
to the end.
n gives no armour for the
we do as God bids us, and
errands He sends us, we
her lack nor lose anything
od for us.
st follow Christ in the way
es, and not in the way we
r ourselves.
er you lose for God, you
in God.
re angry at your corruptions
rs are at your professions.

There is no flying from God but by
flying to Him.

The great gift next to believing in
Christ, is suffering for Christ.

When the storm is a little over,
you see a great deal of fruit that is
worth gathering up.

Faith is a gift better than all the
world.

God can spy a fault in the intention
when the most observing men can
find none in the action.

A sincere and lowly heart is the
highest throne God has upon earth.

Poetic Selections.

"ALL MY SPRINGS ARE IN THEE,"

It is not with the *multitude*,
I feel my heart revive;
It is not with the giddy throng,
My soul is kept alive;
'Tis in the silent, sacred hour,
When none but *God is near!*
My heart is filled with sacred love
And reverential fear.

It is not with the *multitude*,
I hear the still small voice,
Which whispers messages of love,
And bids my heart rejoice:
O! no, 'tis when withdrawn from earth
And every earth-bound tie,
I hear Thy kind, *parental* voice,
And *Abba*, Father, cry.

It is not with the *multitude*,
My sweetest joys arise;
Not even with the *saints* on earth,
Though bound by sacred ties:
The fellowship of *saints* is sweet,
But *swearer*, *better far*,
Is fellowship with Christ my Lord,
The Bright and Morning Star.

O! to be *nearer* to my God,
Close to His blessed side,
And nothing know and nothing leave,
But *Jesus* crucified:
To *this* my longing heart aspires,
Be *this* my daily prayer;
Thy glory bursts upon my sight,
And I that glory share!

The Children's Corner.

JIMMY CHESTNUT.

Isn't that a queer name, children?—Jimmy Chestnut! Do you wonder whether it is a real name or a fancy name?

Well, I can tell you: it is the real name of a little colored boy who lives in Florida. He is "one of the brightest boys I ever saw," his teacher writes.

He used to be a little slave; but he is now a free boy; for you know the American Government some time ago gave all the slaves their freedom; and perhaps you have heard people say:

"How foolish!—they can't take care of themselves!"

Now, just hear what this *little boy does*. He waits upon a sick man, who keeps a shop; and by that means, and blacking gentlemen's boots, earns money enough to buy his own clothes; and still keeps ahead of his class all the time in school, and that class not the lowest, but the highest."

Some kind ladies at the North, interested in the school which he attends, last winter sent a box of clothing, and some other articles to be distributed among the children. There was a Testament with the rest of the things; and this the teacher directed must be given to Jimmy, as he was their "brightest and best scholar."

The Testament and a new suit of clothes were Jimmy's portion. So pleased was he with the gift, that "he is reading his Testament all the time he is at home," says his mother; and may we not hope it will make him "wise unto salvation?"

Nor is Jimmy Chestnut the only one; there are hundreds, and perhaps I might say thousands, of these dear little colored boys and girls, just as bright, and just as eager to learn; and there are many kind northern ladies, who rejoice to teach them, who count it the greatest happiness of all their lives, to be permitted so to do.

But those wicked people who brought that "cruel war" upon the North, are determined that the colored people shall not be taught; and, wherever they are not held in check by military authority, they are breaking up these schools, and driving northern teachers from among them. More than this, they are using all their efforts to induce the President to withdraw the military forces from their borders, and in many cases with success.

If he does this generally, what will become of all these poor colored children and their parents, some of whom, even now, are shot down in the streets, and trampled under the horses' feet?

Dear children, will you not all *pray* for these poor little colored children, that God will protect them, and defeat the counsels of wicked men, and overrule all things for his own glory and the welfare of that distant country.

THE FEARFUL FAMINE IN INDIA.

THE following graphic account of the famine stricken people in one part of the province of Orissa, is written by an estimable American missionary. It will be read with the deepest interest.

" Besides about 1500 rupees received from public charity, we now receive a weekly supply of money and rice (or are to do soon) from the Balasore Relief Committee, furnished by the government.

But O! the labour of distribution. Did you ever think of it, and try to solve the problem, viz.; required to place a trifle in the hand of each of 2,500 rude, ignorant, filthy, lying, treacherous, cunning, crafty and most clamorous, starving people, intent on nothing but to secure something to fill their griping empty stomachs; your assistants mainly men without brains, or brains without strength, or strength and brains, destitute of all moral rectitude and sure to plunder the suffering the moment they are out of your sight. Others may find an easy solution. To me, it has been one of steady and hard labour, attended as yet with only partial success.

At first the number being small, Mrs. P. and myself distributed daily, with our own hands. Somewhere it has been said of the late lamented, martyred Lincoln, that he at first carefully read over all papers requiring his signature, but finding this too burdensome, he had them read to him, but the number becoming so great, he had only the principal points read, until at length his simple inquiry was, 'Where do you want my name?' This may or may not have been true of that great and good man, but a practice somewhat similar we have been compelled to adopt in trying to feed the multitude. At first we could make all sit in a row and wait until all had been served. But as the crowd increased, trickery and clamour increased also. A large pen was enclosed with a thorn fence, and the ground marked off in lines, and at a given hour the gate closed, the men, women and children, separately numbered, when the work of distribution begins.—Two or three native Christians aid me, while each of us have to be attended by a strong man to see that each person rises and leaves the ground as soon as served. We commence at the gate and take them row by row. All must be counted out to each one in *pice*, a copper coin, 64 of which make a *rupee*, which is equal to 48 or 50 cents, or two shillings.

Basket in hand we address ourselves to the work, stoutly re-

solved to be kind, impartial, patient, and enduring. But alas for resolutions! My early and lamented colleague, Bro Noyes, once remarked that, 'Had Satan set Job over a company of Oriyas, he would have gained his point.' It is a common remark that, 'Nothing hurts a Hindoo's conscience so much to pay him *all* he asks for what he has to sell.' Next to this may be placed that of giving him all he is to have *at once*. In the former case he goes away muttering, 'What a fool I was to ask more;' in the latter he is deprived of the *luxury* of tea. If you would satisfy a Hindoo by giving to him, you must back a portion of the donation, however small, until you hear grievances, and allow him the exquisite pleasure of teasing a friend.

Bearing these national traits in mind, accompany us in thought, along the rows of half, three-fourths, yes, entirely naked, starved, dying people. See their slender, skinny, and imploring hands extended, while the cry, 'Give, give, I have eaten nothing for three days; I'm dying,' &c., &c., fills your ears. While their unwashed, diseased bodies send forth a most repulsive odour. But come along! Two or three thousand are to be fed, no time to muse. Either the sun is pouring down its vertical ray, or may be, the clouds emptying their liquid stores on all around. You snatch a handful of pice, and, hastily counting, deposit it in the upraised hand, and so another and another; and thus speed your way along the line for a time. But stop, a hand is laid on your arm, or you are caught by the feet, and a voice exclaims, 'O! O!! O!!! father, listen.' You stop to hear a tale of woe. Before it is through, half a dozen more rise up and gather around you, vociferating at the top of their voices similar tales. Give an extra pice or two to an aggravated case, and you bring you a score of clamorous suitors, entreating you to consider their case and give a little more, and ere you reach the end of your row you find yourself completely surrounded, in the midst of a perfect jam of unsavoury human bodies, ribs and skeletons. The most distressing part of it is, their wants are *real*.—Wasted, hollow, gaunt, doubled up, human forms tell of mere imaginary wants. Still, a trifle is all you can bestow on each, while you push on, and elbow your way through the terrible crowd. O it is awful, awful! The beginning and end of human existence meet us in the Kongalee pen! It has become quite common to find one or more dead or just expiring on the ground as the pen is cleared. Young children not

than two or three days old are constantly seen borne by the mother in the crowd, and the other day I came upon one not an hour old, the mother, a decent looking woman, sitting on the ground with the newly arrived lying beside her! The thoughtless crowd took no particular notice or interest in the affair. 'Lord, what is man!'

The dead are found under the trees, on the paths to villages, in the huts, in the hospital, and indeed all around us. Two men are employed to carry off and dispose of the corpses. Last week's report gave 57 deaths. Last evening 15 were reported for the day! A farmer in America that would carry off rotten sheep in the spring of the year with as stolid indifference as these people remove their dead, would be regarded as a strange being. The other day a man with a large boy on his hip was pointed out to me as needing a measure of rice on account of his sick child. The rice was given. A few hours after, the boy was found stretched on the ground, cold in the arms of death, near where the rice had been given. To the inquiry, 'Where is the father?' it was coolly replied, 'Gone to cook his rice.'

Our labour has been much increased since we have been supplied with rice for distribution. As yet we have not sufficient rice to supply more than the very feeble and women with small children. Once all are seated in the yard and counted, we pass through and distribute rice-tickets to such, who are required at once to fall back into a second enclosure and remain until the pice have been distributed. As we are finishing up the last few rows in the pice pen, there is often such a tumult raised as to beggar all description. The crying, brawling, bellowing, groaning, lamentation and wailing become terrible! Numbers who have received pice turn round and stoutly aver that they have had none; others, whom we have been compelled to refuse, pitch in and make a perfect breeze; while the storm is heightened by numbers who attempt to play a double game, having retained rice-tickets, conceal them, until the distribution of pice is over, and then present their tickets and demand admittance into the rice apartment. To add to the misery, this hideous howling comes from many walking skeletons that are here perhaps for the last time.

Of course we have the very dregs and refuse of heathen society, together with very many usually well-to-do people. Occasionally I come upon a pert little fellow that would rival a Yankee pedlar

in his glib way of running over his tale of woe. 'Mo ma na he, mo bap na he, mo ke he na he, mu anatha pela, deya, deya.' 'I have no mother, no father, no anybody; I am an orphan, give, give.'—Generally, however, sadness rests on all countenances. The Santals ask in a more plaintive supplicating manner. The appeals of the Santal mothers for their children are often truly eloquent, and almost irresistible, even after they have received their full quota. The Hindoos are more accustomed to beg and raise a more arbitrary, demanding tone, and but for their actual sufferings, would repel you at once. What with the thousand piteous cries of needy women and not starving, but starved children, the bold, arrogant demands of common beggars, the flood of wants poured out with such earnest, confident supplications from the hungry multitude, as though I had only to will it, and all would be supplied, I am made to sympathise with poor Moses as I never did before. Numbers xi. 10-12 constantly occur to my thoughts as I encounter these scenes of wretchedness, and listen to the death-like entreaties from which we really have no escape. After doing all in our power to relieve their distress, and turning to come in, we are pursued and beset by those who declare that they have received nothing, and are actually dying, having been too late to gain admittance. This may be so, but who is to know? You hand a trifle to one, and forty are upon you in an instant. A guard must be stationed at our gate, and then we come in and sit down but to listen to the cry of distress from perhaps a hundred voices. Nor are our sleeping hours undisturbed. Should the gate be left, during the evening, crying children and starving women present themselves at the door and renew their suit. Recently a poor woman came and set up a tremendous noise about 3 a.m., complaining of having been robbed of her rice, and seeking redress. Plundering each other is very common among the *kongalies*, and a set of miserable wretches prowl around and rob the poor, right and left, of the trifle they are taking away.

Ourselves and the native Christians also come in for a share of spoliation. Thieves lurk and conceal themselves in almost every nook and corner, and walk off with whatever comes in their way—and who can wonder? Our secluded little settlement has suddenly come to be a town of *pollahs*, or huts, and swarms like a camp. We are literally inundated, and must be for months to come."

Poetry.

THE OLD YEAR'S GIFTS.

WHAT have you brought to me, Old Year?
Many a hope, and many a fear,
Many a joy, and many a pain,
Pleasures I ne'er shall know again.
For the world grows sad as we grow older,
But smiles no less on each new beholder.
What have you brought to me, Old Year?
Love so sweet, and its burning tear,
Longings that mocked me, hopes that died,
Infinite wants unsatisfied?
And instead of thanks, would not scorn be fitter
For gifts like these, unsought and bitter?
What have you brought to me, Old Year?
Doubt and darkness, not yet made clear,
Little of knowledge, but more of strife,
Days and nights with weariness rife;
While the earth's wild moan of discordant sorrow
For ever ascends from morrow to morrow.
What have you brought to me, Old Year?
Life the shorter, and death more near;
Dreamings ended, and hearts grown cold—
Slumbering 'neath the damp earth-mould.
I thank you, Old Year, for this you have taught,
To hope for little and fear for naught.
Forgive, forgive, O sad Old Year!
My tears are drooping upon your bier.
Solemnly tolls the midnight bell—
For all, Old Year, I loved you well.
One sweet hope broods like peace o'er my heart,
And not with the year will it thence depart.

M. L.

Anecdotes and Selections.

JUST IN CHRIST.—If you would have Christ staying with you, must put much in His hands, for Christ does not love to stay where there is no employment. Hast thou any strong corruption to be subdued—tell Him of it, for this is one part of His work, to subdue the iniquities of His people. Hast thou no sin to be pardoned, the guilt of which has many times stared thee in the face—tell Him of it; for His name is Jesus, because He saves His people from their sins. Hast thou anything to be supplied—tell Him of it; for there is all fulness in

Him, fullness of grace and truth; He has a liberal heart, and He devises liberal things. Hast thou no doubts and difficulties to be resolved—tell Him thy doubts; for He is “an interpreter, one among a thousand.” *E. Erskine.*

BE AVARICIOUS OF TIME: do not give any moment without receiving it in value; only allow the hours to go from you with as much regret as you give to your gold; do not allow a single day to pass without increasing the treasure of your knowledge and virtue. The use of time is a debt we contract from birth, and it should only be paid with the interest that our life has accumulated.

The Fireside.

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE DAUGHTER.

PARENTS, have you ever thought of this? And have you endeavoured to conduct the affairs of your family circle accordingly, so that the good influence of the home circle might be brought to bear on the social interests of your youthful family growing up around you? These are momentous questions to the parent of the present generation, when there is so much wickedness in the world. Let us, in this humble way, strive to advise Christian parents, with a view to the bringing up and nurture of their offspring with which God, in His infinite mercy and goodness, has blessed them.

Every day should be commenced and closed with family devotion, the reading of the Scripture and the offering up of a prayer—and on this service every one of the family should be required to attend; for, unless you make it open and free to all—members of your immediate household and domestics—you throw away that influence, which, once lost, can never be regained. Never think of sitting down to your meals with your family without returning thanks to the Giver of every bounty for the gifts spread before you. This, too, goes hand in hand with family devotions, and will soon show its influence in after years, if not now.

Make your homes pleasant for your children at all times, and, especially, when at that age when they are moulding their characters for their future life. How many young men have been ruined for life in this way! and when asked the reason, invariably reply, “My home has no attractions for me. My father beats me, and my mother is always finding fault and scolding me. I would rather spend my time in the street among my fellows, than be the butt and jeer of my parents, from whom I should receive nothing but kindness.” And there are many young men, also, on the downward road to ruin, whose career is to be attributed to the evil influences and unattractiveness of the family circle. Remember, you are rearing immortal souls, and just as you

act your part in the family, and train up your children in the
should go, so will you receive your reward for the part thus
d.

God give all parents grace to act well their part toward the
trusted to their care, so that good seed sown in youth may
and bring forth good fruit in man and womanhood.

The Penny Post Box.

PUNCTUALITY.

is the very hinge of business. There is no method without
ity. Punctuality is important, because it promotes the peace
l temper of a family; the want of it not only infringes on
y duty, but sometimes excludes that duty. The calmness of
ich it produces is another advantage of punctuality. A dis-
nan is always in a hurry—he has no time to speak to you
he is going elsewhere, and when he gets there he is too late
usiness, or he must hurry away before he can finish it. Punctu-
es weight to character. Such a man has made an appointment,
ow he will keep it, and this generates punctuality in you; for,
ther virtues, it propagates itself. Servants and children must
ual where their leader is so. Appointment becomes a debt.
u punctuality if I have made an appointment with you; and
right to throw away your time, if I throw away my own.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

proverb says, "There's nothing
er." The annual value of
oods made in England is
eded by the worth of cotton,
and metal goods. Its total
fourteen million pounds per

ides are brought from South
in large numbers. On its
y plains the horse is now
is only valued for its hide

l cow hides and calf skins,
sole leather, harness, ma-
tc., besides the great home
are brought from South

America, the Cape, and the East
Indies.

Hog skins are almost solely sent by
Scotland, and are chiefly employed for
covering saddles.

Lamb and sheep skins are also sent
from Italy, Spain, and the South of
France.

Swiss goats skins, also similar skins
sent from Italy and France, are used
to make morocco leather.

Seal skins are brought from the
coast of North America, Newfound-
land, and the Arctic Ocean. They are
made into black enamelled leather for
ladies shoes.

Deer skins are mostly sent from

North America, and are used for gloves, braces, and boots.

Hippopotamus hides are imported in limited number from South Africa. They make an exceedingly thick and compact leather.

Mogadore goat skins are made into black morocco, generally called black Spanish leather.

Hints.

THE best mirror is an old friend.
The child says nothing but what is heard by the fire.

Although it rain, throw not away thy watering-pot.

A discontented man knows not where to sit easy.

Who spits against heaven, it falls in his face.

A married man turns his staff into a stake.

He that takes not up a pin, slights his wife.

Life without a friend, is death without a witness.

The comforter's head never aches.
To a crazy ship all winds are contrary.

He is rich enough that wants nothing.

He that seeks trouble never misses.

He that hath a fox for his mate, hath need of a net at his girdle.

Who lets his wife go to every feast, and his horse drink at every water, shall neither have good wife nor good horse.

He that speaks sows, and he that holds his peace gathers.

Counsel breaks not the head.
Fly the pleasure that bites to-morrow.

Trust not one night's ice.
Good finds good.

To weep for joy is a kind of manna.

Gems.

We should want nothing had we more faith and patience.

Our wills have been the cause of all our woes.

Fear men less, and trust God more.
Precious faith makes sin rare to a believer.

All the prayers, tears, humiliations, and repentings in the world, cannot wash away the defilement of one heart. Nothing but the blood of Christ can do that.

A pure heart is always ready for service.

Secret sins are like hidden weights of lead hung upon the wings of the soul.

He who is saved from sin cannot be hurt by anything else.

He lives in danger of being broken every day who has most of his treasure in a worldly bottom.

The wells of salvation are always full. It is our want of buckets that so often deprives us of our comfort.

A sincere heart is the best sanctuary a soul can find in time of distress and in the day of death. A leaky ship looks as well as a sound one in a calm, but sinks in a storm.

Poetic Selections.

LET US GIVE THANKS.

Let us give thanks; the day is breaking,
The tide of life is in our hearts,
And blessings of our Father's making
Gather around, and care departs.

Let us give thanks to Him who renders
The highlands beautiful with bloom;
Gives music to the brook that wanders
Amid the forests' wondrous gloom.

Let us give thanks to Him who stroweth
With dazzling snow these blooming banks,
And when the wild wind loudly bloweth
And the storms rage—let us give thanks.

He in whose hands thy fate is hidden,
He to whose throne thy prayers arise,
Hath made thy life a pathway golden
With rainbows set amid the skies.

O! when around thy flashing fingle
Gather at night thy household band,
Let gratitude with gladness mingle,
Let prayer and peace go hand in hand.

Let us give thanks! So full of blessings
Has been this pilgrimage of ours,
So shadowless have been the heavens,
Our upward path is bright with flowers!

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THE LOST POCKET-BOOK.

a cheerless afternoon. A biting, freezing wind drove the lifting snow before it like a blinding mist; and the clouds low as almost to touch the black roofs of the houses.

"How desolate it is," Mrs. Halpine sighed, glancing out from the window on the gloomy prospect below, as she smoothed and pressed the garment she had just completed; "and the cold is

"I don't like to send you out, Louise; but there's not a fathom of coal, nor a pinch of flour, and Willie must have that for the day. I'd go myself, but ——"

"No, mother, no! let me go—I don't mind if it is cold. I'll go back;" and the little girl sprang up from her low seat beside the infant's cradle, and began to fasten on her faded cloak and hood.

"Well, I suppose you must," the mother continued, as she pressed up the delicately embroidered garment, "You know the street, Mr. Rawdon's, in —— street."

"Yes, yes, mother! I know."

"Well, dear, run fast, and keep yourself warm; and say to Mr. Rawdon that I'd have finished the work before, if Willie had not been so sick. Twelve shillings she owes me. You can call at the baker's and get a loaf or two."

The child took the bundle, and vanished out of sight down the flight of steps; while the mother turned back to the cradle where the sick child lay. He held up his little hands and moaned piteously. "Give me some tea, mamma; I'm so dry."

"Yes, darling, just as soon as Louise comes."

The mother's eyes filled with tears as she raised the little fellow to her breast, clasping him closely to keep him warm, for there was no fire on the stove, and the desolate room was very comfortless. There had been a day when this same pale-faced, meek-eyed mother sat in a luxurious chamber, with every comfort that heart could wish within her reach; and a doting husband's strong arms to encircle and protect her. But her husband was dead, unknown, on some distant battle-field, and her riches had become themselves wings and flown away. Forlorn and friendless, with a broken heart, and weary from incessant toil, she sat, with her babe upon her bosom, gazing out with hopeless, tearful eyes upon the dismal scene beneath her window.

In the meantime, little Louise made her way through narrow by-
streets, and squalid alleys, into the most populous and fashionable
part of the town. The biting wind still continued to blow with
a dreary, saddening wail, drifting the low, leaden clouds, and the
mist-like snow. But she walked on bravely, and reached, at last,
Mrs. Rawdon's. A dazzling glow of light poured from all the
lofty windows, and sounds of music and merry-making floated
out upon the frosty air. Mrs. Rawdon was giving a grand party
in honour of her eldest daughter's birthday. Louise crept up the
marble steps, and pulled the bell. A footman in livery answered
her timid summons.

"Can I see Mrs. Rawdon, please sir?" she asked.

"See Mrs. Rawdon, indeed! and she in the parlour in the
very middle of the company!—Of course you can't."

He was closing the door, but Louise caught at his sleeve, and
cried imploringly, "O, sir, please, please wait! Here's the work
she wanted; Miss Violet's frock, you know. Mother promised it
to-night; do let me take it up to her."

The man hesitated a moment, and then turned back.

"Miss Violet's frock," he said; "she wanted it, I know. I
heard her fussing because it didn't come home. May be she'll
see you. I'll try, anyhow. Come in here and wait."

Louise followed him through the arched hall, and past the
glittering parlours, into a kind of ante-room adjoining the supper
room. Here motioning her to a seat, he went in search of his
mistress. But it was a full half-hour before Mrs. Rawdon could
disengage herself from her guests; and poor little Louise, tired
out with waiting, and benumbed with cold, was just on the point
of bursting into tears, when the lady swept into the room.

"This is a pretty business, now, isn't it?" she began, as she
received and unfolded the bundle that Louise proffered her. "I
thought you promised to bring this yesterday?"

"Yes, ma'am; but little Willie was so sick that mother
couldn't sew."

"O yes! that's always the way—you've some excuse ready;
but I shan't trust you again, you may depend on it. Here
Violet's been crying for an hour, and refused to come down be-
cause she was so disappointed about her dress. John, ring the
bell for Jane to take it up to her. I must go back to the par-
lour now."

She was sweeping out again, her satin robes rustling after her; but Louise sprang up, with a piteous cry, "O, ma'am! little brother's so ill, and must have his medicine; please let me have the money!"

"I can't to-night—I'm entirely out of change. You can call the day after to-morrow."

But Louise was not to be repulsed. She caught the lady's hand in both of her little frozen palms. One of the rings that adorned Mrs. Rawdon's soft fingers would have procured all the comforts her mother and little Willie so sorely needed. Some such thought flashed through the child's mind as she made her appeal.

"O, madam!" she said, her blue eyes full of imploring entreaty, "you are rich and happy, and have all you want; but my poor mother has nothing; and my little brother will die without medicine! Do let me have the money?"

Mrs. Rawdon shook her off impatiently. "I tell you I've no change. You must call again. John, show her to the door!"

The footman obeyed, and Louise soon found herself upon the granite steps, while the lofty door closed in her very face with a heartless slam.

The wind howled more dismally than ever, and the keen, stinging sleet fell like a shower of shot. Louise descended the steps, and crossed over to the opposite sidewalk with a dull, aching pain at her heart, that almost took away her breath. How could she go back to her desolate home, and tell her poor mother that she had failed to collect her hard-earned wages; tell her that they were not able to buy even so much as a solitary loaf? Was it right that others should have so much, while they lacked daily bread? Just then something beneath her foot, soft and slippery, almost threw her to the pavement. Looking down, she saw a pocket-book. She caught it up with a suppressed cry, and, thrusting it into her bosom, darted off at the speed of an antelope. At last, out of breath, and half beside herself with excitement, she paused beneath a lamp-post, and after glancing stealthily around her, drew the treasure from her bosom. It was large, thick, and heavy. Her fingers fluttered nervously as she unclasped it; and when she caught sight of the bank notes it contained, she uttered a cry of delight and darted off again like something insane. Mother and Willie should have all they needed now!

Just beyond the baker's shop, toward which she bent her steps, a soldier met her.

"Little girl," he said, arresting her flying steps, "you didn't find a pocket-book as you came along, did you?"

Louise paused a single instant, her heart fluttering like a frightened bird; then, as a thought of her mother and Willie flashed through her mind, she answered, "No sir!"

"Well, it's gone, I suppose," and the soldier passed on, while Louise hurried away in the opposite direction.

By the time she reached the baker's she was in a tremor from head to foot, and her cheeks seemed on fire; but she drew the pocket-book from its hiding-place, and, standing outside the door, unclasped it, and took out a note. The shop was crowded with customers, and she had to wait for her turn before she could obtain what she wanted. Her eyes wandered wistfully round the tempting shelves. She would buy ever so many loaves; and even that frosted cake. They would have coal and flour. Why not? The pocket-book was hers, she had found it. Still her hands trembled, and her cheeks burned. She glanced down at the note she held, and saw, with a start of horror, that it was for ten pounds. What had she done? Robbed that man of his money—and he a soldier. Her father had been a soldier. With a sharp cry, clutching the pocket-book in one hand, and the ten pound note in the other, she darted from the shop, and down the snowy street. Just a square or two beyond the glittering mansion of Mrs. Rawdon she overtook the soldier. He was walking slowly, glancing from one side of the icy pavement to the other with an anxious despairing look on his face. Louise was at his side in an instant.

"O sir!" panting for breath, her hood thrown back, her blue eyes wild and startled, and her bright hair blown all about her flushed face, "I did find your pocket-book—here it is. I took this note out, but I couldn't spend it. Mother's almost starved, and little Willie will die without his medicine, but I can't steal—I can't—I can't: take it back!"

The soldier took the money from the half-frozen little hands that held it up to him; then, lifting the child in his arms, he smoothed back her tangled locks, and looked down into her pale tear-stained little face with eager startled eyes. His swarthy cheek grew pale, and his bearded lips began to tremble.

" Louise, Louise !" he said, his voice full of thrilling tenderness ; " poor little darling, don't you know me ?"

The child looked up, and then her cry of wild delight rang out clear and joyous.

" O, father, father ! we thought you were dead ! but you've come back to us again."

" Yes, darling !" his broad chest heaving with suppressed eagerness. " Where's your mother ? Take me to her ?"

Louise sprang from his arms, and shot off like an arrow down the brilliant street, through the squalid alleys and dark by-lanes, and the soldier followed her.

Mrs. Halpine sat in her comfortless room, hushing her sick child upon her bosom.

" Mamma, mamma ! I'm so hungry ; please give me some tea," the little fellow moaned, clasping his hot arms about her neck.

But the last spark of fire had gone out, and Louise did not come.

" Wait a moment, darling—just a moment longer."

And the patient little one waited ; and the cold gray shadows settled down darker and darker ; and the poor mother clasped the child closer to her bosom, dreaming of happy days gone by, and of the dear husband who had gone to his last long home with no tender hand to close his eyes.

The shadows grew heavier and darker ; the winds moaned dismally, and the snow and sleet tinkled sharply against the windows.

" O, mamma ! please make a light, I'm so cold, and the dark makes me afraid !"

" Wait a little bit longer, darling ! Louise will come soon."

At last there was a noise below, a bounding, joyous step upon the stairs, and Louise burst into the room, her face glowing and radiant.

" O, mother, mother !" she cried, " father's not dead ! He's alive—he's come back to us again !"

The soldier's wife rose to her feet, grasping at the bed-post for support ; as she did so, strong arms clasped her to a warm and loving bosom.

Louise crept up to her father's feet, her blue eyes swimming with tears.

" O, father ! what if I had kept it ?" she asked, with tears in her voice.

" Then, dear, you would not have found me. Always remember that wrong wins its punishment, and right its reward !"

Poetry.

THE OLD PSALM TUNE.

You asked, dear friend, the other day, Why still my charmed ear Rejoiceth in uncultured tone That old psalm tune to hear? I've heard full oft in foreign lands The grand orchestral strain, Where music's ancient masters live Revealed on earth again. Where breathing, solemn instruments, In swaying clouds of sound, Bore up the yearning, tranced soul, Like silver wings around. I've heard in old St. Peter's dome, When clouds of incense rise, Most ravishing the choral swell Mount upward to the skies. And well I feel the magic power, When skilled and cultured art Its cunning webs of sweetness weaves Around the captured heart. But yet, dear friend, though rudely sung, That old psalm tune hath still A pulse of power beyond them all My inmost soul to thrill. Those halting tones that sound to you Are not the tones I hear; But voices of the loved and lost Then meet my longing ear. I hear my angel mother's voice— Those were the words she sung;	I hear my brother's ringing tones As once on earth they rung; And friends that walk in white above Come round me like a cloud, And far above those earthly notes Their singing sounds aloud. There may be discord, as you say; Those voices poorly ring; But there's no discord in the strain Those upper spirits sing. For they who sing are of the blest, The calm and glorified, Whose hours are one eternal rest On heaven's sweet floating tide. Their life is music and accord; Their souls and hearts keep time In one sweet concert with the Lord— One concert vast, sublime. And through the hymns they sang on earth Sometimes a sweetness falls On those they loved and left below, And softly homeward calls. Bells from our own dear fatherland, Borne trembling o'er the sea— The narrow sea that they have crossed, The shores where we shall be. O! sing, sing on, beloved souls; Sing cares and griefs to rest; Sing, till entranced we arise To join you 'mid the blest. —Mrs. Stowe.
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Anecdotes and Selections.

A LESSON IN THE WOODS.—Some sixty years ago there lived on the borders of civilization a man who had an aged, infirm, and blind father. The old man frequently broke the crockery on which his food was served. His son's wife complained of it, and the son at last determined to take a block of wood and hew out a tray or trough on which to feed his father. Accordingly he took his axe and went to the forest, followed by his little son. He found a poplar that looked as if it would

THE FIRESIDE.

uit his purpose, and he began to cut out a block of the desired size. Having swung his axe a few moments, he became weary, and his son said, "Father, what are you going to make?" The father replied, "I am going to make a trough for your grandfather to eat out of." The little boy loved his grandfather very much, and supposed it all very good, and said, "I am so glad; won't it be nice? Father, when you get to be old and blind, I will make a trough for you." The father, conscience-stricken and fearing sorrow for himself, took up his axe, turned home, and ever after seemed to treat his aged parent kindly.

TAKE CARE OF THE MINUTES.—As in money, so in time, are we to look to the smallest portions. Take care of the minutes, and the hours and years will take care of themselves. Gold is not found, for the most part, in great masses, but in little grains. It is sifted out of the sand in minute particles, which, melted together, produce the rich gold which excite the world's cupidity. So the small moments of time, its odds and ends, put together, may form a beautiful work. I have written his contemplations while on his law circuit. Dr. Mason had translated "Lucretius" while, as a physician, he rode from door to door. One of the Chancellors of France penned a bulky volume in the successive intervals of daily waiting for dinner. Kirke White studied Greek as he was going to and from a lawyer's office. Burney learned French and Italian while riding on horseback; and Benjamin Franklin laid the foundations of his wonderful stock of knowledge in a dinner hour and evenings, while working as a printer's boy.

FORS.—I must pity that young man who, with a little finery of dress and recklessness of manner, with his coarse passions daguerreotyped upon his face, goes whooping through these streets, driving an animal much nobler than himself, or swaggering into some haunts of show, and calls it "enjoying life." He thinks he is astonishing the world! and he is astonishing the thinking part of it, who are astonished that he is not astonished at himself. For look at that compound of flash and impudence, and say if on all this earth there is anything more pitiable! He knows nothing of the true joy of life! As well say that the beauty and immensity of the universe were all enclosed in the field where the prodigal lay among the husks and the swine!—*Chapin.*

The Fireside.

MAKE YOUR OWN HOME HAPPY.

THINK I have written to you about making your home a happy place for the children. Now let me say a word or two about making a happy place for yourselves. And you may do this, if, as the makers do, you "try to make everything comfortable at home." One good plan is, never to sit up late at night. No good comes of that.

"Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,"

is a good old poetic proverb that should never be forgotten. Indeed, every person, rich or poor, must do one of these things in order to do the other. "We cannot burn a candle at both ends." If we sit up late, we must get up late; and if we do, then all things will be in confusion. If you lose time in the morning, you must run very fast if you catch it again all day. Get a fair start to begin with, and then you will go on comfortably. Our Queen is, and her husband the Prince and the old Duke of Wellington were, all early risers, winter and summer. Get up early.

A good wash, early in the morning, to open your eyes, strengthen you for the weather, and brighten up your faculties, is a fine thing, both for yourselves and the children. Then set open the windows of every sleeping room about the house, to let out the foul air which you have been making by breathing it over and over again all night, and to let in the fresh pure air. When you have done this (excuse my plainness), turn down the upper sheet and covers of all the beds, leaving them thus exposed to the fresh sweet air, until after breakfast. This is the way to make your sleeping-rooms healthy places, and keep away fevers.

Breakfast time comes. And now I want to whisper a word in the ear of the wife. When you put the things on the table for breakfast, always do one thing—do you wonder what that is?—I will tell you—always lay the Bible on the table; and when the breakfast is over, sit still, and have one chapter read from the Old or New Testament before you get up. I do so: and if you have not done so yet, I advise you to begin to-morrow morning. You always have breakfast: you must eat, or you cannot work. Your body requires food, and the soul requires food too; and why not have it every morning fresh and pure from the fountain? The Bible is a fountain of life—its words are spirit and life—they lead to eternal life. Why go without this refreshment every morning? I am sure, too, that where the Bible is read every morning, the five or ten minutes used in sitting still to hear it are not lost. It silences bad passions, snubs evil tempers, gives good advice, encourages industry, promises God's blessing, and points to a better world. If you wish to get through the day well, read some of your Maker's good words every morning.

I am not going to tell you what to do all the day through—but if you begin in this way I think you will be in a fair way for having a cheerful and happy day. Try my plan: it is worth trying; and see if it does not help to make your home a happier place.

And yet there are some other things I should like to mention, and which I ought to mention, but I find I shall not be able now, as my space is filled up. Well: we can talk about them another day. I want, if I can, to make every poor man's fireside, where these pages are read, a happy place—a happier place to him, and his wife, and his children, than any other place in the world; for one thing I do know, that if our own homes are not happy places, we shall not find a happy place in all the world.

PAUL PRUDENT.

The Penny Post Box.

APPALLING COLLIERY EXPLOSION.

explosion, with terrible results, occurred in a colliery near Barnsley Dec. 11th. At the distance of about a mile and a half from Barnsley is a small village known as Hoyle Mill, and the people living there—almost all of them either colliers or related to colliers—were, shortly after one o'clock in the afternoon, startled by the sound of an explosion which shook the ground like an earthquake. Those who happened to be near the Oaks Colliery saw a dense volume of smoke rising from one of the shafts, and were so made aware of the seat of calamity. Within a few minutes a large crowd, mainly composed of women and children, collected on the pit bank. Most of these were wild with grief, and, in their frantic movements from one part of the bank to another, implored information about relatives whom they knew to be below. It was known that nearly four hundred men and women were in the pit. Preparations were commenced with great promptitude to rescue the poor fellows. These preparations were made under the direction of Mr. T. Dymond, the managing partner of the firm to whom the colliery belongs. It was determined to descend the second shaft, as it was found that the explosion had destroyed the rope in the other, and as the thick volume of smoke which still filled the shaft made a descent there impossible. The police officers of the district now arrived, and found considerable difficulty in keeping a clear space about the pit's mouth, for they had to deal with an excited crowd of not less than three thousand people. At length they succeeded, and a party of men descended the shaft. In a short time they returned, bringing with them several dead bodies, all of them badly burned. Continual descents were made in the shaft which remained open, and up to about five o'clock more than thirty bodies of men and women had been landed at the bank. Several of these were dead, and most of the others were so badly burned that there seemed little hope of their lives being saved. Among those first sent up were several boys of from twelve to fourteen years of age. The bodies, which were taken from the mouth of the shaft to the cabin, were so disfigured that their relatives, in many cases, found it difficult to identify them. The mothers and sisters who, unable to make out the features of the charred and blackened faces, turned to the clogs on the feet and the buttons on the clothes for means of identification. In a few cases the men who were got out of the pit alive appeared to be in the greatest agony; but most of them seemed to have been so overcome, possibly by the foul gases evolved by the explosion, as to have lost all sense of feeling.

A volunteer party of explorers, numbering amongst them several gentlemen well known in the neighbourhood, were in the workings,

when another explosion occurred, and were all killed but one. This man was brought to bank, he looked round silently, and a tongue-tied; but after a little while he told his marvellous tale with eager haste to rid his breast of all the secrets of that Golgotha in which he had passed a day and a night, that the hearers saw how dangerous the mental excitement might be to him, and gently hushed him in the midst of his story. Brown, the man saved, was one of the expedition who descended the shaft the previous morning. Others had been down in the working all the night before—the night of Wednesday on which day the terrible accident occurred. With them was Jeffcock, a mining engineer of wide reputation throughout the districts of the northern coal country. When his companions were to ascend, he refused to do so, saying that he would stay below to devise plans for ventilating the pit. They might send his brother down to him. However, Mr. Dymond and his friends had not been out of the pit when a shock was heard and felt for some distance around. Then it was that Mr. Jeffcock and the volunteer party had just gone down, all except the man who was saved, met deaths. Brown had gone into a dip. He knew his way well; thanks to his coolness and courage, he owes, under the Divine blessing, his life. Three explosions happened while he was in the pit; one by which his companions were killed; another in an instant's space of time; and lastly, the explosion in the evening, when a flame shot up above the mouth of the shaft, and when all chance of saving a single life was abandoned. At five o'clock this morning those who stood near the down shaft were startled by the sound of the bell, the hammer of which Brown had seized and rung. They lowered a bottle of brandy; it was taken from the cord, and the surprising truth was learned that there yet breathed a human being below. One of the engineers standing there was a young gentleman named Mammatt. He asked who was ready to go down with him, he had not to ask twice. Another—whose name is, I think, Hepburn—and if it is not I shall hereafter be careful to record it correctly—said that a brave man's name deserves to be recorded—said that he would go with Mr. Mammatt; and they went down together in a mere bucket, which was lowered by a rope, taking more rope with them. There was a lack of light at the bottom of the shaft. A blazing cabin showed where the man Brown was waiting to be rescued. He told of the dangers that were near, but Mr. Mammatt could not find any within a distance of forty yards. Rightly deciding that the immediate thing to do was to save the one life in their hands, the two young engineers tied the man to the bucket, and were drawn up with him, clinging to the bucket.

Another fearful colliery accident has also taken place at Tall Heath, Staffordshire. Over eighty men and boys have been killed. Some of the men were local preachers among the Methodists. When their bodies were found they were in the attitude of prayer.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

re four hundred rivers and
n England and Wales, all
shed by particular names.

are three rivers called Der-
ee Dee's, two Wye's, three
four Ouse's, five Esk's, and
a's!

argest river in England is the
(including the Medway). It
two hundred and forty miles

argest river is the Humber
g the Trent and the Ouse).
of basin is 9,550 square miles,
ry nearly equal to one-sixth
l area of England and Wales.
argest river in Europe is the

argest river in India is the
in China, the Yan-tse-Kiang;
America, the Mississippi;
e whole world, the Amazons,
America.

vers of any size are divided
e parts, the upper, middle,
course.

ntry which is enclosed by
of a river is called the *delta*,
Greek letter Δ.

ring out of which the river
alled its *source*; the channel
the river flows, its *bed*; the
l which bounds this bed, its
d the little rivers which feed
tributaries.

k is a small river, two or
oks a *rivulet*, and several
river.

Hints.

rich enough that wants
st measures not himself is
teacheth how to spend.
ck door robs the house.
s the poor man's bread.

The first folly is to hold one's self
wise, the second to profess it, and the
third to despise counsel.

The resolved mind hath no cares.
He that's long a giving knows not
how to give.

All feet tread not in one shoe.
Gluttony kills more than the sword.
Little wealth, little care.
Bear with evil, and expect good.

If the wise erred not, it would go
hard with fools.

The filth under the white snow the
sun discovers.

He that tells a secret is another's
servant.

One flower makes no garland.
One enemy is one too much.
One slumber finds another.
On a good bargain think twice.
Cheap, and worthless.
Bought unwanted is dear bought.
Spend well, and God is your trea-
surer.

Gems.

Death will not be prorogued. A
thousand worlds will not purchase a
day or an hour.

To be commended by wicked men is
dangerous; to be connived at by them,
suspicious; to be hated by them, safe.

It is better to suffer in God's way
than in man's way.

God never took it unkindly when
any one leaned too much upon him in
the plain way of duty.

We come very much short in what
we know, and we know but little of
what is to be known.

Faith is the evidence of a hell not
seen, and the substance of a heaven
hoped for.

What a sweet rest is the pardon of
sin, and the love of Christ: a sanc-
tuary, a harbour, a shadowy rock in a
weary land.

Without faith, without Christ.

Poetic Selections.

SPEAKING FOR JESUS.

We all must speak for Jesus,
Who hath redemption wrought,
Who gave us peace and pardon,
Which by His blood He bought.
We all must speak for Jesus,
To show how much we owe
To Him who died to save us
From death and endless woe.

We all must speak for Jesus,
The aged and the young,
With manhood's fearless accents—
With childhood's lisping tongue.
We all must speak for Jesus,
His people far and near—

The rich and poor, on land and wave;
The peasant and the peer.

We all must speak for Jesus,
Where'er our lot may fall,
To brothers, sisters, neighbours,
In cottage and in hall.
We all must speak for Jesus,
The world in darkness lies;
With Him against the mighty
Together we must rise.

We all must speak for Jesus;
"T will oftentimes try us sore;
But streams of grace to aid us,
Into our hearts He'll pour.
We all must speak for Jesus,
'Till He shall come again—
Proclaim His "glorious Gospel,"
His crown and endless reign.

The Children's Corner.

"I DON'T CARE."

INDEED, Mr. Upstart, "Don't care." So says the strutting fop, the idler and the lounge. So says the vain, giddy, flirting novel reader—the impudent miss to her mother, "*I don't care.*" "*I'll do as I please, read what I please, dress as I please.*" So says the unruly, disobedient urchin. So says the iron-hearted gin-seller. The cruel oppressor, "Let me alone, I'll do as *I please*, kill or no kill—'*I don't care.*'" "*I don't care,*" says the tippler and smoker. "*I don't care,*" says the profane swearer and Sabbath-breaker. "Who's a better right?" How does this sound young friends?

Little readers, do you ever say to your parents, teachers, or any one, "*I don't care?*" O shame! shame! Care? yes, you should always care, care to do good, to do what is right, honest, pure, lovely, and of good report. Care to be affable, courteous, industrious, neat, obedient—temperate in all thing. You should care to keep good company, read good books, and shun the evil. You should care to fear God and keep his commandments, to acknowledge him in all your ways—to do justice, love mercy and walk humbly, glorify God in all things. These are the things you should care for daily and hourly.

There is no surer mark of a lazy, trifling, impudent, insignificant good for nothing lad, than this same *don't-care-ism*, to hear him draw out, when he does something wrong, "*I don't care.*" Is it not a forerunner of every evil? of everything base, mean, low-lived, corrupt, shameful?

Whenever we hear a boy, girl, or any one, making use of the expression, "*I don't care,*" it forcibly reminds us of the proverb of Solomon, "A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back."

A FUNERAL PROCESSION IN ROME.

IN the maze of narrow streets which hem in the Post office, we got mixed up with a funeral. It was a delightfully fine and warm afternoon, and anything more grotesquely ghastly than this funeral I never saw under a bright sun and a blue sky anywhere. It was a walking funeral. The coffin was a great painted ark, bedizened with rosettes of tinsel and foil paper, and hung with festoons of paper flowers and shreds of coloured calico. It looked as though Jack-in-the-Green had gone the way of all flesh which is grass, and was to be buried in professional costume, with my Lord and my Lady as chief mourners; and I am sure that the 20th of December in Rome was very like the 1st of May in less favoured climates. This ark was borne on painted poles, apparently distrained from barbers' shops, on the shoulders of half a dozen lads in long red gowns, beneath which their dirty boots "stole in and out" in anything but the mouse-like manner of the little feet of the bride in Sir John Suckling's ballad; and they swayed to and fro with their burden, and staggered along, now and then halting to trim their bark and adjust their balance, in a fashion which was, to say the least, unseemly. In a surplice, which had evidently not been washed since last Easter, and which was disgracefully ragged, came along a thurifer, with a great crucifix on the top of a pole. There was an old priest in spectacles, and a young priest with many pimples on his face, walking leisurely along, and crooning forth in that dull, listless, heartless chant, which to heretics is the most distasteful and irritating of all things in the Romish rite, the office for the dead. The old priest had something the matter with his knee-shorts, which compelled him every two minutes or so to stop and hitch them up; and the young priest, at the imminent risk of getting a crick in his neck, was staring at the occupants of the very tall houses on either side the street, droning out his chant meanwhile, and yawning occasionally, as though he found the office for the dead rather a bore than otherwise, which I dare say he did. There was a sprinkling of choristers carrying candles, and choristers swinging censers; but the most extraordinary part of the cortége was that which brought up its rear. A mob—for I can give them no other name—of hulking fellows came clumping along, their features and all but the dim outline of their limbs

A FUNERAL PROCESSION IN ROME.

concealed under most hideous robes and hoods of bright green baize, with white calico crosses sewn on to the breast. Their cowls, drawn over their faces, with two holes for their eyes to peer through, looked inexpressibly horrible. I have met more than one Trappist monk, and in Spain I have seen the Confraternity of the Passion, who carry images about and wear disguises of fine white flannel; but this rabble rout of green baize maskers in Rome staggered me. If anything could add to the incongruity of their aspect, it was this: that the robes of many were too short for them, and that beneath the green baize vestments I noticed one pair of shepherd's plaid pantaloons and one of corduroy. They were howling, in a most dreadfully demented manner, some litany or penitential psalm of their own, which completely failed to harmonize with the office for the dead going on ahead. I asked the driver who these people were, and he informed me that they belonged to one of the innumerable "Confraternities of the Dead," who in Rome appear to be a kind of amateur undertakers. According to the driver, they were great rogues; and he even hinted that so soon as they got possession of a corpse their principal endeavour was to get as many pails as they could out of the bereaved relations: but this, I hope, is not the case. It is certain that they attend condemned criminals to the scaffold quite gratuitously; and the intense horror of death and puerile terror even of the sick room, which prompt so many Italians to abandon the sick and dying to the priest and the hired attendants, render the intervention of these confraternities necessary. Somebody finds a shroud; a coffin is easily hired for the occasion; and the priests and hooded people do all the rest. Funerals must be very cheaply conducted in this country; and, abstractedly, there is nothing purer and nobler than the voluntary penance to which these green baize persons devote themselves is the performance of offices generally found so revolting. Practically, perhaps, it would be better to employ regular undertakers than these howling amateurs. Foreigners are always told that many of the proudest Roman nobles are members of these confraternities, and that the eyes you see blearing through the slits in a hood may belong to a Colonna, an Orsini, or a Pamphili-Doria; but I scarcely imagine that the green baize guild numbers many patricians in its ranks. I had a taste of their quality ere long. I have said that we were mixed up with this funeral. The painted coffin and its carriers, the priests, the cross-bearer,

and the choristers, all became inextricably entangled with my hack cab and its horse, with a string of peasants bearing sacks of charcoal, with a dray piled with pumpkins and drawn by two of the savage buffalo-looking oxen of the Campagna, with a knot of Dutch Zouaves rather the worse—or the better—for their visit to the adjacent wine-shop, and with a countryman on horseback, who, cloaked up to the eyes, and with his shaggy overalls of goatskin, his high-peaked saddle, and huge rowelled spurs, wanted only a coach-wheel hat and a lasso wound round the cantle of his saddle to make him the twin brother of a Mexican skirmisher. You may add to these, several priests off duty, and with shovel hats quite broad enough of themselves to block up a street of ordinary width; a select party of young gentlemen returning from some theological day school, and clad for the occasion in salmon-coloured bed-gowns, also with shovel hats—nothing religious can be done in Rome without a shovel hat, and even the Pope wears one, of a bright crimson, like a cardinal's turned up, during the performance of certain rites—a sprinkling of monks, some barefooted and some clumsily shod, who, in infinitely varied stages of dirt and imperfect shaving, are always loitering about Rome, like pigeons, taking what they can pick up; and innumerable monks without hoods and shaven crowns, but with brass badges on their breasts licensing them "*a domandare in Roma*," (to beg in Rome) who were professional beggars. These, with the children wriggling about under and between the legs of the adults, like eels, and a poor mule, seemingly belonging to nobody, and who had gotten his eye knocked out, and was wandering about in a dumbly distraught manner, the blood trickling from his orbless socket, very pitiable to view—these, with a tribe of furious dogs, and a number of old women, clawing each other's heads on the doorsteps, and, more furious than the dogs, the Confraternity of Death howling their banshee serenade, made up a picture of modern Roman life for which I was quite unprepared. For all its frequentation by foreigners, the grass grows between the stones on the Piazza Condotti and the Piazza di Spagna; but here there was life and animation and bustle of quite a turbulent order. It was life and animation, however, quite two centuries and a half old, and struck me, as I sat in a hack cab on the 22nd of December, 1866, as being life and animation not precisely real and vital, but of a spasmodic and galvanized description.

POETRY.

The Confraternity of Death are much to be commended for their pious zeal; but I am afraid that the familiarity with the office for the dead and other sacred things has engendered something like contempt for that, and other sacred things. At all events, they and the coffin-carriers and the cross-bearer indulged in a regular slanging match with the driver of my hack cab and the conductor of the dray laden with pumpkins. My driver gave them quite as good as they brought, and the result was the usual torrent of blasphemous Billingsgate, in the comprehension of which six months' commerce with gondola-men and cab-men has rendered me a tolerable proficient. There is a richness and fullness, a copiousness of scurrility, in the Roman allusions to the principal persons mentioned in the Scriptures, which I have not yet heard equalled. The attendant priests did not in any way reprehend this scandalous scene, but "bullyragged" the driver themselves in good set terms—quite free, however, I hasten to admit, from blasphemy. At last, the dray being enabled to move on, my hack cab got round the corner of the next street, and then the boys in red gowns began to carry the corpse, and the choristers began to swing their censors, and the old priest began to hitch up his knee-shorts, and the young priest began to stare up at the windows, and the men in green baize began to set up a yowl, so dismal, that you might have fancied them the very Dogs, and not the Confraternity, of Death. Then I got down near the post-office, and asked if there were any letters, found there were none, and, plunging into the next half-dozen streets, forthwith lost myself.

G. A. Sala.

Poetry.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

ONE name alone in all this death-struck earth,
One name alone, come down from highest heaven,
Whence healing and salvation we receive,
To sinful man is given.

Name brought by Gabriel from the heart of God,
And laid like flower-seed in the adoring breast
Of her in whom the mystery was wrought,
And God made manifest:

POETRY.

O, name of Jesus ! of that lowly babe
That on the sunny slopes of Nazareth strayed,
Or on the cottage floor beside the lake
With wild flowers played :

Name of the wondrous child that in the temple stood,
With brow all meekness, and with eye all light,
Who to the blinded teachers of the law
Would have given sight :

Name of the prophet, healer, master, friend,
Sorrow's chief mourner and death's perfect cure ;
The fountain of new innocence for man,
That ever shall endure ;

The secret, the unutterable name,
From the world's earlier ages hid so long,
Now in time's fulness given at length to be
The new creation's song.

And yet it was the scorn of Jewish lips,
And written by unholy heathen pen,
Then nailed aloft upon the awful cross
Signal to God and men ;

But never written in the dust of death,
Nor cut upon the portals of the grave,
So quickly he that threshold has re-crossed,
Triumphantly to save.

It dropped from heaven like gently falling plume,
Just when the shadow of the white cloud fell
Upon the apostles' upward-turned brows :
" O, wherefore dwell,

Ye Galileans, gazing up so long
Into the clear blue depths ye search in vain ?
Lo ! this same Jesus rising to his throne,
Shall so return again."

Once more heaven sent it down upon the earth,
When from love's central fount the accents came,
And on the persecuting Saul poured down
In glory and in flame.

O, name of value infinite ! and yet
Thou mov'st our spirits with a deeper thrill,
For the dear lips that have Thy music breathed,
And then grown still.

For Thou the last gift art, our lost ones leave
To be our comfort on our onward way ;
" Love Jesus," " Jesus is our only hope,"
Adoringly they say.

ANECDOTES AND SELECTIONS.

As shipwrecked sailors clasp a plank, and launch
Upon the billows of a midnight sea,
These fearless souls, embracing "Jesus," plunge
Into eternity;

Then safely floated to the home of peace,
Where bright-plumed angels wait along the shore,
Still, still the name of Jesus those glad hosts
In anthems pour.

Name! that the ransomed souls forever wear,
Gemmed with pure lustre on each perfect brow,
Be Thou the radiance of our earthly lives;
Transform us even now.

O, name above all names the most beloved!
Fullest of memories and of untold peace,
Earnest of all unutterable joys!
Yet, fond heart cease;

For Jesus is the name of the high God:
Hushed be thy thoughts, and silently adore,
When thou shalt come to see Him as He is,
Thou shalt know more.

Anecdotes and Selections.

DR. CHALMERS WITH THE POOR.

DR. CHALMERS, with all his popularity, was never happier than directing souls to Christ, particularly among the poor. In a low hovel once, whose floor one could hardly walk without stumbling, a poor old woman, bed-ridden and almost blind, upon a bed of the fire-place, who was the object of the doctor's visit. Seating himself at her side, he entered at once, after a few inquiries as to health, into religious conversation with her. Alas! it seemed vain. The mind which he strove to enlighten had been so long and dark that it appeared impossible to thrust into it a single light. Still, on the part of the woman, there was an evident delay hold on something of which he was telling her; and encouraging this, he persevered, plying her, to use his own expression, with the of the Gospel, and urging her to trust in Christ; at length she said, "Ah, sir, I would do as ye bid me; but I dinna ken how; how I trust in Christ?"

"O woman," was his expressive reply, in the dialect of the district, "just lippen to him."

"O, sir," was her reply, "and is that a'?"

, yes," was his gratified response, "just lippen to him, and him, and you'll never perish." me, perhaps, this language may be obscure, but to that dying poor and blind, it was as light from heaven; it guided her to a lge of the Saviour, and there is good reason to believe it was rument of ultimately conducting her to heaven.

CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN.—He is above a mean thing. He can-
op to a mean fraud. He invades no secret in the keeping of
. He betrays no secrets confided to his own keeping. He
truts in borrowed plumage. He never takes selfish advantage
mistakes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He
tabs in the dark. He is ashamed of innuendoes. He is not one
a man's face and another behind his back. If by accident he
a possession of his neighbour's counsels, he passes upon them
of instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tamper-
a the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter
indow or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred

He professes no privacy of others, however the sentry sleeps.
ad bare, locks and keys, hedges and pickets, bonds and securi-
fice to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted
out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He
offices, he sells none, he intrigues for none. He would rather
his rights than win them through dishonour. He will eat
bread. He tramples on no sensitive feeling. He insults no
If he have rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open,

He cannot descend to scurrility. In short, whatever he
honourable, he practices towards every man.

RSITY AND MENTAL DEVELOPMENT.—Hardship alone will not
man great, but it is an important aid in the development of
ss. Ability and aspiration are doubled in power by the stimu-
want. There is an untold might in deprivation. Imprison a
water in a solid rock, and simply deprive it of heat, and it will
a flinty bonds as Sampson burst the cords of the Philistines.
in the free air, a spoonful of powder explodes with a harmless
confine it in a rifle barrel, tease it with the minutest spark, and
a doom to a distant life. Nature's forces crave expansion; if
abundant, they take it quietly; if it is limited, then look out
its. It is so with developing boyhood. Character demands

If it finds it readily, it accepts gracefully the easy boon; if it
t find it, it takes it at whatever cost. The rich man's son has
of wants, but they are easily gratified; the poor man's son has
he wants, and he can only hope to gratify them by strenuous
of muscle and brain. Our motive power is always found in
e lack. He is strongest who lacks most; the poor boy's inheri-
in those tastes and aspirations which urge him to perpetual

effort. He has plenty to work for, while his rich cousin has only plenty to enjoy. The latter may be lifted into a high position as a lady is into a side-saddle, but he will generally find it convenient to ride with an attendant, or he may get thrown and hurt. The heir of wealth begins at the wrong end for permanent success. He is like a crocus, blooming in spring, blighted in summer, and in autumn nowhere. He reverses the law of nature, which gives us the unsightly husk before the tempting kernel, the sprouting acorn before the giant oak, effort before strength, struggle before achievement, pain before pleasure, the law before the gospel. The ease and refinement of his boyhood is no aid to future energy and power. He begins at the end, and generally ends at the beginning. A rudely formed but well tempered blade may be subsequently polished, but a polished blade cannot be hardened without losing all its glitter.

CAUTIOUS MEN.—Some men use words as riflemen do bullets. They say but little. The few words used go right to the mark. They let you talk, and guide with their eye and face, on and on, till what you say can be answered in a word or two, and then they launch out a sentence, pierce the matter to the quick, and have done. You never know where you stand with them. Your conversation falls into their mind as rivers into a deep chasm, and is lost from sight by its depth and darkness. They will sometimes surprise you with a few words, that go to the mark like a gunshot, and then they are silent again, as if they were reloading. Such men are safe counsellors, and true friends, in every case where they profess to be such. To them truth is more valuable than gold, while pretension is too gauzy to deceive them. Words without point, to them, are like titles without merit, only betraying the weakness of the blinded dupes who are ever used as promoters of other men's schemes.

THE INFORMER AND THE MAN-TAKER.—In the Reign of Charles the Second, many unprincipled persons obtained a living by informing against all who ventured to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences, and contrary to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England as by *law* established. In those troublous times lived the famous Mr. George Hammon, a man of singular independence of mind, sterling character, and great talents; possessed of considerable acquaintance with the learned languages, remarkable shrewdness of observation, and amazing powers of reasoning, qualities which eminently fitted him for the distinguished part he had to act in that *disputing* age. This worthy man was pastor of the General Baptist church, Biddenden, Kent, forty years, viz., from 1640 to 1680. Being engaged, on one occasion, to preach at a distant place, he was overtaken on his way thither by a violent storm, which compelled him to take shelter under a tree by the side of the road. While there, he was accosted by a stranger from a cottage opposite, who, mistaking him for a person of a very different character, called out to him, "I am an

THE FIRESIDE.

; I hear there is to be a meeting at — to-night, and I am give information against the persons assembled." Mr. Hammon hearing him name the place where *he* was going to preach, mirable address and intrepidity, immediately replied, "I am a er also, and am going to the same meeting." "Are you?" informer; "then we will go together, and share the spoil." Mr. Hammon assented. On their arrival at the place of meeting found the hearers assembled, and after sitting some time, Mr. a remarked to his companion, "Here are the people, but where aminister? Unless there be a minister, we can never make a icole of it. I propose, therefore, that *either you or I preach*." a informer declined. Mr. Hammon then said, "If you wont, ' And to the utter astonishment of his new associate, com-the service, and afterwards preached with such energy and at the informer's mind became powerfully impressed with the e. From that time he laid aside his profession, and became er *an honest man*."

[OBEDIENT.—They that expect to enjoy what God promises, sure to perform what God enjoins. Holy trust takes it for a that he that contemns the commands of God as his sovereign, hare in the promises of a God as all-sufficient. If we trust in with a faith of confidence, we shall be sure to honour the Son iss of obedience. Thus the Psalmist: "I have hoped for thy n, and done thy commandments."

The Fireside.

KIND WORDS.

o not cost much. It does not take long to utter them. They lister the tongue or lips on their passage into the world, or any other kind of bodily suffering; and we have never heard mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not sh, yet they accomplish much.—1. They help one's own good and good-will. One cannot be in a habit of this kind without pecking away something of the granite roughness of his own Soft words will soften his own soul. Philosophers tell us that ry words a man uses in his passion are fuel to the flame of his and make it blaze the more fiercely. Why, then, should not f the opposite character produce opposite results, and that most of all passions of the soul, kindness, be augmented by kind People that are for ever speaking kindly, are for ever disinclined to ill-temper.—2. Kind words make other people good. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and

THE PENNY POST BOX.

sarcastic words irritate them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. And kind words also produce their own image on men's souls; and a beautiful image it is. They soothe, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings; and he has to become kind himself. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, idle words, hasty words, spiteful words, silly words, and empty words. Now kind words are better than the whole of them; and it is a pity that, among the improvements of the present age, birds of this feather might not have more of a chance than they have had to spread their wings. Kind words are in danger of being driven from the field, like frightened pigeons, in these days of boisterous words, and warlike words, and passionate words. They have not the brass to stand up, like so many grenadiers, and fight their own way through the throng. Besides, they have been out of use so long, that they hardly know whether they have any right to make their appearance any more in our hustling world; not knowing but that perhaps the world was done with them, and would not like their company any more. Let us welcome them back. We have not done with them. We have not yet begun to use them in such abundance as they ought to be used. We cannot spare them.

The Penny Post Box.

HAPPINESS AT HOME.

WHAT a man's home is, his whole life will be, as a general rule. And the principles, the ideas, the plans, the motives, the hopes and fears which govern him there, and constitute the atmosphere of his dwelling, will go out with him into all his intercourse and business. If all is well at home, we need not watch him in the market. If he is a true man there, he is a true man everywhere. If wise and prudent there, he will not need to be made any more a "man of the world." If he can succeed in redeeming life's most familiar scenes from dullness and unprofitableness, the world abroad will be all fresh and full of entertainment. If he be not a dull stranger in his own home, he will find himself at home wherever he goes. If there be a sufficiency of comforts, and abundance of mental, moral, and social resources in one's own dwelling, there will be no unnecessary anxiety, no feverish hurry, no hard drudgery in one's business abroad. One will work cheerfully for small profits, if he be rich in the love and society of his own home. If discontented there, he will be discontented everywhere. So long as the fire of love burns brightly on the domestic altar, he will not be frozen by the selfishness of the world.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

Three tons of lozenges per
unusual quantity for a
lesale maker of confec-
trodnce, while at least one
d fifty tons of sugar are
made into sweetmeats.
ls and umbrellas, the prin-
i maker prepares 2,500,000
r, chiefly for the ribs.
manufacturer of walking
100,000 annually.
ear fifteen tons of boys'
se into England through
Hull.
rue friction matches were
many in 1832.

rst came into England in
reign of Queen Elizabeth.
pper is the fruit of the
gathered green, before
pe, and dried on mats,
them black; white pepper
fruit freed from the outer
easily peels off when
ater.
rs ago a glass manufac-
rmingham told a Com-
House of Commons that
ved at one time an order
rth of dolls' eyes!

Hints.

the skirts of thy mantle
om heaven is raining gold.
se lightens, his words
n inaudible file.
black camel, which kneels
r's gate.
may love his house well
ng on the ridge.
ere pain, there would be
ry house.
It sooner detect an ant
e dark night on the black
all the motions of pride
rt.

There are who despise pride with a
greater pride.

One foe is too many, and a hundred
friends too few.

It is easy to go afoot when one
leads one's horse by the bridle.

He who speaks, sows; he who keeps
silence, reaps.

He who says what he likes, will
hear what he does not like.

Measure thy cloth ten times; thou
canst cut it but once.

By the street of "By-and-bye," one
arrives at the house of "Never."

Everything may be borne, except
good fortune.

There is no worse robber than a
bad book.

Gems.

A grain of gold will gild a great
surface, but not so much as a grain of
wisdom.

He that cannot forgive others,
breaks the bridge over which he must
pass himself.

The world is for him who has
patiences.

People seldom improve when they
have no other model but themselves
to copy.

Real greatness depends more on
how we do things than what we do.

Jesus thrice asked Peter if he loved
Him. What should we say if Christ
once asked us—"Lovest thou me?"

A good man said—"I never trusted
in God, but I found Him faithful; on
my own heart, but I found it false."

The broad terms of the gospel
charter are these: "Whosoever will,"
"all men everywhere," "in every
nation," "from the least even unto
the greatest."

Faith helps the soul to take what
God offers.

Time is the age of the visible world;
but eternity is the age of God.

Poetic Selections.

MORTALITY.

THE house is old, the house is cold,
And on the roof is snow;
And in and out, and round about,
The bitter night-winds blow;
The bitter night-winds howl and blow,
And darkness thickens deep;
And O, the minutes creep as slow
As though they were asleep.

It used to be all light and song,
And mirth and spirits gay;
The day could never prove too long,
The night seemed like the day!
The night seemed bright and light as day,
Ere yet that house was old;
Ere yet its aged roof was gray,
Its inner chambers cold.

Old visions haunt the creaking floors,
Old sorrows sit and wail;
While still the night-winds out of doors
Like burly bailiffs rail!

Old visions haunt the floors above,
The walls with wrinkles frown;
And people say who pass that way
'Twere well the house were down.

SOMETHING LEFT UNFINISHED.

LABOUR with what zeal we wail
Something still remains undone
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the stair,
At the threshold, near the gate
With its menace or its prayer,
Like a medicant it waits—

Waits, and will not go away;
Waits, and will not be gained
By the cares of yesterday
Each to-day is heavier made

Till at length it is, or seems,
Greater than our strength
As the burden of our dreams,
Pressing on us everywhere.

And we stand, from day to day
Like the dwarfs of times gone
Who, as northern legends say
On their shoulders held the
—H. W. Lo

The Children's Corner.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

AN old author thus rhymes a divine truth—

"In heaven shall dwell all Christian men,
That know and keep his biddings ten."

To aid our young readers to remember these sacred "biddings" we transcribe for their use the lines following, originally written in the registers of an old parish in England, by one Richard (the vicar). They belong to the year 1689, and are written in a quaint spelling of the time, which, modernized, reads—

"Have thou no other God but me;
Unto no image bow thy knee.
Take not the name of God in vain;
Do not the Sabbath day profane.
Honour thy father and mother, too;
And see that thou no murder do.
From vile adultery keep thee clean;
And steal not, though thy state be mean.
Bear no false witness, shun that blot;
What is thy neighbour's covet not.
Write these thy laws, Lord, in my heart,
And let me not from them depart."

FEARFUL ACCIDENT IN THE REGENT'S PARK.

ON Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 15th, a fearful accident took place on that part of the Ornamental Water in the Regent's Park immediately opposite Sussex Terrace, by which a large number of persons have lost their lives. On this part of the lake, which is the broadest, several thousand persons had been skating during the forenoon without any accident taking place, although the ice was looked upon by the experienced icemen on duty as very unsafe from its being principally snow ice. About half past three o'clock in the afternoon there were near the same spot about 500 skaters, among whom were many ladies, there being at the same time on the banks from 2,000 to 3,000 spectators. Suddenly, and without any warning, the ice at the sides of the bank became loosened, and was drawn from the edge. Within a minute the whole sheet of the ice over the full width of the lake gave way, and split up into fragments of a few yards square. A general rush was made for the banks. Unfortunately this broke up the soft ice into still smaller pieces. Numbers of persons fell through the crevices into the water, which is at least twelve feet deep, and several appeared at once to be sucked under the ice. At least 200 persons were struggling in the water, and screaming for help. A few, with great presence of mind, threw themselves flat upon the surface of the pieces of ice, and were thus not only instrumental in saving the lives of many of those in the water, but preserved their own until assistance came to them. The screams of those struggling and sinking in the water, and the shouts of the people on the banks, added to the horror of the scene. The icemen, of whom the full number were on duty, did all that it was possible to do under the circumstances, and three of them narrowly escaped from drowning, having, when in the water helping the people out, been seized by others drowning and pulled under the ice. Several of the park-keepers and spectators rendered all possible aid, and more than 100 persons within a few minutes of the accident were got on shore, and a great number of whom were so much exhausted that they had to be taken to the Humane Society's tent and placed under medical treatment. While this was going on several persons who were in the water in the middle of the lake, and whom it was impossible for the icemen to reach, the ladders and boats being rendered

FEARFUL ACCIDENT IN THE REGENT'S PARK.

almost useless owing to the state of the ice, were seen to back exhausted, evidently benumbed with cold, after endeavouring to support themselves by clutching at the ice, which crumbled away in their grasp. What made the more dreadful was that the female relatives of many of those who fell into the water saw their struggles from the bank with the possibility of saving them. One lady saw her husband and lose his life, while two sisters were sending forth piercing screams and calling on the people to save their brother. He drowned, and the two ladies were taken away in the most pitiable state, and sent to their home in a cab. Shortly after four o'clock a strong body of the D division of police, and an additional number of icemen from Hyde Park, arrived, but too late to render any aid except in getting out the bodies of those drowned, all persons alive having by this time been rescued and taken to hospital. Some had suffered simply from the immersion and fainted, but forty were lying more or less exhausted. Several of the medical men in the neighbourhood had hastened to the scene on hearing the news, and by unremitting attention on their part, under the direction of Dr. Obre, of Melcombe Place, Dorset Square, the surgeon of the district for the Health Society, had sufficiently recovered by five o'clock to be taken away in cabs, some to their own homes, some to the hospital, and others to the workhouse. The inhabitants of Southampton Terrace vied with each other in sending over to the tent all necessaries required by the medical men. The most moving part of the accident has now to be recorded. As soon as the ice was cleared, a body of icemen and labourers with great difficulty got out the boats to that portion of the water where it was known several persons had sunk. Before dusk seven bodies had been recovered, but it was known that there were many more under the ice.

While the confusion and excitement was at its height, a man named George Saunders, a bricklayer, of Carlisle Street, Finsbury Ware Road, was standing on the bank, in company with his wife when, seeing a gentleman and two children struggling in the water, he pulled off his boots and great and under coats, jumped into the water, and at the risk of his own life succeeded in rescuing the three persons from their perilous position. He then went again into the water and rescued another. Whilst so engaged some heartless scoundrel made off with

FEARFUL ACCIDENT IN THE REGENT'S PARK.

clothes. The Humane Society are inquiring into the case, with the view of recompensing the brave fellow for his loss. It was also stated that some gentleman left in a most perilous position on a piece of ice in the centre of the water, called out that he would give £50 to any one who would extricate him. A mason, named Robert Noys, of Park Road, Regent's Park, made the attempt, succeeded, and received the promised reward. It is a singular fact that, although at the time of the accident there were several females walking on the ice, and some ladies skating, all the bodies recovered belong to the male sex.

A man, apparently a mechanic, was shrieking for help about fifty yards out, when his cries attracted the attention of a gentleman in the crowd. Without a moment's hesitation he sprang into the water, battered a passage through the ice with his naked fist, and made for the now sinking man, who immediately threw his arms around his neck and locked him in a perilous embrace. To the horror of those who were watching the incident, both disappeared for the instant, but they ultimately returned safe amidst the loud plaudits of the bystanders. The gentleman, giving his companion into the charge of several willing persons, disappeared before any one could speak to him. Other acts like this will no doubt remain untold.

For courage of the more active kind no one could surpass Mr. Ernest Copeland, a student at the London Hospital. This young gentleman saw three children suddenly disappear under the ice a few moments before the general break up; he skated to the spot, plunged in, managed to grip all three, and swam with them to the bank. On landing—but not a second before—the little ones were taken in charge by a Humane Society's man, who claimed to have rescued them; and young Mr. Copeland, without bragging about his exploit, seems to have gone quietly home and changed his clothes.

"I was just making my way," says Mr. Dunton, "to shore, holding my children by the hand, when the ice broke. One of them was a little girl seven years of age, and the other a boy of eleven. When we were about seventy yards from the bank, without a second's warning, the ice seemed to glide from under us, leaving us in water quite five feet deep. The two little ones sank to the bottom, but rose again directly. I made a grasp at each of them, and was able to seize them by the shoulders, at the same time holding on to the ice by my left hand. When I had them thus

POETRY.

far safe I had time to look round. Such a sight I hope ne see again. Quite 150 persons were struggling for life. and arms were to be seen all around amongst the broken r of ice. Two yards from me a little boy was drowning, could not render him any help; presently nothing but h was visible above water. He floated in this way for some I stood in this position for nearly half an hour, sinking d the mud deeper every minute, until the water reached my I held my children as high as possible above water until my legs being cramped with the cold. I said to the elde there any help coming, Fred? Wave my walking-stick, for sinking down in the mud.' Presently the boy said, 'Fat man is swimming' to us, and we shall be saved.' On l round I saw a brave young fellow plunging through t toward me. The youngest child would not let go her hold at first, but ultimately I got her on this young man's back swam off with her to a boat that was now making its way t us. When the boat came near enough I helped the boy i seized the side of the skiff, fearing if I got in that it mi over with me. I held on in this manner till we got to the Numbers around me had sunk out of sight long before tendering my grateful thanks to those persons who render assistance, I do not include that one of the Royal Hu Society's men who, although provided with a rope and refused to attempt our rescue, declaring, in answer to the a that were made to him, that 'he could do no good for us.'

Poetry.

AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

LORD, open the door, for I falter,
I faint in this stifled air,
In dust and straitness I lose my breath;
This life of self is a living death:
Let me into Thy pastures broad and fair,
To the sun and the wind from Thy mountains free!
Lord, open the door to me!

There is a holier life and truer
Than ever my heart has found.
There is a nobler work than is wrought within
These walls so charred by the fires of sin,

POETRY.

Where I toil like a captive blind and bound ;
An open door to a freer task
In Thy nearer smile, I ask.

Yet the world is Thy field, Thy garden ;
On earth art Thou still at home.
When Thou bendest hither Thy hallowing eye,
My narrow work-room seems vast and high,
Its dingy ceiling a rainbow-dome.
Stand ever thus at my wide-swung door,
And toil will be toil no more !

Through the rosy portals of morning
Now the tides of sunshine flow.
O'er the blossoming earth and the glistening sea
The praise Thou inspirest rolls back to Thee :
Its tones through the infinite arches go ;
Yet, crippled and dumb, behold me wait,
Dear Lord, at the Beautiful Gate.

I wait for Thy hand of healing,—
For vigour and hope in Thee.
Open wide the door,—let me feel the sun,—
Let me touch Thy robe ! I shall rise and run
Through Thy happy universe, safe and free,
Where in and out Thy beloved go,
Nor want nor wandering know.

Thyself art the Door, Most Holy !
By Thee let me enter in !
I press toward Thee with my failing strength ;
Unfold Thy love in its breadth and length ;
True life from Thine let my spirit win !
To the saints' fair City, the Father's Throne,
Thou Lord art the way alone.

From the deeps of unseen glory
Now I feel the flooding light.
O rare sweet winds from Thy hills that blow !
O River so calm in its crystal flow !
O Love unfathomed, the depth, the height !
What joy wilt Thou not unto me impart
When Thou shalt enlarge my heart !

To be joined unto Thee one spirit
Is the boon that I lingering ask.
To have no bar 'twixt my soul and Thine,—
My thoughts to echo Thy will divine,—
Myself Thy servant, for any task.
Life ! life ! I may enter, through Thee, the Door,
Saved, sheltered for evermore !

Anecdotes and Selections.

LORD LYNDHURST.—It is well known by many that in his last years Lord Lyndhurst was a changed man, and avowed openly his personal faith in Christ as a Saviour. A correspondent relates this incident, as indicating one of the agencies by which he was drawn to a Christian life:—Many of the nobility in London open their drawing-rooms for religious services, which are conducted, sometimes by clergymen, sometimes by laymen, pious and gifted naval or military officers or noblemen. Lady Lyndhurst was an attendant on some of these, and was very anxious that Lord Lyndhurst should accompany her; but he refused, saying, "No, no, you shall not find the keeper of the Queen's conscience, and the guardian of the church, encouraging irregularities." Lady Lyndhurst was lamenting this to her friend, Lady S——, who said to her, "Open your own drawing-room." She expressed her desire to do this to Lord Lyndhurst, who said to her, "Do what you like, Lady Lyndhurst, with your drawing-room, but don't expect me to be present." The drawing-room was opened, and there was a crowded assemblage. Lord Lyndhurst was not present. But on the second occasion he stole up to the lobby to listen. He was enraptured with the music, and the hymn,

"When I survey the wondrous Cross,"

and was smitten with the discourse that followed. He was a constant attendant afterwards on these meetings, and on his death-bed said to his friends, "Tell Brougham, tell them all, that I die happy, simply believing on the Lord Jesus Christ; and that I depart to be with Him where He is, to behold His glory."

MUSIC OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.—The disintombing of Assyrian sculptures, and the deciphering of Assyrian and Egyptian inscriptions, have opened new fields of investigation in almost every department of knowledge. Among the branches of science which have shared in these discoveries, that of music has been benefited largely. The accounts of ancient musical instruments were vague, and our ideas, especially of Hebrew music, were confused, till recently sculptures and paintings have been brought to light which delineate the musical instruments of the early oriental nations, and in a number of cases veritable specimens have been disintombed. Such, for example, is an Egyptian harp found in Thebes, with its strings yet perfect enough to vibrate again, after a silence of three thousand years. The more recent investigations prove that the parent of all known musical science was Assyria. From the Assyrians, the Hebrews and the Egyptians, and, indeed, all Eastern nations, derived their knowledge of music. The unveiled monuments show that in the time of Sennacherib music was a highly cultured art, and must have existed through generations. This polished nation used a harp of twenty-one

3, the frame of which was four feet high, which accompanied the songs, or was borne in the dance. The lyre of tortoise shell, the pipe, the trumpet, drum, and bell were common. Even of Egyptian representations have been discovered, though none of the instruments like the violin played with the bow. In all the institutions of social or worshipping assemblies, musical instruments like our modern ones have a prominent place. The Hebrew organ at the time of the Exodus, was purely Egyptian; but it was modified subsequently in association with Asiatic nations. In the temple of Jerusalem, according to the *Talmud*, stood a powerful organ consisting of a wind-chest with ten holes, containing ten pipes, each pipe capable of emitting ten different sounds by means of finger so that a hundred sounds could be produced by it. It was provided with two pairs of bellows and ten keys, so that it could be played by the fingers. According to the Rabbins, it could be heard a great distance from the temple.

AS ISCARIOT.—In the "Crown of Wild Olives," John Ruskin characterizes, in his trenchant style, those who live only to make money, as imitators of Judas:—"We do injustice to Iscariot in thinking him wicked above all common wickedness. He was only a common money lover, and, like all money lovers, didn't understand Christ, but made out the worth of Him. He didn't want Him to be killed. He was horror struck when he found that Christ would be crucified, and threw his money away instantly and hanged himself. How of our present money seekers, think you, would have the grace to crucify themselves, whoever was killed? But Judas was a common, muddle-headed, pilfering fellow; his hand was always in the pocket of the poor, not caring for them. He didn't understand Christ, but believed in Him much more than most of us do; had seen Him do wonders, thought He was quite strong enough to shift for Himself, and Judas, might as well make his little by perquisites out of the things Christ would come out of it well enough, and he have the pieces. Now that is the money seeker's idea all over the world."

NOT WORTH A STRAW.—Perhaps a straw is not as worthless as we think. Let us see. Straws are the stems of wheat, rye, oats, barley, &c. In order to wave to and fro in the wind, and yet bear up under the weight of grain, they must be both light and strong. Let us see how their strength is secured. They are made hollow, you see, like quills; but not hollow through the whole length, for every now and then there is a knob or joint, which helps to brace up the sides and make them strong. The straw outside is hard, and looks shiny, as if it had been polished. It is polished, and that keeps the weather and the insects from damaging it, besides adding to its strength. Polish! But where do they get polish? God gave these plants the power of drawing up through their roots this gummy sort of varnish from the earth. It is there. There is nothing like it on the stem of the sweet pea or the

THE FIRESIDE.

current bush, because they do not need it. But does it not show God's wisdom and knowledge in giving this power to one plant where it is needed, and withholding it from others where it is not? So you see that a straw even can show the wonderful power of our Creator, God, and speak his praise.

The Fireside.

A QUEER OLD LADY.

How differently people appear at different times, as, when we are sick or well, rejoicing or mourning, laughing or weeping. A few days since I met an old lady, who nodded very familiarly to me, and yet I hesitated to call her by name lest I should miscall it. She looked old, and yet young; soft and smiling, and yet wore stern frowns. She was fair in face, yet her hands were iron. It seemed as if the wind would blow her away, and yet she moved with the strength of an elephant.

"Why, sir," said she, "you seem to stare at me, though you have seen me a thousand times before."

"That may be, madam; but I never saw you so loaded down with all sorts of things. I am curious to know about them. Would it be rude if I should ask you a few questions?"

"Not at all. Ask away."

"Well, what are you going to do with those small, thin, ladies' shoes?"

"Why, make the ladies wear them, to be sure."

"Not in this cold, wet season. Why, I can hardly keep my feet warm in these thick, double-soled boots. I must have overshoes. How can they wear such thin, cold-catching shoes?"

"O, sir, I have only to bring them to them, and the dear creature put them on, and never hesitate a moment. They know me!"

"And those little half-dresses, hanging on your arm?"

"They are to be put on little children in cold weather, or to walk out in—naked at the knees, naked at the neck, and hardly covering half the body. You can't think how eager parents are for these dresses."

"What have you in this little tin box?"

"Lozenges, sir; troches, hoarhound candy—things that always go with thin shoes and thin dresses. And this bright, red box, sir, contains what is called 'conscience salve,' which I always keep on hand to rub on the conscience when any one feels that he has done wrong in obeying me. It's in great demand, sir, and a certain cure."

"What have you in that bundle, madam?"

"This? Why a few knick-knacks, which I sometimes distribute in Sabbath schools, in the shape of dialogues, speeches—things to make people laugh, and to prevent the school from feeling too serious, or thinking too much about religion. You must understand, sir, that I continually have to attend church and chapel to regulate things there."

THE PENNY POST BOX.

that the bonnets are right, the rings are bright, and the dresses are; yet religion itself I hate as poison! And here is a box of the what shall I call it? It is a sort of wit and smartness, which goes out to preachers, with which they spice their sermons, and is popular. I sell them by the gross. They are growing in, and they are a real saving of conscience and heart-ache. I intend to keep in any climate—a kind of sensation powder."

"Yes, madam, what are those screws for?"

"Yes, to pinch the feet, and make them look small, without regard to bunions. They can't wear those little, dear little shoes unless you have these pinchers to go with them."

"Is that great heap of books in your arms?"

"Yes! They are the latest, most exciting, and the weakest, of the day's novels. But I hand them out, and shake my head with a nod and crowds read them."

"Well, madam, I'm very inquisitive, I know, but I do want to know what you have in that bag thrown over your shoulder."

"A great variety of valuables—such things as 'late suppers'—in command, and which send people to the grave early, and thus room for more. Then there are 'late hours,' and 'late rising,' a particular manner of hair-dressing, and expensive dressing—things that must have even if their husbands fail. Here are diamond pins and garters—just the thing to stir up envy and create extravagance. There are gold watches, cigars, meerschaum pipes, gold-headed canes, and all manner of things to suit all manner of people. And I flatter and coax, and frown and command, till I get them to wear and do just what I please. Now, I have stopped to talk with you for a few moments; don't you see what a crowd have gathered round me—low necks, thin shoes, muslin dresses, tight boots; some on horseback, some coughing, some breathing short, all crowding to get near me, and when I move you will see how they all run, and rush, and follow me. O sir, I am the great power of the world. I rule the world, I rule queens, beggars and philosophers. Don't you see?"

"Yes, madam, truly. And now may I ask your name?"

"Yes! FASHION, sir: my name is Mrs. PREVAILING FASHION! and everybody knew me!"

The Penny Post Box.

AN EVIDENCE OF ILL BREEDING.

There is no greater breach of good manners—or rather no better example of ill breeding—than that of interrupting another in conversation *while speaking*, or commencing a remark before another has finished. No well-bred person ever does it, or continues a conver-

sation long with any person that does. The latter often fir interesting conversation abruptly waived, closed, or declined, former, without even suspecting the cause. It is a criterion never fails to show the breeding of the individual. A well-bred will not even interrupt one who is in all respects greatly his inferior. If you wish to judge the good breeding of a person with whom you are but slightly acquainted, mark such person strictly in this respect you will assuredly not be deceived. However intelligent, fluent or even graceful, a person may appear for a short time, if you find individual guilty of this practice, you will find him or her soon uninteresting, insipid, or coarse.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

ONLY a little more than one quarter of the globe is land.

The chief causes that determine the climate of a country are, its distance from the equator, its elevation, its nearness to the sea, the character of the surrounding country, and the nature of the prevalent winds.

Countries nearer the equator are the hottest; but Quito, which is just under the equator, has a very temperate climate. This is owing to the fact that Quito stands nearly 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, and is therefore the highest city in the world.

The sea remains nearly the same temperature all the year round. Hence some sea-side towns in England have less frost than those which are in the more central parts of the island.

In England the north-east wind is the most biting and bitter: the intense frosts of January this year came during the prevalence of north-east winds.

In the United States the cold is *always the most severe when a north-west wind is blowing. This wind sweeps over the frozen regions round*

Hudson's Bay, and in its passage States is checked by no high ground.

More than one railway train is snowed up during the stormy winter. In one case a train abandoned altogether, and the passengers settled down upon the engine-carriages, until nothing was left but the top of the funnel.

The difference in temperature between the thaw came was very great: twenty-four hours there was a change of nearly forty degrees!

Hints.

Love your neighbour, but pull down the hedge.

In the world you have three sorts of friends, your friends who love you, your friends who do not care for you, and your friends who hate you.

Old tunes are the sweetest, and friends are the surest.

He who is everybody's friend is either very poor or very rich.

Sooner or later the strong need the help of the weak.

The beadle of the parish is always the opinion of his reverence the parson.

It is at the narrowest part of the defile that the valley begins to open.

substantial grief has twenty
and most of them are shadows
in making.

miserable once who feels it,
who fears it before it comes.
often transplanted is never
th fruit.

t labours is tempted by one
that is idle by a thousand.
o not become rich by what
but by what they keep.
is not needed is dear at a

re, soon ashes.

Gems.

life lasts prepare a refuge for
that if suddenly called upon
, it may know where to fly.

foth is skimmed from a
pot, so when the heart boils
e, curses are the scum, the
e ladle, and Satan the cook.

is reluctantly bestowed is like
oiled and discoloured by the
sulphur.

o thinks much of himself, is
nothing of by God.

school of Christ they are the
ners who continue learning
st.

is one of the keys of heaven,
the other.

better to be saved in child-
, than condemned in foolish

sh is a sign which nature
it to show where chastity and
lwell.

orst dogs are not those that
d bite, but those that bite
barking.

ust allow the frogs to croak,
ents to hiss, and dogs to bark.
they ever learned.

l attempt to climb aloft, and
, have succeeded only find we
n climbing into danger.

Portic Selections.

COMMUNION HYMN.

"This do in remembrance of me."

ALL praise to Him of Nazareth,
The Holy One who came,
For love of man, to die a death
Of agony and shame.

Dark was the grave; but since He lay
Within its dreary cell,
The beams of heaven's eternal day
Upon its threshold dwell.

He grasped the iron veil, He drew
Its gloomy folds aside,
And opened to His followers' view
The glorious world they hide.

In tender memory of His grave
The mystic bread we take,
And muse upon the life He gave
So freely for our sake.

A boundless love He bore mankind;
O, may at least a part
Of that strong love descend and find
A place in every heart.

—W. C. Bryant.

A PRESENT SAVIOUR.

WE may not climb the heavenly steep
To bring the Saviour down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps
For Him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love, its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain,
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

—J. G. Whittier.

The Children's Corner.

THE CHICKEN'S MISTAKE.

A LITTLE downy chicken one day
Asked leave to go on the water,
Where she saw a duck with her brood at play,
Swimming and splashing about her.

Indeed, she began to peep and cry
When her mother wouldn't let her ;
" If the ducks can swim there, why can't I ;
Are they any bigger or better ?"

Then the old hen answered, " Listen to me,
And hush your foolish talking ;
Just look at your feet, and you will see
They were only made for walking."

But chickie wistfully eyed the brook,
And didn't half believe her,
For she seemed to say, by a knowing look,
" Such stories couldn't deceive her."

And as her mother was scratching the ground,
She muttered lower and lower,
" I know I can go there and not be drowned,
And so I think I'll show her."

Then she made a plunge, where the stream was deep,
And saw too late her blunder ;
For she hadn't hardly time to peep
Till her foolish head went under.

And now I hope her fate will show
The child my story reading,
That those who are older sometimes know
What you will do well in heeding.

That each content in his place should dwell,
And envy not his brother ;
And any part that is acted well
Is just as good as another.

For we all have our proper sphere below,
And this is a truth worth knowing ;
You will come to grief if you try to go
Where you never were made for going !

HENRY SIMS' VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

[**S**HE sail on the 4th April, 1866, from Prince's Landing Stage, Liverpool, on the steamer *Virginia*. She was a fine, well-built steamer, of over 3,000 tons burden, belonging to "The National Steam Navigation Company." We had to be on board at eight o'clock in the morning. I bought my bed and tins, and got my luggage to the landing. We were taken to the vessel by a steam tug. There was a great deal of confusion; but when we had secured our berths, or bunks as they are called, we all passed the doctors, and at half-past one o'clock we weighed anchor and set sail for a foreign land. It was a beautiful day. We had dinner served out to us at three o'clock, which consisted of soup without salt, but any quantity of rice, salt beef, and potatoes boiled with their jackets on. After dinner I sat on the bulwarks, anxious to see the last of the old country. About seven o'clock we sighted the Welsh coast. It looked very barren and deserted. We had tea, or supper as they called it: it consisted of one pint of very good tea, and a few crackers or sea biscuits; they were so hard I had to get something to break them with, but I managed very well indeed. I had a few walks round the deck after supper, and at half-past eight I turned into my bunk. I enjoyed a good night's rest, and at five in the morning I arose from my slumber, had a good wash in salt water, and walked briskly round the deck a few times to get an appetite for breakfast. Breakfast consisted of a hot roll buttered, and one pint of coffee. Our passengers were people from almost all countries, each speaking their own native language, each dressed in their native costumes. Most of them passed the time smoking their long and curious pipes. We had fair winds, so that we went on gallantly. At nine o'clock we sighted the Irish coast, and saw here and there a lighthouse to mark dangerous rocks. We could see farm-houses, and fields stretching for miles away inland. Very soon we came in sight of Queenstown harbour, and the boatswain gave the sailors orders to furl up all sail. I was delighted to see them climbing up the rigging like so many monkeys.

At half-past eleven we were in the harbour. The Irish women came on board, selling oranges and such like things. We took

200 or 300 passengers here, also some fresh water. The steam ship, *City of New York* was in the harbour, and we both set out together. The harbour is a fine one, and well worth visiting. On our return we passed Spike Island, where transports are confined. We saw some getting gravel, others harnessed to carts drawing it about—all guarded by soldiers. We were soon out of sight of land again, and now began to have a little rough weather. The vessel began to roll and toss very bad, so that the people, with very few exceptions, began to be sick. I went on very well until six o'clock, when I felt a little sick; but after being sick, I was able to eat a good supper. The weather was intensely cold, and we had to walk about briskly to keep ourselves warm. We had not much room for exercise, as there were about 1250 souls on board. We passed the time as pleasantly as we could under the circumstances. Nothing of any importance occurred until Saturday, when the wind blew quite a gale, and the vessel, large as it was, was tossed to and fro on the troubled sea until we were not able to sit or stand without holding. I had often wished to see a storm at sea, and I saw one to my heart's content that day. The storm kept increasing in its fury, and most of the passengers were much terrified. The boxes and tins, and everything that was loose, were rolling about, causing great confusion. Some of the passengers were knocked down, and hurt severely; one man had his arm broken; another his foot scalded whilst carrying hot soup. At night, when we lay in our bunks, we were rolling on the top of each other. Some were crying, some praying, others swearing. Many thought the sailors were going to lower the boats, and dare not go to sleep, but stood in readiness. A man who was sleeping near me heard some chains rattling in the night, and he ran on deck thinking we were going down. A storm at sea is a terrible thing—waves rolling mountains high, crested with white foam, and quite frequently they came completely over the vessel. I was wet through often. The weather continued much the same until the morning of the 9th, when the storm subsided altogether.

Soon after this, we had the alarming news of sickness on board, and two of our fellow passengers were committed to a watery grave. I was very much impressed by the funeral, which takes place very soon after death. As soon as life is extinct, the sailors come down below, bringing some canvass, twine, and a needle with them; and when they have sewed the bodies in the

canvass, they fasten a piece of iron to the feet of the dead, so that they may sink : then placing the bodies on a board, with the English colours for a pall, they carry them up and place them on the bulwarks. The captain reads the funeral service, and when he says, "Commit their bodies to the deep," they are hauled overboard. The doctor told us the sickness which had broken out was the cholera, which threw all the passengers into great fear. It kept increasing fearfully, and the terror which prevailed on board caused it to be much worse. In a little while we had quite a number of funerals every day, which was very depressing to all on board—sometimes there being so many as seven persons thrown overboard at once. Both passengers and crew were alike as to infection of the fatal disease. The steerage passengers are divided as follows : the single men are in the fore part of the ship, and single women and families aft. Each part is provided with a small compartment where the food is given out. In consequence of sickness being on board, these compartments were used as hospitals, and for a few days our food went in as usual ; but we made complaints to the captain, who altered the arrangements. As the disease was so very contagious, (?) the sailors would not undertake the duty of sewing up the corpses unless they were intoxicated ; and then they would be cursing, swearing, and sometimes fighting whilst doing their solemn duty, and all this in sight of the other poor creatures, who were expecting the same treatment in a few hours at most. More than this, our medical man was in liquor nearly all the time, and many of the people got so excited, and seemed to lose all control over themselves, that they took to drinking hard to drown all sense of their danger. I could see them burying those who but two or three hours before had been conversing with, and who were to all appearance as well in health as I was. It was a critical time, especially as we were imprisoned with this fatal disease. I was determined to take good care of myself by having plenty of fresh air, and was on deck early in the morning and until late in the evening. If I awoke in the night, there was nothing to be heard but the moans of the dying, or the sailors sewing up the dead ; if I went on deck, there lay the dead that had died in the night, waiting until the captain arose to bury them. My pen would fail me if I were to attempt to describe the heart-rending scenes that took place during this sad period : parents weeping for their children, wives for husbands, and husbands for wives. Days and nights

passed on without much alteration. Through the mercy and goodness of our heavenly Father, I was kept from harm, even in the midst of dreadful pestilence. It led me to examine myself strictly, and to ask myself the question, "Am I prepared, should I be called to die?" I was led to say, "Thy will be done." I found great consolation in reading God's word, and in opening my heart to Him in prayer. I made the acquaintance of a young man, a Baptist, who came from Bedfordshire, and we each wrote the direction of his parents, so that if one died and one of us were saved, we should be able to send his luggage home, with the sad news to his parents; but through the goodness of God we were both saved.

Early on the morning of the 18th we thought we were getting near land, as we saw many vessels going to and fro. About nine o'clock we saw a little sail boat coming towards us, a pilot boat as it turned out, and we signalled that we wanted a pilot. The boat then came near us, and we greeted the pilot with loud cheers. We were about fifty miles from port, and very busy cleaning up the ship, the sailors furling the sails and putting everything to the best advantage. In a few hours we had the pleasure of seeing the new world, as it is called. Entering New York harbour, we all climbed into the most prominent parts of the ship to refresh our eyes with a sight of this beautiful harbour and the scenery around, which was very grateful to us after being so long shut up with nothing to see but ocean and sky. There was one thing that cast a gloom upon us: that was, when we had to hoist the yellow flag as a signal of sickness. We dropped anchor in the bay between Staten Island and Long Island, and some doctors came on board, who did not stay long. We had to stay where we were anchored until further notice. We were just in sight of the city, but about seven miles distant. Being so near shore, we were not allowed to bury our dead in the water, so they were put in a boat at the stern of the ship. We waited anxiously until about nine or ten o'clock next day, and then we fired off a cannon, as a signal for the doctors. In a short time they returned, giving us orders to go down to Lower Quarantine, which is about twelve miles seaward. There we anchored, and the sick were taken off to a hospital ship, the *Falcon*, always kept there for emergencies. They had every comfort; but more continued to fall sick, and some died whilst being removed. On Saturday the *Illinois*, an American transport vessel, came down,

nd on Sunday morning we began to be removed on to her in small boats. This was before breakfast; but I stayed until the last boat, and had time to get a good breakfast. The others were without food all day, as the *Illinois* was all in confusion. There were any quantity of blankets, sheets, pillows, and bed ticks, also quantity of straw to fill them with, but this article had grown scarce by the time I got there, and by gaining breakfast I lost my traw. But with the people being so long without food, many all sick, which cost some their lives. When we did get some food, I was appointed passengers' steward; but the people became so furious I was glad to give up the post, and leave them to wait upon themselves. I went down to my bunk until the confusion should be over; and a few of us found a cask of coarse sugar, and for want of something better we ate heartily of sea biscuits and sugar.

The sickness was still raging, but the victims were removed to the hospital as they were attacked. I was appointed officers' steward, and began to be pretty comfortable. We had fresh provisions daily from the city, and some had friends who sent them a few extras. We had music, singing, and dancing, and some got gambling, and lost all their money. In about fourteen days the cabin passengers went ashore, and by this time the *Virginia* was thoroughly cleaned; and for the purpose of getting some of the passengers on her again, they told them that they would sooner go on shore than the passengers on the *Illinois*, but when they got them there, there were no beds or any comforts whatever. We now had orders to stay twenty-one days after the last case of sickness. About fourteen days after the removal of the passengers back to the *Virginia*, the vessel was ordered to port, but not to take any of her passengers; and they brought another vessel to put them on to, which so provoked the passengers that they refused to go. They detained the vessel a few days, and had to bring two steam-boats with a force of water police, all armed, and force them off. We all went in together on Wednesday the 30th May, with the exception of the convalescent passengers, who stayed on board the *Saratoga* for a few days. It was with very great pleasure and thankfulness to God I found myself on land once more. In my next I will send word how I found things on shore.

Poetry.

CHRIST'S CONDESCENSION.

"A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench
—*Isaiah xli*

WHEN evening choirs their praises hymned
In Zion's courts of old,
The high priest walked his rounds and trimmed
The shining lamps of gold;
And if perchance one flame burned low,
With fresh oil vainly drenched,
He cleansed it from the socket,—so
The smoking flax was quenched.

But Thou who walkest, Priest Most High,
Thy golden lamps among,
What things are weak and near to die
Thou makest fresh and strong.
Thou breathest on the trembling spark,
That else would soon expire,
And straight it shoots up through the dark,
A brilliant spear of fire!

The shepherd, resting in the shade,
Amid his flock at noon,
On reedy pipe sweet music made,
In many a pastoral tune;
But if perchance the reed were crushed,
And could not more be used,—
Its mellow music marred and hushed,—
He brake it when so bruised.

But Thou, Good Shepherd, who dost feed
Thy flock in pastures green,
Thou dost not break the bruised reed
That sorely crushed hath been:
The heart that dumb in anguish lies,
Or yields but notes of woe,
Thou dost retune to harmonies
More sweet than angels know.

Lord, once my love was all ablaze,
But now it burns so dim!
My life was praise, but now my days
Make a poor broken hymn.
Yet ne'er by Thee am I forgot,
But helped in sorest need;
The smoking flax Thou quenchest not,
Nor break'st the bruised reed.

Anecdotes and Selections.

HAPPY EVERY DAY.—When you rise in the morning, form the resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily e. A left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving,—will do it. And when you are young, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. Look at the result. You send one person, only one, happily through the day; that is, three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year. I suppose you live forty years after you commence that course of beneficence, you have made 14,600 beings happy, at all events, for a time.

LOVE, FAITH, HOPE, AND GRACE.—There is one thing with which no man ought never to be content. That thing is a little religion, a little hope, a little faith, and a little grace. Let us never sit down satisfied with a little of these things. On the contrary, let us seek them more and more. When Alexander the Great visited the Greek philosopher, Aristotle, he asked him if there was anything that he could give him. He got this short answer, "I want nothing but that you should stand between me and the sun." Let the spirit of that answer run through our religion. One thing there is which should never satisfy us, content us, and that is, "anything that stands between our souls and Christ."—*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

THE DOCTRINE OF ATONEMENT.—The blessed doctrine of the atonement of Christ runs like a golden thread through the whole of religion. It unites the several parts of it in a sweet harmony, and casts a lustre over them all. It is a solid foundation on which the vilest sinners may thus hope for acceptance with God when they turn to Him. It is a sufficient ground for their firm trust in Christ as a Saviour, and a reviving cordial against sinking in despair.

THE HAPPY COMBINATION.—There is nothing purer than truth, nothing sweeter than charity, nothing warmer than love, nothing higher than virtue, and nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mind form the purest, sweetest, richest, brightest, holiest, and most enduring happiness. A study of Paul's advice to the Philippian Christians (Phil. iv. 8) will serve to beget and strengthen these graces in the soul.

'I'D GO TO HIM WITHOUT PUSHING.'—A Christian mother was once showing her little girl, about five years old, a picture representing Jesus holding an infant in His arms, while the mothers were pushing their children toward him. "There, Carrie," said her mother, "this is what I would have done for you if I had been there." "I wouldn't have pushed to Jesus," said little Carrie, with a beautiful and touching earnestness; "I'd go to Him without pushing."

ECCENTRIC PRAYER.—In a work entitled "English Eccentricities," recently published in London, may be found the following extempore prayer, attributed by the author to a certain Mr. Ward :—" Lord, thou knowest that I possess nine houses in the city of London, and that I have recently bought an estate in the county of Essex. Preserve, therefore, I pray thee, the two counties of Middlesex and Essex from fires and earthquakes, and as I have an hypothecated estate in Hertfordshire, look also in compassion upon that county; as to the other portions of the country, do as Thou wilt. Lord, consolidate the Royal Bank that it may honour its notes. Let all my debtors be or become honest men. Give a prosperous and speedy passage to the sloop 'Maid,' for the insurance of which I am responsible. Preserve me from robbers and brigands. Make all my servants faithful and devoted; that they may watch over my interests and relax not their diligence by day or by night."

The Fireside.

HOW TO SLEEP SOUND.

SQUIRE Jenkinson had a fine house, fine pleasure grounds, and a handsome carriage drawn by beautiful horses. His table was supplied with every luxury, but still Squire Jenkinson could get no rest. Sometimes he went to bed early, and sometimes he went to bed late, but whether early or late it was just the same. There was no rest for Squire Jenkinson. He applied to his friends, who told him to take exercise, and to drink an extra glass of grog before he went to bed. He applied to his doctor, and he gave him laudanum and opium; but in spite of exercise, and laudanum, and opium, no sound rest could be obtained. At last he consulted Thomas Perrins, his gardener. Now Thomas Perrins was a humble Christian, and well knew that his master feared not God; that he was unjust, and cruel, and oppressed the widow and the fatherless, and that his conscience troubled him; so Thomas told him that old Gilbert Powel, who lived hard by on the waste land, always slept famously, but that perhaps he wore a different kind of night-cap. Mistaking the meaning of Thomas, away went Squire Jenkinson, who was, as I have said, a weak-minded man, with one of his best night-caps in his pocket, to exchange it for that of Gilbert Powel. He soon got his cap, and had it washed and aired; and when night came he went to bed in good spirits, hoping to have a comfortable night's sleep: but no! though he put it on in all shapes, and placed himself in all postures, Squire Jenkinson could get no rest. As soon as the sun rose, he hastened to the cottage on the waste land, to know how Gilbert Powel had rested; when Gilbert told

him that he had never had a better night's rest in all his life, and was quite delighted with his new night-cap. Perplexed and cast down, Squire Jenkinson then went once more to his gardener, to tell him of the ill-success which had attended his plan of borrowing the night-cap of Gilbert, Powel. "It cannot be Gilbert's cap," said he, "which makes him sleep so soundly, for he wore one of mine, and he tells me he never had a more comfortable cap in his life." "Ay, master," said Thomas Perrins, shaking his head significantly, as he leaned on his spade; "but to my knowledge he wears another cap besides the one you gave him—the cap of a *good conscience*—and he who wears that is sure to sleep well."

The Penny Post Box.

ADVICE TO PREVENT INFECTIOUS DISEASES AMONGST THE POOR.

LET your doors and windows be kept open in the day; if you have not a window in the back part of your house, make one; have them so hung as to be easily opened; have a chimney with a good draught, so as to encourage a free current of air through your house.

Remove dung and putrid matter from before and behind your houses, as the vapour and smell proceeding from them (called "Malaria") has been found by physicians to generate infectious fever.

Do not by any means indulge in the use of spirituous or other fermented liquors, as intemperance in their use will, to a certainty, render you more susceptible of contagion.

Attention should be paid to have the bowels kept daily open, but not too free, and if necessary, some gentle aperient medicine should be occasionally made use of for this purpose.

Whitewash your walls inside and outside with lime slacked in the house, and while it continues hot and bubbling; let this be done once a month while fever is prevalent.

If fever attacks your family, as soon as the calamity is removed by recovery, or by death, employ the above means as soon as possible; burn the straw of the beds; put all the clothes of the house into cold water, or into a strong solution of chloride of lime—one ounce to a quart of water—wring them out and wash them in hot water, soap, and pot-ashes; let every box, drawer, chest, or cupboard, be emptied and washed, and let the floor under the patient's bed be strewn with lime fresh slacked and hot. Let no person upon recovery go into a neighbour's house, nor into any public place of worship for fourteen days.

A strict adherence to this plan constitutes the sole means of removing the chief cause which generates Typhus Fever, viz., the fœtid

smell (called "Malaria") exhaled from animal and vegetable substance in a state of putrid fermentation.

REMEMBER!—That cleanliness and good air will improve your health and strength, will check disease, and UNDER GOD will preserve you from all the variety of wretchedness and misery occasioned by Intestinal Fever.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

It is reckoned that there are upwards of one thousand million inhabitants in the whole world.

In Europe there are three hundred millions; in Asia, seven hundred millions; in Africa, sixty millions; in America, seventy millions; and in Oceania, twenty millions.

No animal can endure the same differences of climate as man.

The height of mountains is reckoned from the sea-level; when many mountains are united at their base, and their general direction is the same, they are called *chains*; when the width of mountain ranges is as great as the length, they are called groups.

Plains have different names in different countries. In North America great plains are called savannahs or prairies; in South America, llanos or pampas.

The Pacific Ocean occupies more than half of the surface of the globe.

The basin of a river, is that part of the country drained by a river with all its tributaries; and the elevated land which divides one basin from another is called the watershed, or water parting.

Hints.

The love of money and the love of learning rarely meet.

Some had rather lose their friend than their jest.

Woe be to him that reads but one book.

A fair day in winter is the most of a storm.

You can never make a good start of a pig's tail.

A man of great memory with learning, hath a rock and a spindle and no stuff to spin.

The noise is often greater than nuts.

Ready money is a ready medicine. An idle youth, a needy age.

He that goes to bed thirsty rises healthy.

He that lives in hope, dances without music.

He that is surprised with the first frost feels it all the winter.

When all men have what belongs to them, it cannot be much.

The house is a fine house where good folks are in it.

We leave more to do when we do than we have done.

The great would have none great and the little all little.

Gems.

Better be a humble sinner than a haughty saint.

The humble are ignorant of their own humility.

He that breaks his will and yields is ascending; he that gives the rein to his passions, is falling.

Experience makes able men; the Cross, good Christians.

Bad companions are the wet nurse of the devil.

without the aid of a mirror no one
perceive his own face.
The sufferings of truth are but for
ment, the victory is for ever.
When Christians are slow of heart
believe how far this world has
ved from the truth.
Heaven is not *home*; but it is a
of quiet rest where the rough
are stayed. Such is "the Lord's-

7 fatigues the spirit: grief, like
, is salutary. It cools down the
by putting out its feverish fires.
be popular, it is not enough that
be a good talker; he must be
low thinker.

side in the low plain of thought,
he multitudes will throng you;
ascend to the mountain height of
thought, and your multitudes
e reduced to a few disciples.

Poetic Selections.

WAKING OF THE NEW LIFE.

had my tears of penitence
and sleepless eyes been falling;
and I heard the angel-voice
through my soul kept calling;
ght I watched the shapeless clouds
o'er my mind were rolling,
e clock's slow and measured tones
hour of twelve were tolling.

For the loved disciple's page
I my vigil keeping:
and mused, and read again,
e all the world were sleeping:
I mused, I felt a fire
in me gently glowing;
I sunk low, as drooping gales
ush of eve stop blowing.

juds that o'er my spirit hung
sweet and gentle warning;
hanged to white and purpling flakes
the dawn of morning;
en looked through the countenance,
ed in its sun-bright splendour,
a who o'er His saints of old
holy watch and tender.

His robe was white as flakes of snow
When through the air descending;
I saw the clouds beneath Him melt,
And rainbows o'er Him bending;
And then a voice—no, not a voice,—
A deep and calm revealing
Came through me like a vesper-strain
O'er tranquil waters stealing.

And ever since that countenance
Is on my pathway shining:
A sun from out a higher sky
Whose light knows no declining.
All day it falls upon my road,
And keeps my feet from straying;
And when at night I lay me down
I fall asleep while praying.

BE VALIANT FOR CHRIST AND HIS TRUTH.

A GAIN alphabetically in rhyme,
B ut not to the unconverted this time.
C hristians, for 'tis unto you I now call,
Desiring the kind attention of all:
E mmanuel your Prophet, Priest, and your
King,

Faithfully serve Him in everything;
G ave He you His word to guide you aright,
H ear and obey it with holy delight.
I f all would its rules obey without fail,
J ustice, harmony, and peace would prevail;
K nowing, beloved, that such ought to be,
L et, then, principle and practice agree—
M y Master and yours expects it, you see.
N e'er swerve from the truth to please the
best friends,

O r, even further, to serve your own ends.
P ut on, ye saints, the whole armour of God
Q uit you like men, as Christ's soldiers thus
should,

R emembering all who thus faithful are
found,

S hall one day with untold glory be crowned.
T hen, soldiers, fight on and never give o'er
U ntil your armour be wanted no more.
V erily, comrades, it cannot be long
W hen from the conflict shall join the bright
throng.

'X pectants, true to your Captain remain,
Y ield not to any, I say once again,
Z ealous be you for His honour. Amen.

J. C.

The Children's Corner.

THE BOY AND THE BUTTERFLY;

OR, "TURN NOT ASIDE AFTER VAIN THINGS WHICH CANNOT PROFIT

SEE how the boy, with eager eye,
Pursues that painted Butterfly !
Still chasing it from spray to spray,
Enamour'd with its colours gay !

In vain each artifice he tries
The cunning creature to surprise ;
It leads him on from flow'r to flower,
" A weary'd chase ! a wasted hour ! "

Now o'er the petals of a rose
His rustic hat, the idler throws,
Secure that he has won his prize—
When lo ! away the captive flies.

Now in the tulip's spacious vase
It makes a more emphatic pause ;
And thither the impatient boy
Runs forward with triumphant joy. .

And now the prize, so wildly sought,
With sudden grasp is rudely caught ;
The bloom from off the blossom brush'd !
The insect all to pieces crush'd !

Now hear it, in the pangs of death,
Thus moralise with dying breath,
And chide him for his wanton sport,
The ruin by his fingers wrought.

" Another time, vain child, beware,
And handle brittle things with care ;
For though oft pleasant in pursuit,
They yield us disappointing fruit.

Know, pleasures here are gilded flies,
Though drest in robes of brilliant dyes ;
Learn moderately to pursue,
Nor value things beyond their due.

Those joys are only worth our chase
That end in profit, not disgrace ;
Where we may reckon on our gains,
A full reward for all our pains."

—Ellen Robe

"HE TRUSTED ME."

was a placard on a window in a street of a great city, that A Boy Wanted," and a great many boys had been in to see it; but it was only morning, and the merchant who had it to be written had not yet come into town. So the staid, all hoping to get the situation, and each one expecting would be the great fortune.

From the rest was a boy whose face was sad and thoughtful—was a good face, clear and open, but that boy had just a term in the city bridewell. He had stolen a loaf of bread from a baker who employed him occasionally to run on—a hard, grasping, avaricious man, who had repeatedly punished him with derelictions from duty when he was innocent, and had no mercy on him when he was guilty.

His mother—his poor toiling, patient mother—the only true friend he had ever known, had died while he was in jail, and now he was free again, with the disgrace clinging to him, he felt alien from humanity.

When the boys were waiting, the bells sounded an alarm of fire, and they scampered off after the engine—all but the boy from the window who waited in a sort of dumb expectancy.

At last a gentleman drove up in a carriage, and stopped before the shop door. His horse was restive, and, as he was about to get out, he would have fallen, but the boy started forward, and caught the animal by his head, holding him firmly in one hand.

"Thank you, my boy," said the gentleman, "that's for your trouble;" and he handed him some loose change, which the boy

didn't want, "hasn't no trouble," he said, and was turning away.

"Thank you," said the gentleman; "have you been in there?" pointing to the shop in whose window the placard was.

"Yes, sir; the gentleman that wants a boy hasn't come down." "Well, I am the gentleman. Suppose you come in with me; I like to talk with you. Do you want a place to make yourself generally useful?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, "but"—and then his courage failed. He did not say he had been in jail.

"HE TRUSTED ME."

"Come into the office," said the merchant; and he passed through the long store, with its row of important-looking clerks, into a small apartment where several men were busy writing. They looked up a moment, bowed to their employer, and, resuming their writing, were deaf to all other sights and sounds.

"Sit down," said the merchant kindly, "and tell me your name and age."

"John Dawson—age fourteen."

"And now, John, where did you live last?"

There was a long silence—a long struggle in John's breast, when he answered, as calmly as he could,

"In Jail."

The merchant started as if a pistol exploded before him. For a moment he was too surprised to speak. He was no type of a thief or rogue—this fair, frank-looking boy. There was no villainously low forehead, no round, cropped head, no leer in the blue eyes—yet he was a jail-boy.

"What were you convicted of?" he asked at length.

And John Dawson told him the whole sorrowful story of his sick mother, and his long struggles with want, and temptation, and sin; how at last he stole the loaf of bread, when they were too poor to buy food and fuel, and must have both.

"O, sir," he went on, "that baker was such a hard man. He never trusted me; he accused me of stealing when I had never touched a pin, and I believe was glad when I did fall; but if you will only trust me, I will never deceive you, sir, or lay my hand on anything that is not mine."

Mr. Blake, the merchant, thought long and deeply. There was a chance to save a soul from ruin; he might not succeed, but if the boy had a trial and turned out well, how great a work would be accomplished. He thought of his own little son at home, surrounded by love and virtue, and that decided him.

"I will trust you," he said firmly. "You will have plenty of chances to steal even if you are watched, but I shall not watch you. If you deceive me, you ruin your own soul and offend your God. You say your mother was a Christian; for her sake do right, and you will find a virtuous life bring its own reward. Dare to do right, dare to be firm in the cause of virtue, and your own conscience will approve, and your Father in heaven will smile upon you. Now you can begin, and I will give you twelve shillings a week, which will pay your board and clothe you if you

POETRY.

nomical. Now carry this package to the express office, let me see how smart and punctual you can be."

Then John went out with the bundle under his arm, he met other boys, who had returned from the fire. They were much grieved at John's good luck, and one cried out, "Did you mean you had been to jail?" And another said, "Don't steal again." But John kept bravely on, undisturbed by their

He trusted me," he said to himself. "I shall pray every day to be kept out of temptation, for if I miss this time, I shall hardly come out right again."

For two years John Dawson faithfully served Mr. Blake, and once did he deviate from the straight path of duty. Then he went to a business college, and after he got through there he did business for himself and prospered well.

He found time always to attend the noon prayer meetings which were daily held by a religious association in the town where he lived. Once he told the history of his life, and how Mr. Blake saved him from temptation and sin, "because," he ended his story, "he trusted me."

Then an elderly man arose, a stranger, and with much agitation, "I thank God for this hour. One soul saved through the lightens every cross, and makes even my crown grow brighter. He has trusted me, even as I trusted the boy who had been wrong."

Poetry.

GIVE ME THY HEART.

With echoing steps the worshippers
Departed one by one;
The organ's pealing voice was stilled,
The vesper hymn was done;
The shadows fell from roof and arch,
Dim was the incensed air,
One lamp alone, with trembling ray,
Told of the Presence there!

In the dark church she knelt alone;
Her tears were falling fast;
"Help, Lord," she cried, "the shades of death
Upon my soul are cast!"

Have I not shunned the path of sin,
And chosen the better part?"
What voice came through the sacred air?
"My child, give me thy heart!"

"Have I not laid before thy shrine
My wealth, O Lord?" she cried;
"Have I kept aught of gems or gold
To minister to pride?
Have I not bade youth's joys retire,
And vain delights depart?
But sad and tender was the voice,—
"My child, give me thy heart."

Have I not, Lord, gone day by day
Where Thy poor children dwell;
And carried help, and gold, and food?
O Lord, thou knowest it well!
From many a house, from many a soul,
My hand bids care depart;"
More sad, more tender was the voice,—
"My child, give me thy heart!"

"Have I not worn my strength away
With fast and penance sore?
Have I not watched and wept," she cried;
"Did Thy dear saints do more?
Have I not gained Thy grace, O Lord,
And won in heaven my part?"
It echoed louder in her soul,—
"My child, give me thy heart!"

For I have loved thee with a love
No mortal heart can show;
A love so deep, my saints in heaven
Its depths can never know;
When pierced and wounded on the Cross,
Man's sin and doom were mine,
I loved thee with undying love
Immortal and divine!

I loved thee ere the skies were spread;
My soul bears all thy pains;
To gain thy love my sacred heart
In earthly shrines remains;
Vain are thy offerings, vain thy sighs,
Without one gift divine;
Give it, my child, thy heart to me,
And it shall rest in mine!"

In awe she listened, and the shade
Passed from her soul away;
In a low and trembling voice she cried,—
"Lord, help me to obey!"

ANECDOTES AND SELECTIONS.

Break Thou the chains of earth, O Lord,
That bind and hold my heart;
Let it be Thine, and Thine alone,
Let none with Thee have part.

Send from above Thy sacred fire !
Consume and cleanse the sin
That lingers still within its depths ;
Let heavenly love begin—
That sacred flame Thy saints have known,
Kindle, O Lord, in me ;
Thou above all the rest henceforth,
And all the rest in Thee !”

The blessing fell upon her soul ;
Her angel by her side
Knew that the hour of peace was come ;
The place was glorified ;
Shadows still fell from roof and arch,
Dim was the incensed air,—
But Peace went with her as she left
The sacred Presence there !

—*Adelaide A. Proctor.*

Anecdotes and Selections.

READERS AND WRITERS.—Reading without purpose is sauntering, exercise. More is got from one book on which the thought settles definite end in knowledge, than from libraries skimmed over by a winged eye. A cottage flower gives honey to the bee, a king's crown none to a butterfly. Youths who are destined for active life, or ambitious of distinction in such forms of literature as require exactness of invention or originality of thought, should avoid the habit of hasty study for many hours at a stretch. There is a point in all work of the intellect beyond which effort is only waste of strength. Ideas do not readily spring up within a weary brain ; and what exhausts the mind not only enfeebles its power, but narrows its range.

We often see men who have over-read at college entering life languidly, as if they were about to leave it. They have not learnt to cope with their own generation : for their own generation is young, and they have wasted the nervous energy which supplies the vigor of war to youth, in its contest for fame or fortune. Study regularity, at settled hours. Those in the forenoon are the best, and can be secured. The man who has acquired the habit of study, and who for only one hour every day in the year, and keeps to the one thing studied till it is mastered, will be startled to see the way he has

made at the end of the twelvemonth. He is seldom overworked who can contrive to be in advance of his work. If you have three weeks before you to learn something which a man of average quickness could learn in a week, learn it the first week, and not the third. Business despatched is business well done, but business hurried is business ill done. In learning what others have thought, it is well to keep in practice the power to think for one's self; when an author has added to your knowledge, pause and consider if you can add nothing to his. Be not contented to have learned a problem by heart; try and deduce from it a corollary not in the book. Spare no pains in collecting details before you generalize; but it is only when details are generalized that a truth is grasped. The tendency to generalize is universal with all men who achieve great success, whether in art, literature, or action. The habit of generalizing, though at first gained with care and caution, secures, by practice, a comprehensiveness of judgment and a promptitude of decision which seem to the crowd like intuitions of genius. And, indeed, nothing more distinguishes the man of genius from the mere man of talent, than the facility of generalizing the various details, each of which demands the aptitude of a special talent; but all of which can be only gathered into a whole by the grasp of a mind which may have no special aptitude for any.

MENTAL ACTIVITY.—If the water runneth, it holdeth clear, sweet, and fresh; but stagnation turneth it into a noisome puddle. If the air be fanned by winds, it is pure and wholesome; but from being shut up, it groweth thick and putrid. If metals be employed, they abide smooth and splendid; but lay them up, and they soon contract rust. If the earth is laboured with culture, it yieldeth corn; but, lying neglected, it will be overgrown with bushes and thistles, and the better its soil is the ranker weeds it will produce. All nature is upheld in its being, order and shape, by constant agitation: every creature is incessantly employed in action conformably to its designed use. In like manner, the preservation and improvement of our faculties depend on their constant exercise; to it God hath annexed the best and most desirable reward—success to our undertakings, wealth, honour, wisdom, virtue, salvation—all which, as they flow from God's bounty, and depend on His blessing, so from Him they are usually conveyed to us through our industry, as the ordinary channel and instrument of attaining them.—*Barrow*.

YOUR NAME IN THE BIBLE.—The Dutch farmers in Africa have held the black natives in great contempt, the same as the planters once despised their slaves. As one of these farmers was riding out one day, he saw one of these blacks sitting by the roadside reading. Checking his horse, he jeeringly asked, "What book have you got there?"—"The Bible," replied the Hottentot.—"The Bible! Why, that book was never intended for you."—"Indeed it was," replied the black, confidently, "for I see my name here."—"Your name! Where?"

sked the farmer, getting off his horse; show it to me."—"There!" said the poor fellow, putting his finger on the word sinners (1 Tim. i. 5); "There! sinners! that's my name. I am a sinner—so that means me."

HISTORY OF FEMALE SUFFRAGE.—Mrs. Stanton, in a recent address on this topic, gave the following history of female suffrage:—"So long as political power was absolute and hereditary, woman shared it with man by birth. In Hungary, and some provinces of France and Germany, women, holding this inherited right, confer their right of franchise on their husbands. In 1858, in the old town of Upsal, the authorities granted suffrage to fifty women holding real estate, and to thirty-one doing business in their own name. The representative their votes elected was to sit in the House of Burgesses. In Ireland, the Court of the Queen's Bench, Dublin, restored to women in 1864 the old right of voting for town commissioners. In 1864, too, the government of Moravia decided that all women who were tax-payers had the right to vote. In Canada, in 1850, an electoral privilege was conferred on women, in the hope that the Protestant might balance the Roman Catholic power in the school system. 'I lived,' said a friend of mine, 'where I saw this right exercised for four years by female property holders, and never heard the most cultivated man, even Lord Algin, object to its results.' Women vote in Austria, Australia, Holland, and Sweden on property qualifications. There is a bill before the British Parliament, presented by John Stuart Mill, asking for household suffrage, accompanied by a petition from 11,000 of the best educated women in England."

ONE MINUTE TOO LATE.—The bell tolled, the cables were loosed, and the boat set sail. We had scarcely cleared the dock, when I saw a man addressing one of the boatmen very earnestly, and I drew near that I might know the cause. The first words that fell upon my ears were these: "Can't you put me ashore? I must go ashore; I will pay you to put me ashore." "I cannot tell," replied the boatman, "you must go to the captain." So the man went to the captain, and besought him to put him ashore. But the reply was, "No, you had plenty of time to get on shore while the bell was tolling; I cannot delay my passengers for one person; you must now be content to go with us." One minute too late, thought I, as I walked away from the scene. There was plenty of time for this man to leave the boat, and the bell tolled to warn him that he must leave, or be carried off; it is surely his own fault. Now he is compelled to go away from home and friends, and they know not where he is, or what has become of him. While reflecting on the conduct of this man, I could not avoid comparing the case with that of my fellow-creatures. All the impenitent are on board a vessel whose frail cords will soon be cut, and they are then launched on the boundless ocean of eternity. The gospel bell is tolling its solemn notes of warning, but oh! how many are one minute

THE FIRESIDE.

too late. "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart."

PATIENCE AND HAPPINESS.—Let patience have its perfect work, if you lose your patience you lose your happiness. The work of patience is the cause of passion. There cannot be passion where there is patience, and there cannot be peace where there is passion. Therefore value patience as you value happiness.

HABIT.—Habit is a cable. We weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it.

The Fireside.

THE HEAD TURNED ROUND.

A CRAZY man was found at a grindstone sharpening a large butcher's knife, and every now and then examined the edge to see if it was sharp.

"What are you doing here?"

"Don't you see? Sharpening this big knife."

"Yes, but what are you going to do with it when sharpened?"

"Cut old Ben Brown's head off, to be sure."

"What! you won't kill him, will you?"

"O no! I'll only cut his head off and stick it right on again, side before, just to let the old fellow look back upon his past life and would take him all the rest of his life to review."

What a queer idea the lunatic had in his head! And what were so, that every man when he reached a certain age had his head turned round, and was obliged to spend the rest of his days in reviewing his past life! Would'n't there be strange sights?

There goes a very old man, his face looking back, and what does he see? He sees a long life, full of mercies. He has outlived all who began life with him. He began, determined to be rich, and has saved, and earned, and denied himself and family, never away but the smallest sum, and been hard and unfeeling, correct in bargains,—and he is rich! There's no mistake about it. He is rich. But what does he see as he looks back? Why, he sees a multitude of small, mean tricks; he sees widows and orphans made hard after him; he sees the graves of all his sons who died in battle; he sees places where he just escaped human law; he sees an uncounted number of hard, grinding bargains; he sees the faces of men scowling after him, not one blessing him, not one giving thanks for what he ever lived. What works follow him! How would he like if his head could only be turned back, that he might look forward to his old life?

There comes another, with his head turned, and looking back over his shoulder. He is very feeble, and it is plain that in a very few weeks he will

THE PENNY POST BOX.

What does he see? He sees how he was once a poor working boy,—how hard he worked, summer and winter, to get money. He became very rich. Who has such a house as he, such wealth as he, such horses as he? Why, he is one of the richest men in all the region. Money, money, was his god. He sought no other, knew no other. How he moved among the rich men, a kind of prince. But ah! he sees that he has been living for himself, on a poor scale, and that life to him has been a miserable failure. He has spent it without God. He has known nothing of a Saviour. He has laid up treasures only for this world. How barren the path in which he has been walking now looks to him! Not one single vision in all the past life now looks pleasant. Poor, rich, pitied, envied man! he sees his way in the valley, and knows what he has done.

O fashionable, dress-loving Mrs. Flash! Is your head so turned round, too, that you see your past life? What a multitude of dresses, and curls, and ribbons, and high shoes, and low shoes, and nick-nacks of every name, fill the path behind you! Who are that great company of pale, bent, coughing, and half-starving females who are looking after you? O, I see! They are the poor seamstresses and sewing girls who made all your dresses, and whom you screwed down to the last cent, and then perhaps made them wait for their pittance. You rode to balls, and parties, and theatres, and operas in a splendid carriage, and often brushed by these starving ones on your way. You see poor widows, feeble and weary, working all night for you to feed their little ones, and you never gave them a thought or a passing look of pity. O Mrs. Flash! you are looking back on a fashionable race you have been running, with diamonds and jewels, with great parties and other indulgences, but where, O where! is all the past? Do you see anything but a hard-hearted race of fashion, without one good purpose of life, or one deed done for God? Poor mortal! you only did as others did, but if your face is really turned so as to see the past, you have a poor vision.

How many of us would dread to have our face turned round so as to be compelled to see our past life! And what a joy if we could look back and see that only which our heavenly Father would approve!

The Penny Post Box.

EVERY NATION HAS ITS "GAIT."

THE travellers who visit the field of Waterloo are accustomed to enter their names in a register. The book has been kept for many years by the same person, and with wonderful accuracy he is able to designate the visitor's nationality by simply inspecting the handwriting.

FACTS, HINTS, GEMS, AND POETRY.

Much more easily can the profession or nation be detected by means of the gait. The grave Spaniard; the phlegmatic Dutchman; the vivacious and sanguine Frenchman; the reserved and formal Briton; the inquisitive, impetuous, self-confident American—each betrays the national trait in his style of walking. The sailor rolls, as if our trim planet sailed unsteadily. The soldier marches, even when no longer upon duty. The sycophant bends the knee, as if every man he meets were a prince. The lawyer steps boldly and patronizingly. The clergyman abstractedly, as if the street were his study; or cautiously, as if mindful of guns and pitfalls spread out for the feet of the unwary. The waiting clerk is known for his bows and graceful effrontery. We distinguish a coxcomb by the careful manner in which he picks his way along the street; a watchman by his heavy, measured tramp. Students saunter, school-girls trip, doctors hurry, hunters stride, teamsters trudge, gossips gad, market-women bustle, boatmen shuffle, ghosts stalk, aldermen waddle.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

There are three million nine hundred thousand square miles in Europe.

The highest mountain in Europe is Mont Blanc (Mount White). It is fifteen thousand seven hundred and thirty feet high. The next highest is Mont Rosa.

The largest river in Europe is the Volga. It is ten times as long as the Thames; and flows over two thousand one hundred miles.

The two active volcanoes in Europe are Vesuvius, near Naples, which is nearly four thousand feet high; and Etna, in Sicily, which is nearly eleven thousand feet high.

The largest lake in Europe is Ladoga. It covers six thousand three hundred square miles.

As we travel toward the extreme north of Europe the trees dwindle in size until they are mere shrubs. The

dwarf willow, which is found farthest north, is so diminutive that, it is said, seven perfect trees may be laid on two of these pages.

Hints.

The mill that is always grinding grinds coarse and fine together.

A voluntary burden is no burden.

Gifts are the givers.

There is no pleasure but pays, and all the more if it cost nothing.

He who can't do it always wants to do it.

Hobby-horses are more costly than Arab-horses.

To change a habit is like death.

If I rest I rust.

The fly sat on the axle of the chariot, and said, "What a dust I raise!"

He that has no wife chastises her well; he that has no children rears them well.

FACTS, HINTS, GEMS, AND POETRY.

Luther's shoes will not fit
sh priest.
better praises his pot, and
re if it be cracked.
es not feel three hundred
mother's back.
's care hangs by a hair.
is so open-handed as he
othing to give.
t does amiss never lacks

Gems.

od takes from us it is always
se.
fruit is sweeter than green
age sweeter than youth;
the youth were grafted into

st is with us, our joys and
ses will not hurt us.
is the robe of holiness:
holiness the more beauty.
for quality; the devil for
quantity.

riely Christians were called
y the pagans, and cast to the
s for the same. Learn that
have a very bad name, and
very good company.
wer of God is the power of

es of reason are the eyes of
nd the eyes of nature can-
at which is beyond or above
Reason sees from nature to
with sees from God to God.
ate simplicity and plain
is, lest under your fair seem-
ide a hypocrite.

Poetic Selections.

COME UNTO ME.

weary? Art thou languid?
u sore distressed?
ne," saith one, "and coming,
at rest."

marks to lead me to Him
e my Guide?

"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear!"

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past!"

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away!"

Tending, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, martyrs, prophets, pilgrims,
Answer, Yes!"

THERE COMES A TIME.

THERE comes a time when we grow old,
And like a sunset down the sea,
Slope gradual, and the night wind cold
Comes whispering sad and chillingly;
And locks are gray
As winter's day,
And eyes of saddest blue behold
The leaves all weary drift away,
And lips of faded coral say,
"There comes a time when we grow old."

There comes a time when joyous hearts,
Which leap as leaps the laughing main,
Are dead to all save memory,
As prisoner in his dungeon chain;
And dawn of day
Hath passed away,
The moon hath into darkness rolled,
And by the embers, wan and gray,
I hear a voice in whisper say,
"There comes a time when we grow old."

There comes a time when manhood's prime
Is shrouded in the mist of years.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

And beauty, fading like a dream,
Hath passed away in silent tears ;
And then how dark !
But O, the spark
That kindled youth to hues of gold,
Still burns with clear and steady ray,
And fond affections, lingering, say,
"There comes a time when we grow old."

There comes a time when laughing Spring
And golden Summer cease to be ;
And we put on the Autumn robe
To tread the last declivity ;
But now the slope,
With rosy Hope,
Beyond the sunset we behold,
Another dawn with fairer light ;
While watchers whisper through the
night,
"There is a time when we grow old."

DEAR SAVIOUR.

I HEARD a voice, the sweetest voice
That mortal ever heard ;
O ! how it made my heart rejoice,
And every feeling stirred !
'Twas Jesus spoke to me so mild,
He called me to His side,

And said, although with heart
I might in Him confide.

I saw His face, the fairest face
That mortal ever saw ;
I longed the Saviour to embrace
From Him new life to draw.
"Come unto me," He kindly said
"And I will give thee rest ;
The ransomed price I fully paid
Repent ! believe ! be blest !"

I felt His love, the strongest love
That mortal ever felt ;
O ! how it drew my soul above
And made my hard heart me
My burden at His feet I laid,
I felt the joy of heaven,
As in my willing ear he said
The blessed word, "*Forgive!*"

Dear Saviour, let me ever sing
Thy praise while I have breath
Each night and morn my tribu
Until I sleep in death ;
And then my soul, beyond the
Shall join with sweet acclaim
With all the ransomed throng
To praise Messiah's name.

The Children's Corner.

CLEON AND I.

CLEON hath a million acres—
Ne'er a one have I ;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace—
In a cottage I ;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes—
Not a penny I ;
But the poorer of the twain, is
Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres,
But the landscape I ;
Half the charms to me it yieldeth
Money cannot buy :
Cleon harbours sloth and dullness,
Freshening vigour I ;
He in velvet, I in fustian,
Richer far am I

Cleon is a slave to grandeur—
Free as thought am I ;
Cleon fees a score of doctors—
Need of none have I ;
Wealth-surrounded, care-envi
Cleon fears to die ;
Death may come, he'll find me
Happier far am I.

Cleon sees no charm in nature
In a daisy I ;
Cleon hears no anthems ringin
In the sea and sky.
Nature sings to me for ever,
Earnest listener I :
State for state, with all attend
Who would change ?—Not I

A NIGHT RIDE IN A BALLOON.

HODSMAN, who has just made an extraordinary aerial voyage from Dublin to Westmoreland, has sent an account of it to newspapers. He tried to descend at Clontarf, a few miles from Dublin, but was driven over Howth and out to sea. It was evident that the balloon was drifting across the channel towards the English coast. We now give Mr. Hodsman's words:—"The first thing that struck me was to drop the grapnel to the full extent, 120 feet; this acted as a guide to the distance the balloon might be kept above the surface of the water, it being dark, and by placing one hand on the rope the effect of the grapnel striking the water was distinctly felt. Every time the grapnel struck the water, a couple of handfuls of sand were blown out; and to this plan alone I owe my own preservation and success. The ballast taken was thirty-five stone. For three hours this plan was carried out, and there came on the most driving and merciless rain I ever saw or felt. My hands became numb, and I was drenched to the skin. I now began to perceive my position more acutely. However, I determined I would not give up until all the ballast and moveables were gone. The rain was making the balloon heavier every moment, and the ballast was thrown out more freely till about ten o'clock. When the fatigue overcame me I fell into a stupor for a few moments. By that time the balloon had descended within six feet of the water, and instantly out went 128lbs. of ballast. The effect of this was, the balloon rose to an altitude of a mile entirely through the clouds, and there the moon shone brilliantly; and in this position I remained about a quarter of an hour. Everything now became calm; no longer the hum of the ocean or the rain—all was still; but whether the sea still raged beneath was unknown. As the balloon descended, it was evident a change had come over the scene—the rain had ceased, and the appearance of everything was of the darkest hue; whether it was an under stratum of dark clouds could not be known. Suddenly a glimmer of light was seen for a moment; then, with anxious eyes cast downward to perceive any object, at last small squares with darker margins were clearly visible. These appeared to be fields and hedges, but they appeared to vanish as quickly as objects passed when in a rail train. A town, afterwards proved to be Appleby, was at

THE MACHINERY GALLERY IN THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

last seen, and the sound of musical instruments heard. I then called out to know where I was, but the reply was unintelligible; they, however, saw it was a balloon. About two miles further the grapnel caught in a large oak tree, and held fast. This afterwards proved to be Dagla Wood, Dufton, Appleby, Westmoreland. I then called out lustily, and sounds of persons singing and playing music reached me. These proved to be four young men who were heard at Appleby, where they had been to a ball. They were natives of Dufton, and as they advanced nearer their native village my voice was heard. One of them, more bold than the rest, was sent forward to see if it was a 'bogle,' as they had heard of such things before. However, their fears were soon dispersed when the replies to their questions were answered satisfactorily. They at once set to work to pull the balloon out of the wood, and convey it to a field where it could be folded up. It was then three o'clock in the morning. These young musicians afterwards played a tune to the village, and many were the heads out of the windows to inquire the reason of such an unusual proceeding. When it became known that a balloon had come from Dublin, hundreds came as early as six o'clock to see this curious balloon, and many were the inquiries to know how a man could come from Dublin in 'sic a thing as that.' I, however, shall never forget their kindness; many were the breakfasts prepared for me, and I was positively pressed to eat two."

THE MACHINERY GALLERY IN THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

THE machinery gallery may now be said to be fairly completed, and a very busy scene it is. The rattle and roar of the countless engines and machines, the whirring of spindles, the whizzing of circular saws and planes, and the occasional thumping of steam hammers, keep up a noise that is almost bewildering. The most interesting portion of the gallery is the French manufacturing department, where everything is now in working order. The following trades are among those represented:—fringe making, braid making, wood carving, artificial flowers, hair flowers, feather preparing, ivory turning, cork cutting, envelope folding, *match making*, hair nets, fans, lithography, meerschaum pipes, *morocco bags* and purses, cheap jewellery, turning, basket-work,

THE MACHINERY GALLERY IN THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

mba, opera glasses, and diamond cutting. Round all these all the crowd is always thick. In the English department ere are three pumps at work—Williamson's (Kendal) turbine imp, and Bastien's patent chain pump, both of which lift very nsiderable streams of water; and Gwynne's centrifugal pump, rich pours out a really respectable river. In steam engines ere are many excellent pieces of machinery in various parts of e building; but for a high rate of speed, with extreme steadiness of work, there is nothing to compare to Allen's engine, ade by the Whitworth Company. This engine, which has a linder of a foot diameter and two-foot stroke, works at the traordinary speed of 200 revolutions a minute. Worked with pressure of 50lb. of steam to the inch, it would exercise a power ual to 125 horses. The Italian portion of the machinery partment is now complete, and consists principally in what mericans would call "notions." An ingenious inventor exhibits highly explosive petroleum oil, which he proposes shall be aced in a small pump in the bow of the vessel, and discharged a stream of liquid fire upon an enemy when at close quarters. nother exhibitor shows a model of an ingenious but rather mbrous stair, which at ordinary times lies flat upon a truck, it which can, in case of fire, be brought to the side of a house, id in two minutes elevated to a height of seventy feet. There e several silk spinning machines, and a portable closet with numerable little pigeon-holes in which to place silk worms hen they are ready to begin to spin, and which can be taken to eces in five minutes and packed away when not in use. A achbuilder exhibits a carriage omnibus, which can be made to an open vehicle at pleasure. The Austrian machinery partment is also nearly complete, and there is a very large mber of exceedingly interesting models and apparatus contributed by their Minister of War. Among them are models of nnon, muskets, and swords, with apparatus for testing the tter. Torpedoes for harbour defences, with batteries to explode em; and an excellent system of day and night signalling for oops. Upon a wall near are drawings of a very light system of ilway bridge, call the Ruppert system. One of them is a bridge ver a mountain pass of great height, and of a space of 530 feet, r a double line of rails. Its weight is ten tons per yard forward, and its cost £154,000. Another is of a very imposing rk to be executed on the Belgrade Railway, which is to be

THE MACHINERY GALLERY IN THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

extended to the Persian Gulf. It is a bridge across the Bosphorus, in three spans, with a clear waterway of 1742 feet, and a height sufficient for the largest vessel to pass under. The cost is estimated at £540,000. This bridge at present exists upon paper. Near this is a model of a tent to be composed of six military cloaks. The objection to it, however, is that the cloaks, instead of being of the ordinary form, are in the shape of very long blankets, with a hole in the middle for the head, a portion falling behind and the other in front of the wearer, and buttoned up at the sides. They are furnished with hoods, and would perhaps be comfortable, but would certainly not have military appearance. The great drawback to the tents would be that, as they are composed of the cloaks of the men, in case a portion of the six who inhabit them being called on duty, they would either have to go out without cloaks, or would be compelled to destroy the tent to get them, and leave their companions unprotected. In the British department a very powerful boring apparatus for tunneling in rock is exhibited by Capt Beaumont. It consists of a powerful cylinder placed horizontally upon a rail carriage. To the piston of this cylinder is attached a very strong iron circle, the size of the hole to be bored, and from this project a number of boring tools, which, as the piston is driven forward by the steam, strike with great force against the face of the rock. At the same time the iron circle or wheel upon which they are placed revolves very slowly, so that the tools gradually work away a circular indentation upon the face of the rock. At the same time a larger borer placed in the centre works a hole of the same depth. When the indentation is of the required depth of three or four feet, the machine is run back, the central hole charged with powder, and the mass will be shivered by the explosion. There are several objections to the use of this machine in its present shape which would suggest themselves to a practical engineer, the principal being the necessity of the face of the rock to be worked upon being smooth, or at least nearly so. A much smaller machine for the same purpose is exhibited in the American gallery, and one which is much more likely to come into general use in works of ordinary dimensions. It consists of a small cylinder, working either by steam or compressed air, and driving a crank to which is attached the boring instrument, which revolves at a very great rapidity. This tool is to be kept against the face of the rock to be bored by hydraulic

POETRY.

ire. The boring rod is of the ordinary thickness of this
of instrument, but instead of being sharpened at the end it
and is studded with uncut diamonds. These diamonds,
d against the rock and revolving with great rapidity, will
hole through the hardest stone in an astonishingly short

A stream of water is of course kept flowing down the
to keep it cool, and wash away the dust as fast as formed.

Poetry.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.*

O LONELY bay of Trinity !
O dreary shores give ear !
Lean down unto the white-lipped sea
The voice of God to hear !

From world to world His couriers fly,
Thought-winged and shod with fire ;
The angel of His stormy sky
Rides down the sunken wire.

What saith the herald of the Lord ?
" The world's long strife is done ;
Close wedded by that mystic cord,
Its continents are one.

And one in heart, as one in blood,
Shall all her peoples be ;
The hands of human brotherhood
Are clasped beneath the sea.

Through Orient seas, o'er Afric's plain,
And Asian mountains borne,
The vigour of the Northern brain
Shall nerve the world outworn.

From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
Shall thrill the magic thread ;
The new Prometheus steals once more
The fire that wakes the dead."

ing the rare gems of poetry which sparkle on every page of Whittier's new
"The Tent on the Beach," there are few finer things than this outburst of won-
der and prophecy, which signalized the successful laying of the telegraphic
cable across the Atlantic. If the Quaker bard had written nothing else he would have
won a title to a place among the masters of song.

ANECDOTES AND SELECTIONS.

Throb on, strong pulse of thunder ! beat
From answering beach to beach ;
Fuse nations in thy kindly heat,
And melt the chains of each !

Wild terror of the sky above,
Glide tamed and dumb below !
Bear gently, Ocean's carrier-dove,
Thy errands to and fro.

Weave on, swift shuttle of the Lord,
Beneath the deep so far,
The bridal robe of earth's accord,
The funeral shroud of war !

For lo ! the fall of Ocean's wall !
Space mocked and time outrun ;
And round the world the thought of all
Is as the thought of one !

The poles unite, the zones agree,
The tongues of striving cease ;
As on the Sea of Galilee
The Christ is whispering, Peace !

Anecdotes and Selections.

EYE-SIGHT.—Milton's blindness was the result of over-work dyspepsia. One of the most eminent American divines has for time been compelled to forego the pleasure of reading, has thousands of dollars in vain, and lost years of time, in consequence getting up several hours before day and studying by artificial light. His eyes will never get well. Multitudes of men and women made their eyes weak for life by the too free use of the eye-sight reading small print and doing fine sewing. In view of these things it is well to observe the following rules in the use of the eyes :—all sudden changes between light and darkness. Never begin to read or write, or sew, for several minutes after coming from darkness into bright light. Never read by twilight, or moonlight, or on a cloudy day. Never read or sew directly in front of the light window, or door. It is better to have the light fall from the window obliquely over the left shoulder. Never sleep so that on first waking the eyes shall open on the light of a window. Do not use the light by night so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate. Much light creates a glare, and pains and confuses the sight. *moment you are sensible of an effort to distinguish, that moment stop and take a walk or ride.* As the sky is blue, and the earth green

uld seem that the ceiling should be of a bluish tinge, and the carpet
en, and the walls of some mellow tint. The moment you are
tinctively prompted to rub the eyes, that moment cease using them.
he eyelids are glued together on waking up, do not forcibly open
m, but apply the saliva with the finger—it is the speediest dilutant
he world; then wash the eyes and face in warm water.—*Hall's*
Journal of Health.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM.—The Rev. N. C. Burt, writing home from
ne, speaks thus of the attendance at the Catholic churches:—
here seems to be very little reverence given here to the God of our
vation; but to the bones of saints, to the wood of the 'true cross,'
the handkerchief with which the brow of Christ was wiped, to the
e in the ground where was fixed the cross on which Peter suffered,
images and pictures of the Virgin, &c., abundant homage is given.
this capital of the Roman Catholic religion, this home of the Popes,
h three hundred and eighty churches, the mass of the people, be-
id question, are ignorant of the first principles of the Gospel, and
as truly heathen as were the Romans in the days of Augustus
sar. As to the ordinary week-day services, even in St. Peter's,
y fail to secure the attendance of any but the performers. Vespers
ve been celebrated twice when I have been present—once with the
sic of organ and choir. And these only drew aside from sight-
ing, for a moment, two or three French soldiers, and as many other
sitors. In one church after another, which I have entered, at the
ur of evening service, I would find the staff of priests all by them-
selves, howling away as if leading the devotions of a thousand people.
is a rare thing to see any one at the numerous confessionals. In all,
have seen probably six or eight women—never once a man. On the
bbath, when I saw the Pope at St. Peter's—said to be the anniver-
ry of the dedication of the church, and the services attended with
e exhibition of some precious relics—there were only about three
ndred persons present, of whom about one hundred were ecclesiast-
s and guards, one hundred strangers, and one hundred Romans."

MUSIC A STIMULANT TO MENTAL EXERTION.—Alfieri often, before
wrote, prepared his mind by listening to music: "Almost all my
gedies were sketched in my mind either in the act of hearing music
a few hours after"—a circumstance which has been recorded of
ny others. Lord Bacon had music played in the room adjoining his
dy; Milton listened to his organ for his solemn inspirations; and
sic was even necessary to Warburton. The symphonies which
oke in the poet sublime emotions might have composed the inven-
e mind of the great critic in the visions of his theoretical mysteries.
celebrated French preacher, Bourdaloue or Massillon, was once
nd playing on a violin, to screw his mind up to the pitch, prepara-
y to his sermon, which, within a short interval, he was to preach
ore the court. Curran's favourite mode of meditation was with his

THE FIRESIDE.

violin in his hand; for hours together he would forget himself, running voluntaries over the strings, while his imagination, in collecting its tones, was opening all his faculties for the coming emergency at the bar.—*Disraeli on the Literary Character.*

SELF-EXAMINATION.—Do you love God, and have you shewn it by obeying His will? Do you love Jesus; is He your teacher and guide? Are you daily endeavouring to be mild, gentle, humble, and resigned like him? Do you love the worship of God's house, and the company of those who are truly desirous to be Christians? Are you prayerful, humble, ready to do good, and willing to communicate? Are you striving to be better, daily endeavouring to overcome your temper, your pride, and your worldly desires? If you can answer in the affirmative, then you have great cause for gratitude, and should still look to Him who alone can enable you to continue faithful to the end.—*Fred. T. Gray.*

PRAYER.—Prayer draws all the Christian graces into its focus. It draws Charity, with her lovely train; Repentance, with her holy sorrows; Faith, with her elevated eyes; Hope, with her grasped anchor; Beneficence, with her open hands; Zeal, looking far and wide to bless; and Humility, looking at home.—*Hannah More.*

The Fireside.

FAULT-FINDING.

CHILDREN are more hurt by indiscriminate, thoughtless fault-finding than by any other one thing. Often a child has all the sensitiveness and all the susceptibility of a grown person, added to the faults of childhood. Nothing about him is right yet; he is immature and faulty at all points, and everybody feels at perfect liberty to criticise him from right to left, above and below, till he takes refuge in callous hardness, or irritable moroseness.

A bright, noisy boy rushes in from school, eager to tell his mother something he has on his heart, and Number One cries out—"O, you've left the door open! I do wish you wouldn't always leave the door open! And do look at the mud on your shoes! How many times must I tell you to wipe your feet?" "Now, there, you have thrown your cap on the sofa again. When will you learn to hang it up?" "Don't put your slate there; that isn't the place for it." "How dirty your hands are! what have you been doing?" "Don't sit on that chair; you'll break the springs, bouncin'." "Mercy! how your hair looks! Do you go upstairs and comb it." "There! if you haven't torn the bed-

THE PENNY POST BOX.

your coat! Dear me, what a boy!" "Don't speak so loud; your voice goes through my head." "I want to know, Jim, if it was you that broke up that barrel that I have been saving for brown flour?" "I believe it was you, Jim, that hacked the side of my razor." "Jim's been writing at my desk, and blotted three sheets of the best paper."

Now the question is—if any of the grown people of the family had run the gauntlet of a string of criticisms on themselves, equally true to those that salute the unlucky Jim, would they be any better-versed about it than he is? No: but they are grown-up people; they have rights that others are bound to respect. Everybody cannot tell them exactly what he thinks about everything they do. If every body did, would there not be terrible revelations?—*Mrs. Stowe.*

The Penny Post Box.

CONQUERING THE DEVIL.

One night at a late hour, Dr. Bentley was disturbed at his studies by a rattling sound among some wood, which, sawed and split, had been taken by the teamster the afternoon previous, too late to be properly used. He arose, went cautiously to the window, and saw a woman filling her apron with wood, which she hastily carried away. He resumed his seat, and commenced his study. Shortly after, the same scene occurred; and on looking out a second time he saw a similar operation—the woman filling her great apron to the utmost limits of its capacity. When she had gone, he returned to his book with tenderness in his heart for a destitution which sought relief in this lonely, solitary, not to say sinful, manner.

By-and-bye he was startled by a heavy crash of falling wood, and, springing up to the window, beheld the poor woman casting the very last of the wood from her apron. He remained motionless, his gentle heart filled with commiseration. She swiftly departed, and soon returned heavily laden with the wood, which she threw on the pile as it were the "accursed thing."

The doctor's compassion and curiosity were now intensely excited. He followed her retreating figure till he discovered her residence, and thus ascertained who she was. What she was was no mystery to him. The last hour had shown him her virtue's lofty height. He called early the next morning on Mr. B——, the wood dealer, and directed him to send half a cord of his best wood, sawed and split, to Mrs. ———, at by no means to let her know from whom it came—which was daily promised. Mr. B——'s teamster, who happened to be within

ear-shot, though out of sight, was not so bound, and, when he tipped the wood into the poor widow's yard, replied to her eager inquiry, who had sent it, by relating the conversation he had overheard.

The conscience-stricken mother, feeling that her sin and repentance, in the lonely darkness of that midnight hour, were known and understood by another heart beside her own, hastened without delay to the house of the benevolent man, to express her gratitude and her sorrow, and with deep humility and bitterness told him the temptation to which her extreme poverty had reduced her, of breaking the eighth commandment.

"Though my house was dark and cold, though my heart was wrung with anguish at the sight of my poor, shivering little ones, I could not keep it; my conscience would not let me."

"Say no more, my dear madam," said the good man. "I saw you conquer the devil in two fair fights."

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

England is four hundred and twenty miles long, and three hundred and sixty miles broad. This also includes Wales.

Scotland is two hundred and eighty miles long, and one hundred and seventy-five miles broad.

There are more inhabitants in London alone than in all Scotland.

The Thames drains the southern part of England, the Trent the central part, the Ouse Yorkshire, and the Severn central Wales and some parts of the western counties of England.

The principal mountain ranges of England are the Northern, the Cambrian, and the Devonian.

There are forty counties in England, twelve in Wales, thirty-three in Scotland, and thirty-two in Ireland.

Half the English counties are inland; many of the Scotch counties are made up of detached portions a considerable distance from each other, and vary greatly in size. Inverness

is ninety-one times larger than Clackmannan.

Hints.

It is more pain to do nothing than something.

It is easier to build two chimneys than to maintain one.

The ignorant hath an eagle's wing and an owl's eye.

The wife is the key of the house.
Death keeps no calendar.

Life is half spent before we know what it is.

He that marries late, marries ill.

The house is a fine house when good folks are in it.

He that learns a trade hath a purchase made.

When all men have what belongs to them it cannot be much.

Stay awhile, that we may make an end the sooner.

No hair so small but hath its shadow.

Two sparrows on one ear of corn make an ill agreement.

An idle youth, a needy age.

Gems.

The Devil never assails a man except he find him either void of knowledge or of the fear of God.

A week filled up with selfishness, and the Sabbath stuffed full of religious exercises, will make a good parisee, but a poor Christian.

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern we were weaving when the sun went down, is weaving when it comes up to-morrow.

Men who neglect Christ, and try to win heaven through some moralities, are like sailors at sea in a storm who all come at the bowsprit, and some the mainmast, but never touch the helm.

In this world it is not what we *take*, but what we *give up*, that makes us rich.

God builds for every sinner, if he will but come back, a highway of golden promises from the depths of degradation and sin right up to the father's house.

God pardons like a mother, who sees the offence into everlasting forgiveness.

Poetic Selections.

DISCIPLINED BY TRIAL.

WHAT, many times, I musing asked, is man,
If grief and care
Keep far from him! he knows not what can,
What cannot bear.

e, till the fire hath purged him, doth re-
Mixed all with dross: [main
lack the loving discipline of pain
Were endless loss.

et, when my Lord did ask me on what side
I were content,
he grief, whereby I must be purified,
To me was sent,

as each imagined anguish did appear,
Each withering bliss
Before my soul, I cried, "O spare me here!
O no, not this!"

Like one that having need of, deep within,
The surgeon's knife,
Would hardly bear that it should graze the
Though for his life. [skin,

Nay then; but He, who best doth under-
Both what we need [stand
And what can bear, did take my case in
Nor crying heed. [hand,

AN HOUR WITH GOD.

LORD, what a change within us one short
hour

Spent in Thy presence will prevail to
make,—

What heavy burdens from our bosoms
take,—

What parched grounds refresh, as with a
shower!

We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and
clear.

We kneel, how weak! we rise, how full of
power!

Why, therefore, should we do ourselves
this wrong,

Or others, that we are not always strong,—
That we are ever overcome with care,—

That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled,—when with us is
prayer,

And joy and strength and courage are
with Thee! —R. C. Trench.

WORDS.

PRUNE thou thy words, the thoughts con-
trol

That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade.

—Lyra Apostolica.

The Children's Corner.

HOW A LITTLE BOY HURT HIMSELF.

"PLEASE do my sum for me, Caroline," said a round-faced boy to his sister, one afternoon, as he held up his slate for her inspection.

"You have begun wrong," said Caroline. "You should have commenced with the right hand column, not the left."

"Well, you do it for me," pleaded Albert.

"I would if I didn't want to hurt you," rejoined his sister.

"Hurt me doing my sums? Ha! ha! I should like to be hurt that way every day. Come, do my sum, there's a dear, good sister, do."

"No, I can't do it. I love you too well. If you don't learn to help yourself over the hard places and things you meet, you will be a dunce and a weakling all the days of your life. Come, rub out those two figures on the left, and begin to subtract the right column. One from three, how many remain?"

"I won't tell you. You're a great big lump of ugliness. I don't like you one bit. I'll go and get Tom to help me."

With these big, swelling, naughty words, Albert ran off in a pet to his brother Tom's room. Tom was bought with a few marbles to do the sum, and thus Albert hurt himself.

Yes, *hurt himself*: hurt his *mind*, helped to break down his own nerve and spirit to overcome difficulties. Of course, if Albert always *treats* himself in this way he will be a dunce in learning, a weakling in mind, and a coward in soul. He may live to be one hundred years old, he will never be a real man. If you know any other way to become strong and useful than by bravely facing the music of hard study and hard work, I would like to hear from you.

There is no other way. If boys and girls want to be worth anything to themselves or any one else, they must learn to help themselves. By overcoming difficulties they become strong. Crying, whining, and getting helped over all the hard places, they become pigmies, nothings, boobies, babies, and very often something worse even than that.

LETTER FROM GENOA.

From Paris we came by railroad direct to Marseilles. The change of climate and scenery made in this brief period was most marked and pleasant. From the cloudy, misty, smoky, illiy atmosphere in which we had been for the previous month, we emerged at once into the mild, sunny, fragrant air of May or June at home. Fruit trees on every side were in full bloom—the apple, pear, peach, cherry, &c. We passed through an extensive grape district, the hills terraced to the top and planted with vines; also numerous groves of mulberry, olive, almond, and some cypress and fig trees.

Marseilles is a large maritime port on the gulf of Lyons. The harbour is sufficient for 1200 ships, although the entrance is so narrow as to admit but one ship at a time. We visited the fine public gardens, laid out in beautiful beds of flowers of every hue, the walks lined with shade and ornamental trees. Then by the head cut in the rock we had a good view of the harbour, and from a lofty tower on a hill a commanding prospect of the city and adjacent country. The population of this city is more mixed than any we have noticed before. Its proximity to Africa, from which it is separated only by the Mediterranean, and the subjugation of Algiers by the French, tend, of course, to this result. It is a place of large trade and commerce.

From Marseilles to Nice we passed through a pleasant country, irrigated and mostly fertile. Groves of olive, almond, orange, fig, &c., abound, especially the former. Being now in the latitude of the countries described in Scripture, we are forcibly reminded of familiar passages, as Habakkuk iii. 17; Isaiah v. 1. Also the distaff in the hands of the women, as mentioned in Proverbs xxxi. 19. Near Nice we entered a large grove of orange trees richly laden with their golden harvest, from which we picked and ate as we passed. We imagined, at least, that the orange never tasted so good before. Lemon trees loaded with fruit are also abundant. The fig trees are more backward, the leaves being yet small, and the figs in most cases but just appearing under them. It seems very odd to see mountains but twenty-five miles back white with snow, with the trees in bloom round us, or the fruit now ripening; green peas, new potatoes, and other common vegetables on the tables.

LETTER FROM GENOA.

We spent several days in Nice, a city of much resort, especially in winter, on account of the mildness and salubrity of the climate, and facilities for sea-bathing. It has numerous large hotels; and villas, castles, towers, &c., on the hills and mountains around. An hour's ride by boat brings us to Monacco, said to be the oldest and smallest kingdom in the world, the present prince dating his descent back to the tenth century. It has a palace furnished in full royal style, a harbour, ships, newspaper, fortress, &c., though containing in all but about 1200 inhabitants. The English church at Nice is large and well filled, and we were happy to hear the evangelical doctrines faithfully proclaimed in it on the Sabbath.

The ride from Nice to Genoa, by the Corniche road, though occupying us three days, well paid for the time and labour. Most of the way the Alps jut out a bold and rugged front over the sea, and the road is cut into and winds along their lofty sides. Now you go up continuously for miles,—anon the mountains are far above you, almost perpendicular, and descend as precipitously below, the road being cut spirally in the rock. Then you descend to a beautiful valley or plain among the hills. Every few miles you find villages often at great elevations, reminding you of the illustration, Matthew v. 14—"A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid." The streets of these are usually extremely narrow, the buildings high and old, with walls which once surrounded these places, portions of them being frequently seen. At Nice we were shown the house in which Garibaldi was born; and near Genoa, the birth-place of Christopher Columbus. By the way, while admiring the monument to the latter in Genoa, we could but wish that America had one at least as good and as conspicuously erected to the memory of the heroic man to whom she owes so much.

We came to Genoa yesterday, and are making the best of our brief stay here. The harbour is a good one, and well filled with shipping. From a tower on one of the principal cathedrals we have a fine view of the city, harbour, and surrounding country. Part of the city is very ancient, and shows pretty plainly its antiquity, while the rest is new. We have visited three of the chief churches, and as many of the palaces. These are all richly adorned and furnished. The most splendid of the churches, as we are told, was built by one man. I cannot attempt to describe the numerous paintings, many of them from the best masters.

THE SINGING COBBLER OF HAMBURG.

representing scenes in sacred or classical history, mythology, portraits, landscapes. The royal palace, one of the residences of the Emperor Emmanuel, contains a fine portrait of the king, and also his father and mother; and among others an excellent painting of the resurrection of Lazarus, by Michael Angelo. The royal apartments are well furnished, though not so expensively as the palace of the prince of little Monacco. Hereafter I may have opportunity to give at length my impressions, as I shall take more time to visit some of the most attractive churches and places in other cities.

I should not omit to mention an excursion we made yesterday to the villa of a nobleman about seven miles from this place. It is owned and occupied by the Marquis Pallanigini, who has fitted it up at an expense of nearly a million of money. The gardens are very extensive and beautiful, the park is planted with laurel, India pines, and various tropical trees, and rare plants and flowers. Connected with the park and garden is an extensive mountain landscape, dotted with houses and gardens, of picturesque appearance. But the most interesting to the visitor is a grotto of stalactites, with its numerous subterranean, winding passages, an artificial lake, where by boat you are conveyed into the midst of cascades, temples, statuary, flowers, to a truly fairy scene. The guide is wont to treat his visitors to exciting sport by inviting them to a beautiful bower, which suddenly becomes a merry shower bath, and if you attempt to escape a jet of water meets you at every turn. One of the party is induced to take a swing in an easy chair, but is no sooner seated than he finds himself the centre of cross fires of water; and while the rest are laughing at the dilemma, they, too, find jets playing on them from every direction, and from which there is no escape. It is, however, but a trifling thing to you get, and richly enjoy, especially in a hot dusty day.

THE SINGING COBBLER OF HAMBURG.

On a fine summer's evening, whilst crowds of artisans passed through the streets of Hamburg on their way to hear the music

Altona, an old shoemaker, sitting under a shade before his door, was busily engaged with a shoe. He rested from his work, singing one of the most beautiful psalms in old German, scarcely

THE SINGING COBBLER OF HAMBURG.

lifting his eyes from the sole, which occupied his whole attention, and quite indifferent to the crowd that passed before him, when a young man stopped suddenly and addressed him—

"Well, my friend, you seem quite happy and contented." The speaker had the dress and appearance of a student. His marked features, his black eyes, his high nose and his dark complexion, showed that he belonged to the race of Abraham. The cobbler lifted his eyes, and answered cheerfully,

"Happy and contented I am in truth, sir; and why should I not be so?"

"I don't know, but all are not as you. Your poverty might distress you. I suppose you have only to provide for yourself."

"You are mistaken there, sir," he answered; "I have to feed a wife and seven children with the work of these hands. I am a poor man, it is true, but with all that you see I can sing and do my work."

"I must confess," said the young man, "that I am very much surprised to see a poor workman like you so contented with his lot."

"Stranger," said the cobbler, putting down his work, and taking hold of his arm with a solemn look and a grave and serious expression, "stranger, I am not so poor as you think. You must know, I am a son of the *King*."

The student turned his head and went away, saying to himself, "The poor man is evidently mad! It is his madness that makes him so happy. Reality is but a dream to him, and the dream is reality. I thought I should hear from him the secret of his happiness, but I have lost my time."

A week passed by, and the young student having again occasion to pass the same street, found the cobbler sitting on the same place, still occupied with his soles, and singing as cheerfully as before. The young man, in passing, lifted his hat with a sneering salutation, exclaiming, "Good morning, Mr. Prince."

"Stop, my friend," said the cobbler, putting down his work, "a word of explanation, if you please. You only left me so suddenly the other evening because you thought I was mad."

"I must say I believed it," answered the other.

"Well, my friend, I am not mad. What I have said, I have said in earnest. I am a son of the *King*. Would you like to hear a song on my royalty? I will just sing one."

The young man did not doubt that to accept the offer would afford him some amusement, and great satisfaction to the poor man, and he therefore asked him to sing. The cobbler began to sing a hymn on this verse—"Thy kingdom come." When he finished, he asked the young man if he had understood it; but seemed still to be under his old impression.

"I must then," said the old cobbler, "explain to you in detail concerning the kingdom of Christ and the glory of the King."

He began, then, with the Divine promise made in the beginning, at the banishment from Paradise, that the seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent. He showed him his promise, increasing in light from age to age throughout the prophecies, revealing always with clearer evidence the Redeemer's kingdom. He showed him how all things which are written in the law of Moses, in the Prophets, and in the Psalms, about Jesus Christ, have been fulfilled. How it behooved Christ to suffer these things and enter into glory. How all power in heaven and earth was committed to him, and how he actually established a kingdom which shall never be destroyed, and abiding in holy fellowship Jews and Gentiles. And, with eyes brimming with hope and love, he showed the young man, in language which the depth of his feelings made eloquent, how the subject of this glorious kingdom is a child of God, an heir, a first heir with Christ the King; and how he shall reign with him for ever and ever.

"Now," said the cobbler, taking the hand of the young Jewish student, who sat beside him, and whose whole mind was filled with things he heard for the first time in his life, about the old promises made to his forefathers; "now, young man, don't you see how I could say, 'I am a son of the King,' and why I am happy and contented? It is because I know Jesus. I believe in Him, and I love Him. And it is the Word that tells me that all things are mine, whether life or death, or things present or things to come; all are mine, because I am Christ's."

Then, looking the young Israelite in the face, the old Christian said—

"Believest thou the prophets? I know that thou dost; because I see by thy features that thou descendest from those who believed in the prophets. Then, my son, if you believe in the prophets, you must believe in Him about whom the prophets have spoken."

POETRY.

The young man listened in silence. Strange thoughts crossed his mind. At length he timidly asked this question—

“Where may I learn more of these things, because I see that you believe, and that you have peace? O that I might have it also, for as yet I do not possess it!”

“Here,” said the old man, handing him a volume of the Holy Scriptures, “in this book you must read attentively at home; and whilst you battle with the enemies of your soul, I shall, as Moses on the mount, pray for you without ceasing; and you shall also ask somebody to pray for you, somebody whom you don’t know yet, but who knows you, and who is greater than Moses, who is above all.”

The young Jew took the book, and pressing with gratitude the old man’s hand, took off his cap, and saluted him with respect.

The story does not end here, and it is not a fiction. The old shoemaker’s prayer was heard. The young Jew was converted to Christianity, and has since distinguished himself by his zeal and success as a missionary amongst his own people.

There are many lessons in this story, and here is one addressed to every reader. The cobbler’s joy is one everybody must find for himself. It is the sweetest thing there is under the sun, to partake in God’s work in the salvation of souls, and to enter into the joy of the Lord. A king cannot command this joy, and a beggar may find it. Riches cannot purchase it. This joy will follow us to heaven, and will be increased there by those whom we have been the means of leading to bliss.

Poetry.

CHRIST OUR LIGHT AND LIFE.

O LOVE! O Life! our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one:
As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noon-day sun.

So to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;

ANECDOTES AND SELECTIONS.

But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way!

The homage that we render Thee
Is still our Father's own;
Nor jealous claim nor rivalry
Divides the Cross and Throne.

To do Thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds,
And simple trust can find Thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.

No pride of self Thy service hath,
No place for me and mine;
Our human strength is weakness, death
Our life, apart from Thine.

Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labour vainly done;
The solemn shadow of Thy Cross
Is better than the sun.

Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from Thee is hell,
To walk with Thee is heaven!

—J. G. Whittier.

Anecdotes and Selections.

BETTER, NOT THE BITTER END.—A Gloucester fisherman tell the editor of the *London Times* that a ship's cable has two ends. The end which is attached to the anchor suffers or less in use,—is gradually rotted and worn perhaps. But the end, which is secured within the vessel, remains as sound as it was made,—and in the nautical phrase of two hundred years past, has been as “the better end.” When in a gale a vessel has out all her cable, her cable has run out to “the better end.” Then the tug, of course, and then it is decided whether the storm will do much for the cable or the cable too much for the storm. The word is properly used, therefore, to designate a crisis, or the moment of extremity. The “extremity” of the cable, in fact, is its “better end.” As long ago as Robinson Crusoe's first voyage, when that storm struck them in Yarmouth Roads, he says, “We rode two anchors ahead, and the cables veered out to the “better end.” A phrase which is nearly without meaning has crept even into *lipit*, which talks in extremity of the “bitter end.”

SIR WALTER SCOTT AT SCHOOL.—On one occasion a stupid who was making a mess of his lesson, was asked what part of *sj* "with" was. "A substantive," he replied; on which the n asked the head of the class if *with* was ever a substantive! All silent till it came to Scott, who was near the bottom of the class, readily replied by quoting a verse from the Book of Judges, 'Samson said unto Delilah, if they bind me with seven green that were never dried, then shall I be weak and be as another! Up went Walter to the top, and he deserved to, for his readiness for his knowledge of Scripture. But at another time he succeeded a manner not so creditable, and this story he relates himself: "I was a boy in my class at school who stood always at the top, nor I, with all my efforts, supplant him. Day came after day, and I kept his place, do what I would; till at length I observed that a question was asked him, he always fumbled with his fingers at a ticular button on the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove therefore, became expedient in my eyes; and in an evil moment was removed with a knife. Great was my anxiety to know the secret of my measure, and it succeeded too well. When the boy was questioned, his fingers sought again for the button, but it was not found. In his distress he looked down for it—it was to be seen more than to be felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place; nor did he ever recover it, or ever, I believe, suspect that I was the author of his wrong. Often in after life has the sight smote me as I passed by him; and often have I resolved to make some reparation; but it ended in good resolutions."

COMMUNION OF SAINTS.—Individual experience is always narrow and narrow. It partakes more or less of our idiosyncrasies. spiritual communion within our own pale alone is apt to leave some of the tinge of the sect. It is good, therefore, at times to go out and mingle with those of different names and ways. It is pleasant to recognize the family likeness among those we were not thinking near akin. Our little souls swell to see how large our Father's is. In spite of that stiffness of the vocal organs which make us say *shibboleth* when we ought to say *shibboleth*, it limbers us soon to feel that after all we are one family, and that saints above and below but one communion make. If we now see each other through glass darkly, and mistake each other sometimes, we shall see by and by face to face, and gaze with a glad glow of soul on the unlikeness—a likeness sweetly blending and harmonizing with the varied individuality—to him "who is the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person." What loving awe will be ours, then, amid the all-encompassing, entrancing and forming radiance of the heavenly vision! Would that we might sing glad songs together somewhat more than we do in the house of pilgrimage.

THE FIRESIDE.

FOR MAN'S WISH.—I asked a student what three things he wished. He said, "Give me books, health, and quiet, and I care nothing more." I asked a miser, and he cried, "Money—money—money." I asked a pauper, and he faintly said, "Bread—bread—bread." I asked a drunkard, and he called loudly for strong drink. I the multitude around me, and they lifted up a confused cry, when I heard the words, "wealth, fame, pleasure." I asked a poor man who had long borne the character of an experienced Christian, and he said that all his wishes might be met in Christ. He spoke simply, and I asked him to explain. He said, "I greatly desire three things: first, that I be found *in* Christ; secondly, that I may be *with* Christ; thirdly, that I may be *with* Christ." I have thought much of this answer, and the more I think of it, the wiser it seems.

WHEN DEATH COMES we walk down in the valley of the shadows, and though we shall find there the shining footprints of the Saviour, confident that in due time the morning light of the resurrection shall break upon the spirit, and we shall be with God for ever.

WHATEVER YOU WANT, go to God by faith and prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ, and never think His delays are denials.

The Fireside.

A DEACON THAT DOES NOT PRAY IN HIS FAMILY.

NOT a deacon—an official member of the church of Christ—a dispenser of the sacred emblem of a Saviour's body and of a Saviour's blood; and yet *he does not pray in his family.*

He is a useful and highly respected citizen; he has filled various offices of public trust, and though gray hairs are beginning to sprinkle his temples, he has ever been not only above reproach, but even above suspicion: and yet *he does not pray in his family.*

He has a large and liberal heart; he supports the gospel at home and abroad; the widow finds in him a protector and the fatherless a guide: and yet *he does not pray in his family.*

He is a noble church member; his brethren honour him, and his praises him; his meek and blameless life is a standing recommendation of the religion of Jesus: and yet *he does not pray in his family.*

He is the fast friend of prayer meetings and Sabbath schools; except occasionally, his seat is never vacant when the saints meet together, and his voice is heard in earnest and humble supplication at a throne of Grace: and yet, *strange to say, he does not pray in his family.* It is at an anomaly in the history of Christianity is the case of our dear brother! How it weakens the pastor's hands, and saddens and

depresses the pastor's heart, that one, so unexceptionable in all things else, should be so remiss in this, and it so vastly important! Reader, does the above represent your case? If so, resolve, in God's strength, that it shall represent your case no longer.

The Penny Post Box.

WORK.

Two men I honour, and no third. First, the toilworn Craftsman that with earth-made Implement labouriously conquers the Earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard Hand; crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Sceptre of this Planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a Man living manlike. O, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly-entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed: thou wert our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee too lays god-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labour; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on: *thou art in thy duty*, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

A second man I honour, and still more highly: him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the Bread of Life. Is not he too in his duty; endeavouring towards inward Harmony; revealing this by act, or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavour are one: when we can name him Artist; not earthly Craftsman only, but inspired Thinker, who with heaven-made Implement conquers Heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we may have Food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he may have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality?—These two, in all their degrees, I honour: all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whithersoever it listeth.

Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimar in this world know I nothing than a Peasant Saint, could such now anywhere be met with. *Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendour of heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of earth, like a light shining in great darkness.*—Carlyle.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

Why and chronology are the story.

Remember dates, fix upon some one, and reckon from it, backwards.

Example: here are two—the Armada, 1588; the English year, 1688.

Reign of Queen Elizabeth before the years before the destruction of the Spanish Armada, and continued years after.

Queen Elizabeth's reign the great men died, Roger John Calvin, John Knox, Edmund Spenser, Torquato Tasso, Ed-

ward. In the reign of Elizabeth and the reign of William and Mary the reign on the English throne.

That Puritan party flourished between the two epochs.

Reign of Elizabeth was conspicuous in literature; of James the first its pedantry; of Charles the first its civil war, issuing in the Commonwealth; Charles the Second, the reign of Uniformity and licence; and James the Second, preparing the way for the Revolution.

Hints.

What is bad is, nought must be the

rest of all upon one nail.

Who will not hear must feel.

Who builds according to another's rule will have a crooked house. Only at the tree laden with the people throw stones.

Men are measured by their deeds and great men by their words.

There is a good many shovelfuls of error in the truth.

Be silent, or say something that is better than silence.

It is always the worst wheel that creaks.

He that threatens wastes his anger.

Eggs are close things, but the chicks come out at last.

Poverty is the sixth sense.

Gems.

Child of God, pray on. By prayer thy hand can touch the stars, thy arm stretches up to heaven.

The holier the child of God becomes, the more he pants for the perfect image and blissful presence of Jesus.

We are saved by grace, but we shall be tried by works.

Love weaves chains that are tougher than iron, and yet softer than silk.

They who would live like Jesus must look to Jesus.

Conversion, while it restores God to the heart, restores reason to her throne.

The Gospel is indigenous to no country, and yet belongs to all.

Would you be holy? learn to be humble.

If Christ died for all, then he died for you.

Poetic Selections.

THE TRUE SERVICE.

OUR Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,

What may Thy service be?—

Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,

But simply following Thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,

We pile no graven stone;

He serves Thee best who loveth most

His brothers and Thy own.

Thy litanies, sweet offices

Of love and gratitude;

Thy sacramental liturgies,

The joy of doing good.

In vain shall waves of incense drift

The vaulted nave around,

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

In vain the minster turret lift
Its brazen weights of sound.
The heart must ring the Christmas bells,
Thy inward altars raise;
Its faith and hope Thy canticles,
And its obedience praise!

—Whittier.

A SABBATH HYMN.

O THOU whose courts of hallowed light
No human foot has pressed,
We see not in yon radiant height
The palace of Thy rest.

No zephyrs from Thy royal plains
Diffuse celestial balm,
Or waft to earth the wondrous strains
Of anthem or of psalm.

We hear no sound of waters free
Where saint and angel drink;
No rustle of the goodly tree
That sways beside the brink.

Yet even in this pilgrim land,
Across the dark, deep sea,
Full many a token from Thy hand
Allures our souls to Thee.

Thine the young morn, that up
Dances on golden feet;
Thine the calm noontide reignin'
And Thine the nightfall sweet

Thine is the music of the sea,
The melody of bird;
Thine the low-whispered harmo
Far in the forest heard.

But when from out the twilight
Steals in the Sabbath hour,
Methinks some mystic charm is
On sky, and field, and flower.

No brighter beams the eye of d
No softer falls the even,
But to our hearts they seem to
New words of hope and heav

Ah! is it not Thy blessings dew
Upon the holy time,
That all beneath it wears the h
Of an Elysian clime?

Thus, on the peace Thy Sabbath
O'er woodland, stream, and s
Our spirits stretch their eager
And fly, dear Lord, to Thee.

—Sabbath a

The Children's Corner.

A BEAUTIFUL LESSON.

SOME time ago a boy was discovered in the street, evidently int but sick. A man who had the feeling of kindness strongly de went to ask him what he was doing there.

"Waiting for God to come to me."

"What do you mean?" said the gentleman, touched by the tone of the answer of the boy, in whose eyes and flushed face the evidence of fever.

"God sent for mother and father and little brother," said h took them away to his home up in the sky; and mother told r she was sick that God would take care of me. I have no home, to give me anything; and so I came here, and have been lo long up in the sky for God to come and take care of me, as mot he would. He will come, won't he? Mother never told me a

"Yes, my lad," said the man, overcome with emotion, "he me to take care of you."

You should have seen his eyes flash, and the smile of triumph over his face as he said: "Mother never told me a lie, sir; have been so long on the way."

What a lesson of truth! and how this incident shows the never deceiving children with senseless tales.

HOW THEY MAKE SAINTS AT ROME.

It is said that the Papists have a "saint" for every day in the year. The Pope has just been making a fresh batch; and an Englishman who was present, gives the following account of the strange performance. As an illustration of the manner in which Papist "saints" are made, it will be read with curiosity:—

"It being a rule of the Roman Catholic Church not to canonise anybody who has been dead less than a couple of hundred years—there are exceptions, I know, but this is the rule—the twenty-five notabilities—twenty-three gentlemen and two ladies—who will be promoted on Saturday lived and flourished in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. All save one, Ste. Marie-Françoise, *alias* Gallo, a Neapolitan damsel born in 1715: she died in 1791, at the age of seventy-five, after a series of long and violent struggles with the devil, in the shape of an enormous dog! Another of the new members of the heavenly hierarchy is St. Joshaphat Kunccewitz, formerly (1614) Archimandrite of Vilna, in Russian Poland. Having burnt a good many people who did not share his religious opinions, retribution overtook him in the shape of drowning. Some agents of the schismatic Patriarch of Constantinople put him in the Dwina with a stone round his neck, and on this account—and to vex the Russians, against whom Pius IX. is very angry just now—he has been put first on the list. St. Peter d'Arbues, another of the chosen, was Inquisitor-General of Aragon in 1484, and was specially active in that capacity; accordingly a saint he will be after Saturday next. But this appointment has given great offence to the Roman Catholic clergy of Germany, who say that they don't think this is quite the age in which to canonise wholesale murderers like a Spanish Grand Inquisitor. The rest of the shortly-to-be-glorified company appear to have been insignificant people enough—an ordinary Frenchman or two—I somehow can't fancy a Frenchman's being made a saint—and a clump of nineteen Dutchmen executed in Goskom, anno 1572.

I cannot do justice to the costly, elaborate, piled up magnificence of the accessories to the ceremonies performed within the walls of St. Peter's, in honour of two celebrated martyrs, one of whom was crucified upside down, and the other decapitated with such violence, *that his head, acquiring an artificial impetus from*

the vigour of the blow by which it was separated from his body, bounded three times from one place to another, before coming to a stop, fountains of fresh water springing up out of the earth at each spot touched by it during its transit! I am positively assured that there were more than seventy thousand people in the cathedral, two-thirds at least of this immense crowd being composed of foreign priests, monks, and friars. Yesterday was a solemn fast day, so that thirty per cent. of those present had partaken immoderately of garlic. To judge from the appearance of a great many holy brethren, they must have made, early in life, vows of uncleanness, and solemnly adhered to them ever since. A hundred thousand wax candles flickered, splashed, and reeked. Incense was lavished prodigally, regardless of expense; and, finally, the heat was so awful as to make strong men stagger, gasp for breath, and turn sick with exhaustion. What wonder if I came drooping out of the church, at the end of the ceremony, dazzled, faint, cloyed with colour, feverish, athirst, *quasi* physically and intellectually annihilated? The hot, sultry air, languidly spreading out the watery fan of the fountain on the Vatican side of the Piazza, felt cool and invigorating by comparison with the composite atmosphere I had just quitted. So thick and murky was that asphyxiating mixture we had breathed inside the cathedral, that, being seated in a gallery on one side of the dome's broad base, it was scarcely possible, even by the aid of powerful glasses, to distinguish the faces of those occupying a sister gallery on the opposite side—an unwholesome fog filled the entire building. Every arch was edged, every pillar festooned, every gallery dotted, and every architectural marked outline indicated with lights; and from the circle beneath the dome, where stands the famous canopy with bronze pillars made of the Pantheon spoils, to the Pope's throne at the extreme end of the church opposite the main entrance door, heaved, swayed, and surged from side to side a dense mass of a thousand changing hues, gold and silver cloth, silk, satin, and velvet; white and black plumes, polished armour, floods of purple and scarlet, a leavening of tender grey, inlaid cuirasses, halberds, and spear-heads so bright that they flashed even through the dense-mist; in short, a surfeit of colour huge and heterogeneous enough to drive an ambitious artist to divine despair. It was like a dusky rainbow, twisted up into a knot. It was like a kaleidroscope gone mad. It was—well, it was not like anything I ever saw before, or pro-

bably shall ever see again ; and perhaps the fewer futile attempts I make to compare it with anything pre or co-existent the better it may be for my readers—and for myself, in this temperature. As I came through the side door into the private passage leading to the Vatican, an acquaintance of mine, commanding a detachment of the Noble Guard—splendid fellows they are—stopped me to say that the popular rapture at the glory of the sight had been so great, that an enthusiast, believing that from such a scene to heaven could be but a step, had drawn his knife and cut his throat just in front of St. Peter's effigy, during the early part of the canonisation ceremony !

The prettiest of the preliminaries was shown us last night—namely, the illumination of the cathedral, which, from its base to the top of the cross, was ablaze with bright white light until a few minutes past nine, when, at a signal given by a swarm of rockets, a small army of supers, stationed at short intervals over every part of the dome and façade, fired every man his four tar-buckets, and converted the grand old church into an edifice of golden flame. I and two English colleagues had climbed the *Trinità de' Monti*, and perched ourselves upon a stone parapet overhanging a black abyss, knowing that no chattering, self-elected cicerone would share with us that bad eminence ; and there we lingered, gazed, admired, and wondered at the mighty dome, burnished with living fire, till we had fixed the picture for ever in our minds. I may remark that, in order to ensure the sobriety of the acolytes entrusted with the firing of the resin, they are put in their respective places four-and-twenty hours before the important moment arrives, and nourished on simples and fair water. As soon as their ticklish functions are over, they are let down, and receive a Roman crown apiece, which will purchase them just enough bad fiery wine to swim in.

This morning at eight the procession crept forth into the Piazza, escorting Pius IX., who was born aloft in an armchair, balanced on a stretcher, canopied in crimson, triple crown, fans, sandals, white robes. Every description of Catholic ecclesiastic, including Græco-Latin, Coptic, Armenian bishops, Cordeliers, Dominicans, Franciscans, Benedictines, Jesuits, Brothers of Mercy, of Charity—I didn't notice any professing Hope—bedells, choristers, cardinals, monsignori, and members of other denominations with which I am not so intimately acquainted as I might wish to be, marched in the cortège, escorted by the Swiss Guard,

the Guardia dei Nobili, and some companies of Papal Zou The Swiss Guard are the finest men, wear the most expensive uniform, and are more to be pitied this hot weather than *corps d'élite* in Europe. They are shelled in, from the crown of the head to the waist, in heavy plate armour; further down knickerbockers, of red, yellow, and black cloth, in stripes. They carry a weighty halberd, and a heavy plume depends from the man's massive morion. The Pope was received by more than a hundred at the door of the cathedral, conveyed to his throne, and kissed. This osculation lasted a long time, during which His Holiness looked meek and mild. Then the formula of canonisation itself was gone through, the Pope being summoned three times to pronounce sentence of canonisation, replied the first time 'Instantanter,' the second 'Instantius,' and the third 'Instantissime;' after which he prayed a little, and then declared the aforesaid twenty-five elect, mentioning each by name to be now and for ever hereafter saints. Then followed a prolonged service, in the middle of which the Pontiff interpolated Latin homily appropriate to the occasion. The Greek Catholic had recourse to their native tongue. I think the leader of the bishops read the epistle in Romanic, for a cheery old abbot sitting next to me nudged me in the side, and whispered, '*Est epistola*;' 'It is a long letter;' an observation in which I dially agreed with him. Then the Pope assisted at the performance of High Mass, choral service, &c. The singing was gracefully bad generally, but the Pope's voice is ringing, clear, and of good quality. During this part of the programme a number of prelates assisted the Holy Father in changing his vestments, then the presents, emblematical of Christian virtues, and consisting of wax candles, gilt and silvered leaves, gilt barrels of cages of doves, linnets, and canaries, were borne to the Pope by dignitaries of the Church. The candle purporting to stand for Ste. Marie Françoise des Cinq Plaies was carried by the head canon of the Cathedral at Naples; that representing Germaine Cousin, by the Archbishop of Toulouse. Soon this ceremony was concluded, and the Pope was conveyed away in the same conveyance which had brought him to the church door some three hours and a half earlier. The carol piped and chirped, the doves cooed, and the linnets sang during the whole performance. Formerly it was customary to turn the birds loose in the church; but on this occasion they were

POETRY.

ose durance, their predecessors having generally got into
le with the lighted candles.
have just ascertained that the man who cut his throat this
ing is dead. The Pope was obliged to reconsecrate St.
r's during the ceremony, but did so without any fuss, and in
ry concise manner, so that nobody except his immediate
age noticed it."

Poetry.

GROWING OLD.

Yea, I'm growing old : Time's silent finger
Weaves threads of silver through the golden brown ;
And voices of the night around me linger,
Murmuring of those who wear th' immortal crown.

Glad in eternal youth they come, and sorrow,
And pain, and sickness, wrong, and woe depart ;
They point me onward to a heavenly morrow,
And give the toiling present hope and heart.

There is no voice, but perfect comprehension
Of all my heart's deep needs, untold, unknown ;
No cold distrust, nor doubt, nor reprehension,
The loving eyes beam forth with love alone.

After life's stormy day, this dream elysian
Sustains and comforts with mysterious power,
Uplifts me with the soul's prophetic vision
Of life and love beyond the passing hour.

I'm growing old ; the softened twilight wooing
To-night beyond with stars serenely bright ;
The angel faces in the clouds are suing,
The storm *will* pass ; I see the rainbow's light.

Then let age come, so that it opes the portals
Of heavenward hope around us and within ;
Life's thorny road leads home to the immortals,
Where Christ's dear presence shields us from all sin.

Anecdotes and Selections.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.—The following genial picture of the home manners of this great clergyman and logician is given on good authority:—"Every week a luncheon was provided at his residence, to which his clergy were welcomed without form, and to prevent reserve the attendance of servants was excluded; and by this free intercourse, supplemented afterwards by a monthly dinner, at which he met the members of the Dublin Association for Discountenancing Vice, he sought to form acquaintance with his brethren, encourage their confidence in him, and influence them for good. As a host he was always courteous and kindly; and though the ways of the common room at college clung to him through life, little traits of his real character always raised him above them. He never stood upon his office, but treated his clergy as his equals in discussion. 'He never failed to take especial notice of the greatest stranger,' and towards those who entered the lists with him in argument 'he had the most kindly feeling.' 'There never was a bishop in whose presence the clergy felt less restraint.' 'Gentlemen,' he would say, 'suppose I take the Roman Catholic side for a few minutes, and you argue against me; I should like to hear how you would proceed.' Into the debate they all plunged, the archbishop standing like one of Ariosto's knights, opposed to a throng, who thrust right and left without being able to make a rent in his armour. Dinner put an end to the conflict, but so sensible were the clergy of having been left in an awkward position, that, when we returned to the drawing-room, a deputation presented themselves to express a hope that, as he had so powerfully advocated the Roman Catholic cause, he would give them the benefit of pointing out what was weak in his arguments, and how they ought to be met; and this he did with his accustomed kindness and clearness. It may have seemed undignified, but it was meant to be hearty, when he would call out, as dinner was announced, 'Now, then, bundle in, curates, rectors, archdeacons, deans—bundle in, bundle in,' and punctilios were swept away."

ANECDOTE OF WHITEFIELD.—George Whitefield stopped for several days at the house of a general, at Providence, Rhode Island. The general, his wife, his son, and three daughters, were serious, but not decidedly religious. Whitefield departed from his usual custom, which was to address the residents in the house where he stayed individually concerning the welfare of their souls. The last evening came, and the last night he was to spend there. He retired to rest; but the Spirit of God came to him in the night, saying, "O man of God! if these people perish, their blood be on thy head." He listened; but the flesh said, "Do not speak to these people; they are so good and so kind that you could not say a harsh thing to them." He rose and prayed. The sweat ran down his brow. He was in fear and anxiety. At last a happy thought struck

him. He took his diamond ring from his finger, went up to the window, and wrote these words upon the glass—"One thing thou lackest." He would not summon courage to say a word to the inmates, but went his way. No sooner was he gone, than the general, who had a great veneration for him, went into the room he had occupied; and the first thing that struck his attention was the sentence upon the window, "One thing thou lackest." That was exactly his case. The Spirit of God blessed it to his heart.

HOW OUR ANCESTORS LIVED.—Erasmus, who visited England in the early part of the sixteenth century, gives a curious description of an English interior of the better class. The furniture was rough, the walls unplastered, but sometimes wainscotted or hung with tapestry, and the floor covered with rushes, which were not changed for months. The dogs and cats had free access to the eating rooms, and the fragments of meat and bones were thrown to them, which they devoured among the rushes, saving what they could not eat to rot there, with the draining of beer vessels and all manner of unmentionable abominations. There was nothing like refinement or elegance in the luxury of the higher ranks; the indulgences which their wealth permitted consisted in rough and wasteful profusion. Salt beef and strong ale constituted the principal part of Queen Elizabeth's breakfast, and similar refreshments were served to her at bed for supper. At a series of entertainments given by the nobility in 1669, where each exhausted his invention to outdo the others, it was universally admitted that Lord Goring won the palm for the magnificence of his fancy. The description of this supper will give us an idea of what was then thought magnificent. It consisted of four huge, brawny pigs, piping hot, blitted and harnessed, with ropes of sausages, to a huge adding bag, which served for a chariot.

CHRISTIAN GROWTH BY LABOUR.—We have tried to make Christians without giving them anything to do; which is like trying to make swimmers without use of hands or feet. The churches are all full of religious dyspeptics, feeble of purpose, weak in faith, indifferent, languid, listless, of little use to themselves or anybody else, and all for want of the natural exercise which would come from doing God's waiting work in the world. Admit that Christian character is the great thing; that piety and personal holiness are the very highest states and attainments; but to acquire those qualities, and rise up to that serene elevation, we must do something more than sit even in a closet, and muse, and meditate, and try to magnetize our souls by pious exercises; we must go out into the world, and put our heavenly thoughts into heavenly deeds of love and mercy.

CARVING CHARACTER.—Did you ever watch a sculptor slowly fashioning a human countenance? It is not moulded at once. It is not struck out at a single blow. It is painfully and laboriously wrought. A thousand blows rough cast it. Ten thousand chisel points polish and refine it—put in the fine touches, and bring out the features and expres-

sion. It is a work of time; but at last the full likeness comes stands fixed and unchanging in the solid marble. So does a man out his own moral likeness. Every day he adds something to it. A thousand acts of thought, and will, and effort shape the feat expressions of the soul. Habits of love, piety, and truth—habit of hood, passion, or goodness—silently mould and fashion it, till at last wears the likeness of God or the image of a demon.

REPOSE IN PRAYER.—Prayer is the secret breathing of the soul breathing of the air of eternity is as necessary to the life of the soul as breathing the air of the earth we live in is to that of the body. The world of God, however, is a world of peace and strength, and prayer brings a spirit of peace over our life. In prayer the soul gains repose. The storms and passions of the heart silenced; the disturbances of the soul and anxieties, of its sufferings, and even of its joys, cease. And the vigour and cheerfulness break forth upon us. As the bracing atmosphere of mountains fills us with a sense of renewed power, so do we breathe an atmosphere of divine encouragement, and come forth into our inner sanctuary of communion with God to enter with new alacrity into eternal life with its tasks, its duties, its burdens, and its griefs; and dwell in the midst of the troubles and turmoils of our daily work, as we dwell in the Sabbath and sanctuary for prayer. Life is a communion of prayer and work. It is not as though there were two separate spheres in merely external alternation; they must ever be united with another. The one does not exclude, but requires the other, as the outer man, as body and soul.

PRACTICAL USEFULNESS.—Oliver Cromwell was a staunch Puritan and could not brook the least approach to Popery. "What art thou once inquired, as he saw a dozen silver statues in the niche of a chapel. "The twelve apostles," replied the trembling dean. "I will knock them down," said Cromwell, "and coin them into money, so that they may be about doing good."

BEAUTIFUL ANSWERS.

A PUPIL of the Abbe Sicord gave the following extraordinary answers.

What is gratitude? Gratitude is the memory of the heart.

What is hope? Hope is the blossom of happiness.

What is the difference between hope and desire? Desire is a seed, hope is a tree in flower, and enjoyment is a tree in fruit.

What is eternity? A day without yesterday or to-morrow without end.

What is time? A line that has two ends—a path that begins in a cradle and ends in the grave.

What is God? A necessary being; the sun of eternity—the centre of nature—the eye of justice—the matchless power of the Universal soul of the world.

Does God reason? Man reasons because he doubts; he desires; God is omnipotent; He never doubts; therefore never

The Fireside.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

IN an old manor house in Gloucestershire may be found the following sketch or portrait of a true gentleman written, framed and hung over the mantelpiece of a tapestried sitting room:—

The true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man; virtue is his business, study his recreation, contentment his rest, and happiness his reward; God is his father, the church is his mother, the saints his brethren, all that need him his friends; devotion is his chaplain, charity his chamberlain, sobriety his butler, temperance his cook, hospitality his housekeeper, providence his steward, charity his treasurer, piety his mistress of the house, and discretion his porter, to let him in or out as most fit. Thus his whole family is made up of virtues, and he is the true master of the house. He is necessitated to take the world on his way to heaven; but he walks through it as fast as he can, and all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him in two words—a man and a Christian.

A TRUE CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

DR. M'CRIE, the celebrated biographer of Knox, records with filial love and reverence the fidelity of his own mother in training him to Christian life. An incident in his experience is of rare beauty.

In his sixteenth year he left home to attend the classes of Edinburgh University, and his devoted mother, apprehensive of the temptations to which he would be exposed in city life, walked with him a part of the way to give him her last words of counsel. She parted from him in Coldingham Moor. Before bidding him farewell, she led him to a rock a little distance from the road, and kneeling behind it, with her hands upon his head, implored, in a fervent prayer, that God would shield him from danger, and make him an intelligent and zealous Christian, useful to the church in his generation.

Such a mother's faith could not go unblessed. Such prayers must secure God's blessing. In a year from that time the mother was a saint in heaven, but the son, over whom she had yearned and prayed, was not forgotten of God. He was converted, and became one of the eminent ministers of Scotland, and a biographer of some of her great worthies.

A curious incident is told of his closing life connected with this prayer of his mother at the roadside. Nearly fifty years had passed. He had lived a life of toil, and trial, and success. He was ripe in years, and service, and experience. One night in a dream his mother appeared to him, standing behind the rock on the moor, and beckoning him to follow. He promised to obey her, and the vision passed. Dr. M'Crie was not a

weak or superstitious man, but he regarded the dream as a warning; his work was nearly done. In a few weeks he was called away, mother and son were united for ever in a better world.

The Penny Post Box.

LEARN TO BE BRIEF.

If you would be pungent be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams—they are condensed, the deeper they burn.—SOUTHEY.

TALK to the point, and stop when you have reached it. The faculty of making one idea cover a quire of paper, is not good for you. Be comprehensive in all you say or write. To fill a column upon a credit to nobody; though Lord Chesterfield wrote a very clever letter upon nothing.

There are men who get one idea into their heads, and but one, make the most of it. You can see it, and almost feel it, when it is in their presence. On all occasions it is produced until it is worn as a thread of charity. They remind one of a twenty-four pounder discharging a humming bird. You hear a tremendous noise, see a volume of smoke, and you look in vain for the effects. The bird is scattered to atoms with the idea. It is enveloped in a cloud, and lost amid the rum of words and flourishes. Short letters, sermons, speeches, and papers are favourites with us. Commend us to the young man who wrote to his father,—“Dear Sir, I am going to be married;” and also to the old man who replied,—“Dear Son, go ahead.” Such are the effects of action. They do more than they say. The half is not told in the letter. They are worth their weight in gold for every purpose in life. Be brief; and we will be short with the advice.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

FACTS.

ON WORDS.

THE entire number of words in the English language, if we include those used in science and art, is little less than eighty thousand.

In the works of Shakspeare there are about fifteen thousand words, and in the poetry of Milton about eight thousand.

Words change their meaning with the process of time. Take these illustrations:—“lewd” meant more than “lay,” or unlearned; means the sinful, the vicious now it means “to hinder,” now it means “permit;”—“prevent” means “to lead before,” “to lead the way;” means “to stop;”—“careful” means “burdened with care, full of care;” now it means, “conscientious, economical.”

FACTS, HINTS, GEMS, AND POETRY.

is often a history in words.
"for instance, in Spanish,
"mustachio," and was asso-
ciated with the hateful influence made
cruel conduct of the Spanish
in the fifteenth and sixteenth
centuries; "dunce," arose from the
s of Duns Scotus being looked
the Reformation as weak and
men. To be a *Dunsman*, or
was to be an object of scorn.

Facts.

to the point; and stop when
we reached it.
should forgive many things in
but nothing in yourself.
mill cannot grind with the
that is passed.
foolies of the fool are known to
him, but hidden from himself.
on is a fever that leaves us
than it finds us.
suspicious parent makes an artful

le brain is the devil's workshop.
lful of good life is better than
of learning.
y man's censure is first moulded
own nature.
lo it soon enough if we do it

toeover was father of the dis-
-diet was the mother.
losses amaze, great ones tame.

Gems.

t is time? It is the life of the
age is a feast where the grace
times better than the dinner.
sure is a shadow, wealth is
and power is a pageant; but
dge is ecstatic in enjoyment,
ial in space, and infinite in
n.
e is one art of which every
ould be a master—the art of
on. If you are not a thinking
what purpose are you a man

The hours of a wise man are be-
guiled by his ideas, those of a fool by
his passions.

Christian piety is to be prized for
its secret intrinsic quality, rather than
for its quotable results.

He that tries heartily to do Christ's
will shall know of the doctrine. Know
it more and more; know it deeper and
deeper, know all that he needs.

Christ lessened himself to depen-
dency for the sake of mediation.

Christ is the only way to peace,
heaven, and God.

Poetic Selections.

AWAY FROM GOD.

AWAY from Thee, my God! Sin's surging
wave
Hath borne me far away from Thee, my
rest;
Stretch out Thine arm omnipotent to save,
And let me once again repose upon Thy
breast.
Long have I toiled to stem the billowy tide,
And yet, Alas! no progress have I made;
My faith is sinking; o'er the waters wide,
O! let me hear Thee say, "'Tis I; be not
afraid."

Again within the haven of Thy love,
O! let my weary spirit sheltered be;
Forgive my waywardness, nor let me rove,
To risk my happiness on sin's deceitful
sea.

Hope of the erring, Pardoner of the vile,
Who hearest all that truly seek Thine aid,
E'en through the gloom I see Thy beaming
smile,
And hear Thee say, "'Tis I; be not afraid."

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

BLAND as the morning breath of June,
The southwest breezes play;
And, through its haze, the winter noon
Seems warm as summer's day.
The snow-plumed Angel of the North
Has dropped his icy spear;

Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hill-side cell forsakes,
The muskrat leaves its nook,
The bluebird in the meadow brakes
Is singing with the brook.
"Bear up, O mother Nature!" cry
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free;
"Our winter voices prophecy
Of summer days to thee!"

So in those winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear

O'erswept from Memory's frown
Will sunny days appear.
Reviving Hope and Faith, they
The soul its living powers,
And now beneath the winter's
Lie germs of summer flowers

The Night is mother of the Day
The Winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight
Through showers the sunbeam
For God, who loveth all His own
Has left His Hope with all.
—W

The Children's Corner.

HOW DO YOU SPEND YOUR EVENINGS?

JOSEPH CLARK was as fine-looking and healthy a lad as ever country to go into a town warehouse. His cheek was red with his arm strong, and his step quick. His master liked his looks, and said "That boy will get on."

He had been a clerk about six months, when Mr. Abbott observed a change in Joseph. His cheek grew pale, his eye hollow, and he seemed sleepy. Mr. Abbott said nothing for a while. At length Joseph alone in the counting-house one day, he asked him if he was well.

"Pretty well, sir," answered Joseph.

"You have looked sickly of late," said Mr. Abbott.

"I have the headache sometimes, sir," the young man replied.

"What gives you the headache?" asked the merchant.

"I do not know, sir."

"Do you go to bed in good time?"

Joseph blushed.

"As early as most of the young men, sir," he said.

"And how do you spend your evenings, Joseph?"

"O, sir! not as my pious mother would approve," answered the young man, tears standing in his eyes.

"Joseph," said the old merchant, "your character and all your usefulness and prosperity depend upon the way you pass your evenings. Take my word for it, it is a young man's evenings that make or break him." That word of counsel saved Clark from ruin.

LETTER FROM SWITZERLAND.

We came from Milan to Como by railroad, and thence by steamer to Bellagio on Lake Como. This village has a romantic situation at the angle formed by the lakes Como and Lecco. The gardens, groves, and villas are truly delightful. The Sorbelloni villa crowns a lofty peak, covered with large trees, with winding paths, grottos affording fine views of the lakes, and a beautiful garden. Other villas in the vicinity have more extensive groves, enlivened by the music of birds, with rare plants and trees. The magnolia with its large white blossoms, laurel and tulip trees, the fragrant lily, are especially attractive. Most of the villas have also paintings and statuary, devices and curiosities. One has a suit of rooms with floors and walls throughout of small pebbles wrought into Mosaic with Egyptian, Chinese, and Japanese figures. Vast amounts have been expended on these buildings and grounds, and no little care and labour are requisite to keep them neat and in repair.

The scenery on lake Como is very fine. Its shores are lined with houses and villages, the hills and mountains as far as they can extend are terraced and cultivated with fields, pastures, vineyards, mulberry groves. Many of these villages are places of resort for tourists, on their own account and for excursions in their vicinity; but we were limited to one, with the exception of a short time at Colico at the head of the lake, where carriages are taken to cross the Splügen pass.

By a pleasant road we passed from lake Como to lake Lugano. The hills and valleys, pastures and fields, trees, shrubs and flowers all look familiar. Lugano, on the lake of the same name, is a beautiful prospect. The country around is fruitful. Some of the highest peaks are crowned with chapels, towers and castles. Here is a bronze statue of William Tell, and a marble one of Washington in a tasteful enclosure. Patriotism and orthodoxy are honoured everywhere without restriction by national boundaries. Three hours' ride by carriage brought us to lake Maggiore, about fifty miles long and three wide. The scenery is similar to that at Como and Lugano. Here are the Borromean islands. The one of most interest, Isola Bella, is the residence of Count Borromeo, one of whose ancestors, near three centuries ago, built on it a magnificent palace, and a series of terraces

adorned with obelisks, pinnacles, statues, and vases. The garden is fitted up in the most luxuriant style. With the snow-clad Alps in sight, we have lemon and orange groves laden with fruit, tulip and cork trees, magnolia, camphor, bamboo and rose trees in profusion. Curious grottos and rooms in grotto style, with numerous works of art and costly furniture make this palace compete with those of royalty. These lakes lying between Italy and Switzerland, partly in each, are visited by many as a favourite resort for rest and recreation, furnishing with little effort boating, fishing, grand mountain views, luxuriant landscapes, and fine works of art. A week is but little to give to such scenes, but it was all the time we could spare.

From Baveno on lake Maggiore we took a vettura to cross the Simplon. Some go by diligence, the post coach of the country, but it is usually crowded, travels day and night, and affords but little opportunity to enjoy the scenery. The vettura is a comfortable carriage, drawn by two, four, or six horses, according to the size of the party and ruggedness of the way. It is more expensive than by the diligence, but it is much better for convenience, comfort and safety. At Feriolo the road was carried away a few months ago by an avalanche which destroyed much of the village, with thirty or forty lives. We had to cross the stream there by boat.

Our first stopping place was at Domodossalle, a village of little interest except for a hill now called Calvary, with its paved walk, and a series of thirteen chapels, one at each turning. These chapels contain representations in painting and statuary of Christ's apprehension, trial and crucifixion. One of these contains a group of figures, life size, modelled in terra cotta, painted and clothed, representing the Saviour fainting under the cross, the women near sympathising with him, the mounted guard about to impress Simon of Cyrene, the malefactors bound and scourged. The expressions in the different countenances are natural and striking. Another group in a chapel farther on represents Christ prostrate on the cross, while the soldiers are nailing him to the wood, the thieves also undergoing the same. The other representations are in fresco. Besides these thirteen chapels, there are perhaps as many more visible within a few miles in a thinly populated district. To count the shrines, images and crosses, emblematic of popish superstition, would be a task indeed.

LETTER FROM SWITZERLAND.

Near Isella we pass into Switzerland, making a continual ascent, presenting numerous objects of interest along the way. One of these is the fall of the Fressinone. Here a roaring torrent leaps from the rocks close to the road, carried over it by a bridge, and near by is a tunnel through the ledge. Another tunnel is about 600 feet long, made with much difficulty, occupying 100 workmen alternately day and night for eighteen months. In other places the road passes through deep gorges. Above to a great height is the perpendicular or overhanging precipice, and below another as deep with a raging torrent at the base. These lofty ledges are naked, except that in some cleft or nook we discover a fringe of trees, a tuft of grass, or bunch of flowers. At brief intervals are piles of rocks, sand, and debris brought down in the slides frequently occurring, and which, by the appearance of the rocks, are liable to occur at any time. We have seen one of them and heard another within two days. Avalanches some thirty years since destroyed eight miles of this road.

At the summit is a hospice or monastery occupied by a few monks, and furnishing accommodation for travellers. This is 6594 feet above the level of the sea. Here we find good pastures of considerable extent, and wild flowers of every hue in abundance. The monks keep several St. Bernard dogs, large, fine-looking animals. The descent is much more rapid than the ascent. A little below the hospice the road is protected by galleries partly excavated, partly of arched masonry. In some places these serve as bridges and aqueducts at the same time, the torrents being conducted over or under them. The peaks on all sides are covered with snow, and at the roadside it still lies in drifts from six to ten feet deep, giving a fine opportunity for snow-balling in the middle of June. Beautiful cascades are seen along the way, some in large torrents, some in silver threads far down the cliffs, and others passing wholly away in mist and vapor. We are sometimes greatly deceived with reference to our progress. When the village of Bireg was first seen it appeared but a mile or mile and a half off; but the road takes a sweep around the mountains, and we did not reach it until after a ride of from twelve to fifteen miles,—not unlike some of our intellectual and moral windings.

The road across the Simplon pass was constructed under the direction of Napoleon, who undertook it soon after the battle of Marengo. More than 30,000 men, it is said, were employed on

THE NIGHT PREVIOUS TO AN EXECUTION.

it at one time, and it took six years to complete it at an average cost of £5000 a mile. It has 600 bridges, 10 galleries, and 20 houses of refuge. It is very strongly built, 25 feet wide, and travelled with much less fear and more pleasure than the Corniche road from Nice to Genoa. It is perhaps surpassed in grandeur of scenery by other Alpine passes, but furnishes enough to satisfy us.

Bireg is a pleasant village with a fertile country around it. After crossing the Rhone, and down the Rhone valley, the road is straight and of gentle descent. Sion is a considerable village, with several castles in romantic situations. Turtman is another at which we spent a night. Fifteen minutes walk from the village brought us to a waterfall in a wild and secluded spot, where a large torrent descends about 150 feet, forming the largest cascade we have yet seen. It was our intention to cross the Tete Noir to-day, and spend the Sabbath at Chamouni, but a storm detains us here. It is however after three months of almost uninterrupted good weather, and we will not complain.

THE NIGHT PREVIOUS TO AN EXECUTION.

From the London Open-Air Mission Report.

THE execution of the unhappy man Jeffery, on Tuesday morning, was the occasion of a large and demoralized crowd assembling, among whom a considerable number of Christian men were engaged in preaching and distributing tracts. About thirty-five of us remained up all the previous night, and next morning our numbers were increased to about sixty. These included members of the Open-Air Mission, city missionaries, scripture readers, and working men. Also two foreign missionaries, and two or three Bible women. Not less than 30,000 tracts were distributed. Free grants are received by the Open-Air Mission for this purpose.* I know not how to attempt a description of the crowd, especially in the night and early morning. It was, in my judgment, worse than any of the forty execution crowds in which I have laboured in London and the provinces. It was emphatically an assemblage of poverty and crime, the latter element predominating to a considerable extent. The poverty-stricken

* 1000 *Pioneers* have been sent to this valuable Society for distribution.

THE NIGHT PREVIOUS TO AN EXECUTION.

creatures might be counted by scores asleep in the doorways, on the pavement, and against the barriers in the street. There they lay coiled up together like bundles of rags till disturbed by the police, the occupants of the houses, the workmen engaged in fixing the barriers, or the noise of the crowd. Meanwhile scores, probably hundreds, of thieves were either hanging listlessly about, or amusing themselves by 'chaffing' each other, or ill-treating any respectable person who presented himself on the scene. Anything like a respectable hat was beaten flat on the head of the unfortunate wearer, generally by fists, sometimes by sticks, and then tossed about for amusement while the owner was being robbed. Oaths, blasphemies, obscenities, and filthy and comic songs were freely and continuously indulged in.

Only once were the preachers set upon by these ruffians. It was at three o'clock. We had just sang Luther's hymn, 'Great God, what do I see and hear,' &c., and one of our brethren had commenced preaching, when we were suddenly surrounded, laid hold of, and robbed of whatever we had in our pockets. Of course we had not much with us, having deposited our watches, &c., at the Mission-house. At twelve o'clock we had a most attentive audience, while three addresses were given; and between five and eight o'clock, we generally kept from four to six stations supplied with preachers in different parts of the crowd. One would go about giving tracts, and speaking a few words as he gave them. Many of the tracts were at once taken and read under the lamp-posts. Others stood and explained the texts of Scripture painted on canvass. When daylight came, these texts were read by thousands of persons. One of these banners was lighted by a naphtha lamp, and could be read by the lookers-on all through the night. Thus the preachers and tracts exercised a sobering influence upon the majority from time to time.

At eight o'clock we found ourselves wedged up in different parts of that crowd of 20,000 persons, without the possibility of stirring till all was over. The heat produced profuse perspiration, and the effluvia which arose from that dirty mass of human beings made us glad to edge our way out as soon as they began to disperse. We cannot speak of the results of this night's work, but the tears of penitence seen on many faces, and the rapt attention of many more, induce us to believe that this seed thus cast upon the waters shall be found, even though it be after many days.

Poetry.

THE GOOD WIFE.

It is just as you say, neighbour Green,
A treasure indeed is my wife;
Such another for bustle and work
I never have found in my life.
But then she keeps every one else
As busy as birds on the wing;
There is never a moment for rest,
She is such a fidgety thing!

She makes the best bread in the town,
Her pies are a perfect delight,
Her coffee a rich golden brown,
Her crullers and puddings just right.
But then while I eat them she tells
Of the care and the worry they bring,
Of the martyr-like toil she endures—
O, she's such a fidgety thing!

My house is as neat as a pin,
You should see how the door-handles shine,
And all of the soft-cushioned chairs
And nicely swept carpets are mine.
But then she so frets at the dust,
At a fly, at a straw, at a string,
That I stay out of doors all I can,
She is such a fidgety thing!

She doctors the neighbours—O yes,
If a child has the measles or croup,
She is there with her saffrons and squills,
Her dainty-made gruels and soup.
But then she insists on her right
To physic my blood in the spring;
And she takes the whole charge of my bile—
O, she's such a fidgety thing!

She knits all my stockings herself,
My shirts are bleached white as the snow;
My old clothes look better than new,
Yet daily more threadbare they grow.
But then if a morsel of lint
Or dust on my trousers should cling,
I'm sure of one sermon at least,
She is such a fidgety thing!

You have heard of a spirit so meek,
So meek that it never opposes,

Its own it dares never to speak—
Alas ! I am meeker than Moses,
But then I am not reconciled
The subordinate always to sing ;
I submit to get rid of a row,
She is such a fidgety thing !

It's just as you say, neighbour Green,
A treasure to me has been given ;
But sometimes I fain would be glad
To lay up my treasure in heaven ;
But then every life has its cross,
Most pleasures on earth have their sting ;
She's a treasure, I know, neighbour Green,
But she's such a fidgety thing !

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE DEATH OF MOZART.—When a musician dies his song ceases, his music lingers, an ever-abiding cadence in our hearts, influencing our after lives. The wealth of mines seems poor when compared to the compositions which some of our eminent writers of music left behind them and bequeathed as legacies to all the lovers of

Music is full of magic, has charms for the living and the dying, furnishes study and enjoyment for the inhabitants of heaven. Sometimes the spirit, while taking final leave of earth, seems caught by the sweet strains of the skies, and, amidst the tears and sighs of attendant angels who witness the closing scene, departs with an air of joy and unspeakable delight. This has been the case with a number of eminent composers in the dying hour. The death of Mozart, the great German Musician, was most touchingly interesting. He is favoured so highly. Wolfgang Mozart died at Vienna in the year 1791, and to me there is something strikingly beautiful and touching in the circumstances of his death. "His sweetest song was what he sang, and is entitled "The Requiem." He had been steadily employed upon this exquisite piece for several weeks, his soul all the while filled with inspiration and already claiming kindred with immortality. After giving to it its last touches and breathing into it that holy spirit of song which was to consecrate it through all time, as a cygnet strain," he fell into a gentle, quiet slumber. At length the light footsteps of his beautiful daughter Emilie awoke him. "Come," said he, "my Emilie my task is done, the Requiem—my Requiem is shed." "Say not so, my dear father," said the gentle girl, interrupting him as the great pearly tears stood in her eyes. "You must rest; you look better, for even now your cheek has a glow upon it, as sure father we will soon nurse you well again. Let me go

and bring you something refreshing." "Do not deceive yourself, precious child," said the dying father, "this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. From heaven's mercy alone I look for aid at this my dying hour. You spoke of refreshments, my Emilie—my child, take these my last notes,—sit down to the piano here,—with them the hymn of your sainted mother—let me once more hear those tones which have been so long my solacement and delight. Emilie obeyed, and with a voice enriched with tenderest emotion, to her father's heaven-born composition the following stanzas:

"Spirit! thy labour is o'er!
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for th' untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.
Spirit! look not on the strife,
Or the pleasures of earth with regret,
Pause not on the threshold of limitless life
To mourn for the thing that is set.
Spirit! no fetters can bind,
No wicked have power to molest;
There the weary, like thee—the wretched shall find
A haven, a mansion of rest.
Spirit! how bright is the road
For which thou art now on the wing,
Thy home it will be, with thy Saviour and God,
Their glad hallelujah to sing."

As Emilie concluded, she dwelt for a moment upon the low, melancholy notes of the piece, and then turning from the instrument lay in silence for the approving smile of her father. It was the still, emotionless smile which the rapt and joyous spirit left,—with the death upon those features. Let me die such a death.

SUFFERING FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.—No one endured more persecution than Paul, yet he was happy, and in this state of mind he continued till the close of life, exulting in the most triumphant strains. Primitive Christians, though persecuted in like manner, "took patiently the spoiling of their goods," knowing that they had "in heaven a better and an enduring substance." The first Christian reformers met with opposition on every side, but they held fast to their integrity. The first missionaries sent out to the heathen had difficulties to counter; but singly and alone they persevered. No matter what the obstacles before them, whether persecution, peril, or death, all cheerfully met with becoming resignation. Taking a consistent view of the gospel, they could, without a complaining word, endure reproach and be happy in their work. This accounts for the resignation and happiness of Paul when beaten with many stripes; of Luther, persecuted by the Roman Catholics; of Bunyan, when confined in Bedford jail. The love of Christ overcame all things. It made labours pleasant, their burdens light, their prospects cheering. They could endure all things for Christ, that, through suffering, they might be worthy of him.

THE FIRESIDE.

CHRIST AND SINNERS.—By going to the lowest stratum of human nature, Christ gave a new idea of the value of man. He built a kingdom out of the refuse of society. To compare small things with great, was pointed out by Lord Macaulay that in an English cathedral there is an exquisite stained window, which was made by an apprentice, out of the pieces of glass which had been rejected by his master, and it was so far superior to every other in the church that, according to tradition, the envious artist killed himself with vexation. The builders of society had rejected the "sinners," and made the stained window of the "righteous." A new builder came; his plan was original, startling, revolutionary; his eye was upon the condemned material; he made the first last and the last first, and the stone which the builders rejected he made the head stone of the corner. He always specially cared for the rejected stone. Men had always cared for the great, the beautiful, the righteous; it was left to Christ to care for sinners.

A LOVING REBUKE.—John Howe once observed two men in a silent quarrel. Their mutual cursings shocked his religious sensitivities. He looked at them, raised his hat, and said in a solemn voice: "pray God to bless you both!" This prayer so impressed the quarrelsome men that they ceased their strife and thanked Mr. Howe for supplication.

The Fireside.

GIVING JOY TO A CHILD.

RESSED be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost everybody remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in the dulcet days of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself at this moment as a barefooted lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village, while with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the lightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage; he was a wood-cutter by trade, and spent the whole week at work in the woods. He had come into the garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to church.—He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations—it was streaked with red and white—he gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home.—And now here, at a vast distance from that home, after so many events and so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses *itself on paper*. The carnation has long since withered, but now it blooms afresh.

THE PENNY POST BOX.

INFLUENCE OF A SMILE.

It is related in the life of a celebrated mathematician, William Hutton, that a respectable looking country-woman called upon him one day, anxious to speak with him. She told him with an air of secrecy that her husband behaved unkind to her, and sought other company, frequently passing his evenings from home, which made her feel very unhappy; and knowing Mr. Hutton to be a wise man, she thought he might be able to tell her how she could manage to cure her husband. The case was a common one, and he thought he could prescribe a remedy without losing his reputation as a conjuror. "The remedy is a simple one," said he, "but I have never known it to fail. *Always meet your husband with a smile.*" The woman expressed her thanks, dropped a courtesy, and went away. A few months afterwards she waited on Mr. Hutton with a couple of fine fowls, which she begged him to accept. She told him, while a tear of joy and gratitude glistened in her eyes, that she had followed his advice, and her husband was cured. He no longer sought the company of others, but treated her with constant love and kindness. Wives, remember this.

The Penny Post Box.

POWER OF A GOOD MAN'S LIFE.

THE beauty of a holy life, says Chalmers, constitutes the most eloquent and effective persuasive to religion which one human being can address to another. We have many ways of doing good to our fellow creatures, but none so efficacious as leading a virtuous, upright, well-ordered life. There is an energy of moral suasion in a good man's life passing the highest efforts of the orator's genius. The silent but beautiful beauty of holiness speaks more eloquently of God and duty than the tongues of men and angels. Let parents remember that the best inheritance a parent can bequeath to a child is a virtuous example—a legacy of hallowed remembrances and associations. The beauty of holiness beaming through the life of a loved relative or friend, is more effectual to strengthen such as do stand in virtuous ways, and raise up those that are bowed down, than precept, command, entreaty, or warning. Christianity itself, I believe, owes by the greater part of its moral power, not to the precepts or parables of Christ, but to His own character. The beauty of that holiness which is enshrined in the four brief biographies of the Man of Nazareth, has done more, and will do more, to regenerate the world, and bring in everlasting righteousness, than all the other agencies put together. It has done more to spread His religion in the world than all that has ever been preached or written on the evidences of Christianity.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

CONCERNING SOUND.

Transmission of sound through metallic tubes is so perfect that it has been maintained in a tube between the ends of one of the organ pipes of Paris, which are over three thousand feet long!

The swiftness of sound is greater than that of light, sixteen times in metals; in air; and in wood, fourteen times greater.

Sound conveys sound so much faster than that the ear applied to a layer in which blasting is being done, a distance will perceive two discharges: that conveyed through the air; first, and after the ordinary time through the air.

The speed of sound is, other things equal, according to the loudness of the report.

Two thousand pounds of powder travel nearly a thousand feet in a second.

Light travels faster than sound, and a pistol flash at a distance can be heard; or see a rocket in the air before the sound reaches our ears.

Hints.

Men go to death, death comes for men.
That gets out of debt, grows

... long day, but a good heart,
... k.

... a long rope that waits for
... death.

... a log makes a straight fire.
... the feet slip than the tongue.

... washing hands, none sells his

A cheerful look makes a dish a feast.
Flies are busiest about lean horses.
Better a bare foot than none.

To a fair day open your window,
but make you ready as to a foul.

A chicken is the country's, but the
city eats it.

Praise day at night, and life at the
end.

Gems.

A Man, is better than a peer, a
prince, or a king.

A Christian is the highest style of
man.

The Bible is the centre jewel, of
which creation is the setting.

Our sweetest experiences of affection
are meant to be suggestions of
that realm which is the home of the
heart.

The stream of life forks; and religion
is apt to run in one channel, and
business in another.

Selfishness is that detestable vice
which no one will forgive in others,
and none is without himself.

With every child we lose we see
deeper into life, as with every added
lens we pierce farther the sky.

Doctrine is nothing but the skin of
truth set up and stuffed.

It is not well for a man to pray,
cream; and live, skim milk.

Portia Selections.

MAKE HASTE.

MAKE haste, O man to do

Whatever must be done;

Thou hast no time to live in sloth,

Thy work will soon be done.

Up, then, with speed and work,

Fling ease and self away;

This is no time for thee to sleep,

Up, work, and watch, and pray.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

The useful, not the great,
The thing that never dies,
The silent toil that is not lost,—
Set these before thine eyes.

The seed whose leaf and flower,
Though poor in human sight,
Brings forth at last the eternal fruit;
Sow thou, by day and night.

Make haste, O man, to live,
Thy time is almost o'er;
O, sleep not, dream not, but arise,
The Judge is at the door.

WAITING.

I LONG for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise;

Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed he will not break
But strengthen and sustain.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lie
Their fronted palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

And O, dear Lord, by whom are
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me, if too close I lean
My human heart on thee!

—W.

The Children's Corner.

THE BLIND BOY AT PLAY.

THE blind boy's been at play, mother,
And merry games we had;
We led him on our way, mother,
And every step was glad.
But when we found a starry flower,
And praised its varied hue,
A tear came trickling down his cheek,
Just like a drop of dew.

We took him to the mill, mother,
Where falling waters made
A rainbow o'er the rill, mother,
As golden sun-rays played.
But when we shouted at the scene,
And hailed the clear blue sky,
He stood quite still upon the bank,
And breathed a long, long sigh.

We asked him why he wept, mother,
Where'er we found the spots
Where periwinkles crept, mother,
O'er wild forget-me-nots.
"Ah me!" he said, while tears ran,
As fast as summer showers,
"It is because I cannot see
The sunshine and the flowers.

Oh, that poor sightless boy, mother,
Has taught me I am blest;
For I can look with joy, mother,
On all I love the best.
And when I see the dancing stars
And daisies red and white,
I'll kneel upon the meadow sod,
And thank my God for sight.

—Eliza

EXCURSIONS ON THE RHINE.

I PROMISED to give a sketch of our excursions along the Rhine. The first place we visited on this noble river is Cologne, an old town, the capital of Rhenish Prussia, and containing 80,000 inhabitants. Its celebrated "Cologne water" might be supposed to indicate it as a place of physical culture at least; yet it has the reputation, and I think deservedly, of being the most filthy city in Germany. It has every advantage for drainage into the great rapid current that sweeps so majestically through it; but the water stagnates and putrefies in the open sewers along the streets, which seem to have little purification except from showers and storms. It requires something better than the manufacturers' perfumery to render such a place agreeable to the senses. With so much intelligence and enterprise manifest, it is surprising that the city should continue to deserve such notoriety.

There are several objects of interest in Cologne. First, the Cathedral or Dom, commenced A.D. 1248, and yet unfinished, with its old crane for elevating stones standing prominent. Numerous workmen are now employed on the edifice with the promise of completing it in ten years, at a cost on the whole of six million dollars. With two towers in front 500 feet high, as planned, and other imposing structures and adorning, it is expected to rival Milan cathedral, though in our opinion the latter, with its white marble and numberless pinnacles and statues, will always surpass it. The interior of this is striking and grand, though excelled by others. The church of St. Ursula celebrates the tradition that an English princess with eleven thousand virgins made a pilgrimage to Rome in devotion to the pope, and on their return were massacred here by barbarians; and their bones are kept on exhibition, filling all the walls, monuments, and other receptacles of the church. Charnel houses as seen elsewhere are disgusting enough, but no where else have we seen a church make such a display of superstition. St. Peter's contains a fine painting, by Rubens, of the crucifixion of the apostle with his head downwards; as it is said he chose to suffer thus because he felt unworthy even to be crucified in a like posture with his Lord whom he had denied. Two bridges span the river at Cologne, one 1440 feet long, used both for cars and carriages; the other built on boats. There are some fine public and private buildings, and houses of interest; among them the one in which Mary de Medicis died and Rubens was born.

EXCURSIONS ON THE RHINE.

Our next place was Bonn. Here is what is called a flying bridge, where by means of a string of boats at anchor, a ferry boat is set across the river by the current without oars or steam. Here is a university occupying a building formerly a palace, with a library of 100,000 volumes. Lange, the commentator, is Professor of Theology—a good man, and, as is well known, orthodox and evangelical. Germany greatly needs many more such. She has but few to fill the places of Luther, Melancthon, Zuingle of old; or of Schleiermacher, Knapp, Tholuck, and D'Aubigne of more recent date; though the demand for them was never greater than at present. Who will arise to stem and turn her swelling tide of infidelity? Pray for Germany; for the welfare of the intellectual and moral world is and must be greatly affected by her condition and destiny. We note also the Gothic Cathedral, or Munster, New Parish church, Town House, and some private buildings, as the hotel of Count Metternich, court of Nessalrode, and the house of Beethoven. Near the English Garden is a long street affording a fine view of the Rhine and the adjacent scenery.

We went up the river by steamer from Bonn to Coblentz, greatly enjoying the varied and beautiful scenery—now a quiet village, then a lofty hill crowned with a tower or castle, then a stately palace, villa, or cottage, the land everywhere devoted to grape culture. We have not time or room even to name the various objects and places of interest. Several of the old castles have been repaired and are now occupied, some by English residents. Some have been converted into princely summer residences or palaces.

Coblentz, where we stopped a day, is a pretty town of 15,000 people, situated at the confluence of the Rhine and Moselle. Here are the Electoral Palace, a Catholic college, the house in which prince Metternich was born, and some fine public squares. A bridge of boats connects Coblentz with Ehrenbreitstein. The Romans had a castle here, on the ruins of which a fort was built in 1160, which was subsequently demolished. Since 1816 it has been rebuilt by the king of Prussia, and in connection with neighbouring fortifications forms one of his strongest positions, being one of the angles of the Prussian quadrilateral. We made an excursion to the castle of Stolzenfels, rebuilt on a high eminence by the king of Prussia, and made a royal palace. Most of the furniture has descended from the Middle Ages. From the tower there is a grand view of the Rhine, its promontories, fortifications, castles, and ruins.

EXCURSIONS ON THE RHINE.

ur ride from Coblenz to Biberic was similar to the pre-
ng, with the same variety of scenery. Many of these places
tales and legends connected with them, to one only of which
will allude. Near Bingen we were shewn the "Mouse Tower"
a small island. The story is that archbishop Hatto, of
ence, had a well-filled granary, which he kept closed in a
of famine; his people greatly coveted the grain, and on their
ication he invited them into a barn, locked them in, set it on
and burnt them up, calling their cries of agony "the whistle
rice." Legions of these animals now infested his palace, and
rotoct himself he built this castle; but his pursuers followed
thither with a terrible retribution. Southey's version of the
nd has been often repeated, but we quote the closing lines—

"'I'll go to my tower on the Rhine,' quoth he,
'Tis the safest place in Germany;
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong, and the water deep.'"

the heartless oppressor found that he could not thus escape
geance; his relentless foes swam the river, climbed the shores,
soon crawled up to the holes and windows in the wall.

"Down on his knees the bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder, drawing near,
The saw of their teeth without he could hear;
And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls by thousands they pour;
And down through the ceiling and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once at the bishop they go;
They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones;
They gnaw'd the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him."

iberic was the summer residence of the duke of Nassau, whose
ce and gardens, with beautiful flower beds, fountains, shaded
ues, and antique castle, are very fine. An excellent road
d with chestnut trees extends three miles to Wiesbaden, a
ionable watering-place, with a hot spring, and numerous
blishments for bathing. All that wealth and art could do has
a employed to make this place inviting. An extensive park
a delightful walks, ponds, fountains, flowers, illuminations,
ic. But the great attraction to pleasure seekers is the

THE NIAGARA OF THE WEST.

Kursaal. Two long colonnades near the entrance are filled with jewellery, ornaments, and curiosities, for sale; in the rear a wine and beer garden, and in the main building a luxurious concert and ball room, and also several rooms for gambling. Here day and night, Sundays and all, the fell work goes on; the strong and the weak, sick and well; plethoric old men, pale youth, eager women, crowd the tables, and stake their money; sometimes winning, but usually, except the owners, losing sometimes by thousands to their own desperation and ruin. It is said that 17,000 are here at a time, princes, earls, dukes, lords, and so down through all the grades of Europe. Thus they use their wealth, thus spend their time, and such is the example they set. Great is the perversion of means, and fearful the account to be rendered.

The Russian chapel is a graceful edifice, well fitted up and furnished. Near by on a hill is an observatory, built originally by the emperor whose name it bears to command a good view of the Rhine.

THE NIAGARA OF THE WEST.

THE GREAT SHOSHONE FALLS.

In the wilds of Idaho, midway between Salt Lake and Oregon, thunders a cataract as imposing as Niagara, and that will one day divide with it the admiration of the world, when the secluded region where its savage grandeur is concealed shall be thrown open to the curiosity of the traveller. It is called the Great Shoshone Falls, and is a few miles from the overland stage route between Salt Lake and Boise cities, and about one hundred miles from each of those places. It was discovered in 1863 by parties of the first Oregon Cavalry, while in pursuit of Indians. The Salt Lake *Vedette* furnishes the annexed description of this remarkable waterfall:—

The river, about two hundred yards in width, coming slowly from the south-east, overtowered by perpendicular walls of basaltic rock, over eight hundred feet high, suddenly expands into a basin of twice its width, and there is divided into a half dozen streams, by dark looking rocks which raise their gloomy crests above the sparkling surf of the maddened waters. Every fall is of a different shape, seeming fanciful and fluctuating, yet physically fixed, as they have ever been while centuries like

shadows have flown over them. The river, resuming its course, is again divided, and takes a second tumble of sixty feet still further, but this time by only three different streams. Three falls are the result—one on each side, unbroken and falling in solid sheets; the central one being formed by seven fan-shaped steppes of rocks. From the one of these branches to the other underneath, the water falls in a smooth, transparent sheet, forming a cascade unsurpassed in the world, and contrasting strangely, by its dark, transparent colour, with the rustling, roaring, foaming streams surrounding it both above and at the sides. The river becomes once more smooth and dark in colour. Its banks suddenly jut out from both sides, narrowing the channel to four hundred feet; and through this gap the confined mass of water precipitates itself in one whole volume, without break or hindrance, into an ominous abyss over two hundred feet in depth. No pen can describe this scene. This is in reality the "Great Fall," and is well worthy of its name, leaping as it does from the loom of nature like a colossal sheet of silver.

Forming a slight horse-shoe, its central waters appear blue until they meet the spray that rises heavenward from the foot of the foaming cataract. The sides are frayed into foam, and remind one of the pictured avalanches in the Alps. Right on the edge of the fall stands a lone pillar of grey sandstone, on whose summit, undisturbed by the whiz of waters or the fear of fate last yawning on their eyrie, a pair of bald-headed eagles have built their nest, and are now rearing their young, secure in sight of the solitude surrounding. The cataract's sound—but slightly heard above—is absolutely deafening as you reach the river's base; the roar of the falls confined, as it is, by the high walls of the canyon, rushing down the chasm and increasing in volume as it rolls, so as to be heard full thirty miles south-west. Close to the cataract is a square-shaped cave of fifteen feet each side and twenty high, whose falls are supported by basaltic columns, the regularity of whose formation is unsurpassed by anything in the Isle of Staffa or the Giant's Causeway. Sliding out of this cave and falling about eight feet on to a grassy slope that leads to the water's edge, within two hundred feet of the foot of the falls, you are right in the middle of the mist, and wet through in an instant. It is here that, by looking up, the enormous altitude of the fall can be realized, and the first feeling is *one of self-preservation* and involuntary drawing back, for the

POETRY.

whole mass seems ready to drop and crush you where you stand. Never can the weird beauty of this scene be forgotten by beholders. Rainbows of a thousand hues seem to surround you and their irises to arch you in the sky.

The white foaming waters form a brilliant background for the magic prisms pictured by the spray. The dark frowning cliffs relieved by the light green junipers, make a fitting frame for the magnificent sight, second to none in point of volume and grandeur. As measured by official report of the first Oregon Infantry, the main fall is 210 feet from the top to the level of the water below. The upper falls has not yet been measured, but the total fall of the river, on the three descents it takes, cannot be less than 300 feet, while the main itself is over 400 feet at its narrowest width. The channel of the stream below the falls is a chasm 1500 feet in width and 100 feet in depth, with perpendicular walls of rock enclosing it

Poetry.

LIGHT BEYOND.

Beyond the stars that shine in golden glory,
Beyond the calm, sweet moon,
Up the bright ladder saints have trod before thee,
Soul! thou shalt venture soon.
Secure with Him who sees thy heart-sick yearning,
Safe in His arms of love,
Thou shalt exchange the midnight for the morning,
And thy fair home above.
Oh! it is sweet to watch the world's night wearing,
The Sabbath morn come on,
And sweet it were the vineyard labour sharing—
Sweeter the labour done.
All finished! all the conflict and the sorrow,
Earth's dream of anguish o'er;
Deathless there dawn for thee a nightless morrow
On Eden's blissful shore.
Patience! then, patience! soon the pang of dying
Shall all forgotten be,
And thou, through rolling spheres rejoicing, flying
Beyond the waveless sea,
Shalt know hereafter where thy Lord doth lead thee,
His darkest dealings trace;
And by those fountains where His love will feed thee,
Behold Him face to face!

Anecdotes and Selections.

NEVER.

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

every believer grasp these words, and store them up in his heart. p them ready, and have them fresh in your memory; you will want 1 one day. The Philistines will be upon you, the hand of sickness lay you low, the king of terrors will draw near, the valley of the ow of death will open up before your eyes. Then comes the

when you will find nothing so comforting as a text like this, ing so cheering as a realizing sense of God's companionship.

ick to that word "*never*." It is worth its weight in gold. Cling as a drowning man clings to a rope. Grasp it firmly, as a soldier ked on all sides grasps his sword. God has said, and he will d to it, "I will never leave thee."

Never!" Though your heart be often faint, and you are sick of and your many failures and infirmities—even then the promise not fail.

Never!" Though the devil whispers, "I shall have you at last; a little time and your faith will fail, and you will be mine." Even the word of God will stand.

Never!" When the cold chill of death is creeping over you, and ds can do no more, and you are starting on that journey from h there is no return—even then Christ will not forsake you.

Never!" When the day of judgment comes, and the books are ed, and the dead are rising from their graves, and eternity is nning—even then the promise will bear all your weight; Christ not leave his hold on your soul.

! believing reader, trust in the Lord for ever, for he says, "I will r leave you." Lean back all your weight upon him, do not be d. Glory in his promise. Rejoice in the strength of your conso- n. You may say boldly, "The Lord is my helper, I will not fear."

OW A HYMN WAS WRITTEN.—Very few Christians have sung the n, "My faith looks up to Thee," without tender emotion. How it written, and by whom, is thus related:—The hymn was written r. Ray Palmer, of Albany, New York. Going into his study one ing from pastoral duty with feelings deeply wrought upon, he sat n and impromptu penned these verses. (He was accustomed thus tress his feelings.) Having written them he read them over, and out perceiving anything of special worth in them, he threw them ag other scraps in his portfolio, and there they lay forgotten. 3 time after, Lowell Mason, who was at the time making a collec-

tion of hymns for publication, called on him. He asked the doctor some contributions for his collection. The doctor was doubtful having any fit for such a purpose, but took his portfolio and looking over these fugitive pieces. Almost the first one was faith looks up to Thee." He handed it to his friend, and remained that would do him any good he might have it. The friend, however, and immediately perceiving its genuine worth, put it in the collection, and it passed into our hymnology, and with what the whole Christian church knows.

SOULS' REST.—The needle point in the seaman's compass stands still, but quivers and shakes till it comes right again north pole. The wise men of the east never stood still till the right against the star which appeared unto them; and the stars never stood still till it came right against that other Star which more brightly in the manger than the sun did in the firmament Noah's dove could find no rest for the sole of her foot all the while she was fluttering over the flood, till she returned to the ark with a branch in her mouth. So the heart of every true Christian, who the turtle-dove of Christ, can find no rest all the while it is here over the waters of the world, till it have the silver wings of faith, and, with the olive branch of faith, fly to the true Noah, which fieth "Rest," till Christ put forth his hand out of the ark, and it in, receive it to himself.—*Old Writer.*

TIME FOR THE LORD'S WORK.—The following incident is related of Stonewall Jackson to illustrate the strictness with which he performed his religious duties. Upon one occasion, when a meeting of the church had been appointed, Jackson waited five minutes after the appointed hour for several absentees, and then rushed off to the house of them, where the following dialogue ensued: "Mr. —, it is five minutes past seven o'clock," (the time appointed for the meeting) "Yes, Major; but I have not time to attend to-night." "No sir? not time? Why, did we not solemnly set apart this hour for the service of the church? Really, sir, I can't imagine how you can find time to do anything else than to attend to the Lord's work in the time set apart for his service." Saying this he hastily returned to the meeting, where he was speedily followed by the delinquent brother.

THE PSALMS are a theatre where God allows us to behold both himself and his works; a most pleasant green field; a vast garden in which we see all manner of flowers; a great sea in which are hid pearls; a heavenly school in which we have God for our teacher; a compend of all Scripture; a mirror of divine grace.

THE MAINSPRING.—Teaching men morals is as though I had that would not go, and I turned round one of the cogwheels; but he takes the key and winds up the mainspring, and the whole then goes on readily.

THE FIRESIDE.

WORKING BY LOVE.—All true and lively faith begets love; as that heavenly light is the vehicle of heat. And as, by this true faith has a tendency to the practice of obedience, so all obedience depends upon faith, and flows from it. But it also promotes love, because faith first produces love, and then works by knowledge of mysteries is vain and of no value, unless it have influence upon the affections, and thereby upon the whole conduct.

The luminaries of heaven are placed on high; but they are so placed that they may shine, and perform their periods, for the benefit of this sphere.

The Fireside.

BE A WOMAN.

OF I've heard a gentle mother,
As the twilight hours began,
Pleading with a son on duty,
Urging him to be a man.
But unto her blue-eyed daughter,
Though with love's words quite as ready,
Points she out the other duty—
"Strive, my dear, to be a lady."

What's a lady? Is it something
Made of hoops, and silks, and airs,
Used to decorate the parlour,
Like the fancy rings and chairs?
Is it one that wastes on novels
Every feeling that is human?
If 'tis this to be a lady,
'Tis not this to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter
Speak of something higher far,
Than to be mere fashion's lady—
"Woman" is the brightest star.
If ye, in your strong affection,
Urge your son to be a true man,
Urge your daughter no less strongly
To arise and be a woman.

Yes, a woman—brightest model
Of that high and perfect beauty,
Where the mind, and soul, and body
Blend to work out life's great duty.
Be a woman—naught is higher
On the gilded list of fame;
On the catalogue of virtue
There's no brighter, holier name.

THE PENNY POST BOX.

Be a woman—on to duty,
Raise the world from all that's low,
Place high in the social heaven
Virtue's fair and radiant bow!
Lend thy influence to each effort
That shall raise our nature human;
Be not fashion's gilded lady,
Be a brave, whole-souled, true woman.

The Penny Post Box.

COME!

THERE is no sweeter word than this in the New Testament, but there is none more full of the love of Jesus.

It implies his nearness to us. It is not a message sent to us at distance, but is a word of conversation uttered within easy reach, but it includes a world of self-sacrifice which should bring Jesus the glory of heaven down to this companionship of social intercourse with us. Before he could say, "Come unto me," he had to come.

It is a very friendly and winning word. It is not the same as "Go and wash in Jordan seven times," was a most useful direction. It contained all that was necessary for the cure of Naaman. Jesus does not send us away for our healing. Salvation would be a different thing for us if Jesus always said, "Go," no matter where, and never said, "Come." This word pledges us his help, his comfort, his friendship.

It implies, too, that what we *need* is found in Christ. Well, Peter says, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the word of eternal life." There is no salvation except with Christ and in him there is *rest*. Hear his words: "*Come unto me* all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me: for I am meek, and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

In him the thirst of the soul, its ardent desire for happiness, is satisfied. "If any man thirst, let him *come unto me* and drink. Let him that is athirst *come*; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

Dear reader, come! We will not say, "Go to Christ;" but still, as we hope we do, on the Lord's side, we say, "Come to him." Of course you are not to do this in any bodily sense. Jesus was satisfied with this when he was on earth. He is not now. Come with your heart, your thoughts, your service, your prayer, your confidence; come, and he will in no wise cast you out.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

That Papists are on the decline and Protestantism is going on. The following facts will show: Years ago there were, in the world, sixty-four million Protestants, one hundred and sixty million Roman Catholics. That is, five Papists there were one Protestant.

Most reliable statistics show that Protestants of the whole world are ninety-three millions, and Catholics as one hundred and fifty millions. That is, to every Protestant there is one Protestant.

The rate of increase among Protestants, before the close of the nineteenth century the Protestants outnumbered the Papists.

Protestant powers—Austria, Spain, Prussia, are also declining. In 1800 there were one million five hundred Protestants; the Scriptures have been translated by the agents of the Bible Society in the Paris Exhibition; and in Protestant country!

Hints.

There should be one language everywhere.

There is more to do when we die than when we are done.

When it is raining, leave not your umbrella.

Man is perfect—until he is born.

God is the key of the house. The door is half spent before we know it.

It is easier to build two chimneys than to maintain one.

There is no leisure who useth it not. We learn by doing.

It is the lack of Christmas so long that we have it.

Women laugh when they can, and weep when they will.

In a hundred ells of contention, there is not an inch of love.

A woman's tears soften a man's heart; her flattery his head.

Poverty is no sin.

Gems.

Many people are afraid of embracing religion for fear they should not succeed in maintaining it.

When flowers are full of dew they always hang their heads; but men hold theirs the higher the more they receive, getting prouder as they get full.

God puts the excess of hope in one man in order that he may be a medicine to the man who is despondent.

Truths are first clouds, then rain, then harvests and food.

Death is the dropping of the flower that the fruit may swell.

Piety may be called the act of right growing.

Character, like porcelain, must be painted before it is glazed. There can be no change after it is burned in.

The church may have a creed that shall be like Jacob's ladder; and yet if there be no love in the church, unlike the patriarch himself, it will never wake from its sleep, or lift its head from the pile of stones on which it lies.

One of the best prayers ever offered is that which Christ himself hallowed and set apart for our observation—"God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

Portia's Selections.

STEP BY STEP.

On the Mount of Contemplation,

At the highest Aspiration,

O, how near!

O, how near seems heaven's portal!

Quickly would we pass athwart all

That's between,—

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

O'er the clouds of snowy whiteness,
Through the angel-fields of brightness,
Up to God!

With desires pure, and feelings
All aglow with Heaven's revealings,
We would haste!

But our path is downward tending!
We must mind our steps, descending
All the way.

And the way is narrow, winding,
'Midst briars and stones, and thickets
blinding
Us from Heaven.

Yet it is the way directed;
We shall find it intersected,
Here and there,

With the paths from beauteous places,
Rays of light from angels' faces,
Waves of song!

Step by step while onward moving,
Lights and signs and shadows proving,
And the ground,

We are slowly, slowly learning,
What will fit us for discerning,
Nearer to God!

BURY THY SORROW.

BURY thy sorrow;
The world hath its share;
Bury it deeply,
Hide it with care.

Think of it calmly
When curtained by night;
Tell it to Jesus,
And all will be right.

Tell it to Jesus,
He knoweth thy grief;
Tell it to Jesus,
He'll send thee relief.

Gather the sunlight
Aglow on thy way;
Gather the moonbeams,
Each soft, silver ray.

Hearts grow weary
With heavier woe,
Droop 'mid the darkness;
Go comfort them, go.

Bury thy sorrow;
Let others be blest;
Give them the sunshine;
Tell Jesus the rest.

The Children's Corner.

A THRICE BLESSED BOY.

A CRIPPLED beggar was striving to pick up some old clothes that been thrown from a window, when a crowd of rude boys gath about him, mimicking his awkward movements, and hooting at helplessness and rags. Presently a noble little fellow came up, p ing through the crowd, helped the poor crippled man to pick up gifts, and place them in a bundle. Then, slipping a piece of s into his hand, he was running away, when a voice far above him "Little boy with the straw hat, look up." A lady, leaning fro upper window, said earnestly, "God bless you, my little fellow; will bless you for that."

As he walked along, he thought how glad he had made his heart by doing good. He thought of the poor beggar's grateful of the lady's smile, and her approval; and last, and better than he could almost hear his heavenly Father whispering, "Blessed the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

When you have an opportunity of doing good, and feel tempte neglect it, remember "the little boy with the straw hat."

RAMBLES IN SWITZERLAND.

THE village of Interlachen is much the same to the Jungfrau hat Chamouni is to Mont Blanc. The Jungfrau has an elevation of 13,700 feet, some 2000 less than Mont Blanc; but its isolated position affords for it a much better view. Most of what we saw of it from Interlachen is a mass of rock and snow, its lower parts being concealed by nearer mountains. The Wetterhorn, Silverhorn, and other lofty summits are also seen in the vicinity. These, with glaciers, falls, cascades, grottos, and their usual accompaniments, attract many visitors; hence numerous large hotels and boarding houses have been erected here, mainly constituting the village. The Jungfrau has never been ascended, and perhaps never will be, it is so steep on all sides, but other points are gained from which excellent views of it are obtained.

The village is itself interesting, and in the midst of a fertile valley. Here in the face of these cliffs, covered with perpetual snow, are fields of as fine-looking wheat as ever waved. Other grains also, grass, potatoes, apples, cherries, &c., grow luxuriantly. The shops do a large business in ornamental wood work, canes, photographic and stereoscopic views; so that at this season the place is quite busy. Numerous excursions are made from it—one to Grindelwald, to see two large glaciers. At the upper one we entered a beautiful ice grotto cut far into the glacier, with a thickness of eighty feet of clear ice overhead, so that it is very light. The water drips upon you in some places, but not enough to occasion serious inconvenience.

Another pleasant excursion is to Lauterbrunnen, and the Stauchach fall. The latter is very fine; the water falls perpendicularly 125 feet, becoming spray and mist long before it reaches the ground. Byron called it "the tail of the pale horse." The scenery here, and likewise around Grindelwald, is beautiful. The lofty mountain sides are fertile, and from their bases up, up, here are green fields, pastures, cottages, almost to the line of perpetual snow. It is wonderful that such a country should be so densely populated. Rarely will you find so many cottages for the same extent of territory. They are neat, and pretty too, housing hardy, industrious and thrifty communities. Here for the first time we heard the Alpine horn, and as it sounded and echoed among the mountains and glaciers, it resembled a concert of sweet music.

Leaving Interlachen, we came by carriage first along Brienz to the village of Brienz, and then over the Brunig. Here the mountain scenery, though not equal to that at the Noir and the Simplon, is yet grand and sublime. Several cascades and waterfalls were passed. The Giesbach falls are perhaps the most beautiful succession of cascades in the world. It counted ten distinct falls in view at a time, as the torrent came down the mountain precipices, through the green grove. A large hotel stands near for the accommodation of those who visit the romantic spot. We also passed along the shores of Lake Lungern. This lake, some eighty years since, was lowered some feet, by cutting a tunnel and exploding 900 pounds of powder, by which a passage was opened, and the lake drained to the valley below. The land thus gained is now green and fertile, covered with fields, gardens, orchards, and cottages. Following one or two other pretty sheets of water, we reached Lucerne at the end of a long, hard, but deeply interesting day's ride.

Lucerne is pleasantly situated on the lake of the same name with the Rigi on the east, and Mount Pilatus on the west. Here we paid our respects to the colossal lion designed by Schwanenwäldsen, and cut in the face of a high perpendicular rock. The lion is represented in the agonies of death, with a broken spear in his side, as a monument to the Swiss soldiers who fell for the liberty of their country in 1792. It is a very striking and expressive figure, and is visited by multitudes.

But the chief attractions here are the mountains, especially the Rigi, from the summit of which there is the best panorama of Switzerland. The ascent is quite steep and laborious, costing about three hours on horseback. But once made, the exertion and fatigue are forgotten, and a thousand fold repaid by the view presented to the eye. Some ten or twelve lakes, and beautiful landscapes on every side, with innumerable hills and mountains in the distance, present altogether a scene such as you nowhere else behold. The afternoon was spent very pleasantly, at the exercises being snow-balling. We trust no dignity was but rare sport enjoyed. The sunset view was pretty good, somewhat obscured by clouds. As usual on such occasions, the evening was enlivened with fireworks. We stopped over at the Culm House, hoping to see the sunrise view, which is to be very grand here. But, like most who seek the opposite, we were disappointed. The morning was thick and foggy.

considered ourselves fortunate in getting down the mountain out a thorough drenching.

We spent the Sabbath at Lucerne, and there, as at Interlaken, were much edified by the services in the English church. The preaching was such as I love to hear—plain, practical, evangelical. The labour was not to display eloquence, or amaze with eccentricities, neither was there resort to dry abstractions or empty forms; but living, vital truth was sincerely and earnestly urged on the heart and conscience. The attentive hearers showed that it found a lodgment. I rejoice to find a gospel thus dispensed here and there in Switzerland as well as in Italy. May it yet prove a saving leaven to these lands, for it is so much needed in the midst of abounding superstition and scepticism.

Never did I feel more than now the excellence of the gospel as the hope of the world. We can and must do more to diffuse its light and hasten its complete triumph among the nations. It has blessed, and will bless our labours as a Christian people in this view. Our churches, home and foreign missions, institutions of learning, are doing a great work, but not enough. It expects much at our hands in this vast harvest of the world. The burden and the blessing must not rest on the few; let all be workers. We must have more workers, send out more missionaries to the destitute, do more to encourage and help those in whom God is calling to the ministry.

Poetry.

MY GUDE AULD WIFE.

O! DINNA say her bonnie face
Is altered by the touch o' Time;
Nor say her form has lost the grace—
The matchless grace that marked its prime.
To me she's fairer, lovelier now
Than crowned wi' bloom o' earlier days;
For changefu' years have only made
More winsome all her looks and ways.
List to her voice! Was e'er a tone
Sae full o' tender love and truth?
Match me its music if ye can
Wi' a' the glesome air o' youth!

ANECDOTES AND SELECTIONS.

And then her e'e—her gentle e'e ;
What though its laughing light has fled,
If in its calm blue depths I see
A heaven of peace and joy instead !
Her sunny locks—yes, *they* are changed ;
Yet still I bow to Time's behest,
For though the rogue has stolen the *gold*,
I love, I love the *silver* best.
What could become that fair meek brow
Like those smooth, lustrous bands of white ?
I touch them reverently, as one
Might touch an angel's crown of light.
For life's inevitable storms—
Its waves of grief, its clouds of care,
Its many trials, bravely borne,
Have made these tresses what they are.
But praise to Him who rules the world !
Good smiles beside each frowning ill—
The storms, dear wife, that bleached thy locks
Have made thy spirit whiter still.
If thou didst seem a flower before,
For sportive days of sunshine given,
Thou smilest on my pathway now,
The star that lights a clouded heaven.
What though the lengthening shadows fall,
That show me near my day's decline,
I fear no doom, I dread no change,
While thy dear hand is clasped in mine.
Ah ! they who name the woman *weak*,
Know not what thou hast been to me !
One Being, only One, can know
The holy strength I've learned from thee.
All cares were sweet, all burdens light,
All crosses crowns while thou wert nigh !
Thy love hath taught me how to live ;
Thy smile shall teach me how to die.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE MELTED MOUNTAIN.—An old warrior, lying at the death, said to the missionary who stood at his side—"Oh, I have been in great trouble this morning, but I am happy now. I saw an immense mountain, with precipitous sides, up which I endeavoured to climb, but when I had attained a considerable height, I lost my hold and fell to the bottom. Exhausted with perplexity and fatigue, I lay down and sat down to weep, and while weeping, I saw a blood fall upon that mountain, and in a moment it was dissolved. This was certainly a strange sight," remarked the missionary.

THE FIRESIDE.

"what construction did you put upon it?" The dying chieftain seemed astonished at the missionary's question, and replied—"That mountain was my sins, and the drop which fell upon it was one drop of the precious blood of Jesus, by which the mountain of my guilt must be melted away." How striking is the illustration of the power of Christ's blood! One drop dissolves the mountain of a sinner's guilt! Oh, blessed, efficacious blood! May it fall on my sins, and on my readers' sins, and melt them away! Reader, does your guilt rise like a mountain? Go to Christ. Trust in Him. His blood will dissolve it all, and enable you to sing—

"O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God."

CHARLES SIMEON.—The most earnest labourers for souls may receive a new impulse to fidelity from the following incident in the life of the noble-hearted Simeon:—Charles Simeon was once summoned to the bedside of a dying brother. Entering the room, the relative extended his hand, and with some emotion said, "I am dying, and you never warned me of the state in which I was, and of the great danger I was in of neglecting the salvation of my soul." "Nay, my brother," said Simeon, "but I took every reasonable opportunity of bringing the subject of religion before you, and frequently alluded to it in my letters." "Yes," said the dying man, "but you never came to me, closed the door, and took me by the collar of my coat, and told me I was *unconverted*, and that if I died in that state I should be lost; and now I am dying, and, but for God's grace, I might have been for ever undone." It is said that Simeon never forgot this scene.

THE RIGHT PERSUASION.—In terrible agony a soldier lay dying in the hospital. A visitor asked him, "What church are you of?" "Of the church of Christ," he replied. "I mean, of what persuasion are you?" then inquired the visitor. "Persuasion!" said the dying man, as his eyes looked heavenward, beaming with love to the Saviour; "I am **PERSUADED** that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

The Fireside.

A WORD ON COOKERY.

THE female head of a family who wishes to keep a good table, according to her circumstances, must have a proper knowledge of several important matters, besides making a pudding, or dressing a joint of meat. Indeed, if *she be not a good manager in general, it will be but occasionally, and by mere chance, that she cooks even one dish properly.*

First, there is *money*: she should well understand how much she can afford to spend on food, and how to lay it out to the best advantage, on what is really profitable and nourishing, what is worth the money asked for it, and what may be so portioned out as to secure something comfortable every day. Without a steady plan in these matters, prudently adjusted, and steadily adhered to, a family may be one day living in luxury, and another day half starved. The way habitually to have enough of everything is never to have too much of anything. The want and misery of many families arise, more from want of discretion in managing their resources, than from the real scantiness of their income. Where this is the case, if their income were doubled, they would still be poor and uncomfortable.

Next, there is *time*: a working man's wife has many things to attend to. She had need to rise early, move about briskly, and make the best of every minute, or her affairs will be all behind-hand and in confusion. Among other things, her family will rarely sit down to a comfortable well-dressed meal. A good manager is known by her forecast. She thinks of what she has to do; she knows when a thing ought to be begun in order to its being finished at the proper time, and she takes care to do it accordingly. In the business of cooking, a minute's timely preparation may save an hour of bustle and discomfort. Even in the difference of having to draw a pail of water, when the pot is wanted to be put on the fire, or having it stand ready for use, may consist the difference between having the family meal ready in proper time, or too late and ill-cooked. To think of things at the proper time; to have a time for everything, and everything to its time, are habits worth many pounds in a year to a family manager, and contribute much to family comfort, whether the house and income be large or small.—*E. Copley.*

The Penny Post Box.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

JACOB prays—the angel is conquered; Esau's revenge is changed to fraternal love.

Joseph prays—he is delivered from the prison of Egypt.

Moses prays—Amalek is discomfited; Israel triumphs.

Joshua prays—the sun stands still; victory is gained.

David prays—Abithophel goes out and hangs himself.

Asa prays—Israel gains a glorious victory.

Jehoshaphat prays—God turns away his anger and smiles.

Elijah prays—the little cloud appears; the rain descends upon the earth.

Elisha prays—the waters of the Jordan are divided; a child is restored to life.

FACTS, HINTS, GEMS, AND POETRY.

ah prays—one hundred eighty and four thousand Assyrians are
zekiah prays—the sun-dial is turned back, his life is prolonged.
decai prays—Haman is hanged; Israel is free.
jemiah prays—the king's heart is softened in a moment.
a prays—the walls of Jerusalem begin to rise.
Church prays—the Holy Ghost is poured out.
Church prays again—Peter is delivered by an angel.
l and Silas pray—the prison shakes; the doors open; every
bonds are loosed.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

g one month this year (Sep.)
lony of Victoria shipped eighty
and ounces of gold for England.
t year more than two hundred
is were killed in the streets of
n by being run over! This is
rate of four a week! It is,
ore, perfectly true that it is safer
vel on any railway in England
o walk in the streets of London.
gars are a costly race. Twenty-
ousand beggars live in England,
ave wheedled out of the pockets
evolent people in one year one
n three hundred and seventy-
ousand pounds, or about one
of all the poor-rates of the
y.

Hints.

orns whiten, yet do nothing.
es eat but once.
d horses make short miles.
ry mile is two in winter.
better to have wings than horns.
r language grates not the tongue.
ittle given seasonably excuses a
gift.
goes not out of his way that
o a good inn.
that brings good news knocks
that marries for wealth sells his
r.

Gems.

When suspicion begins to touch you,
the end is near.

A man's worth should be reckoned
by what he is, not by what he has.

Christians are like vases, they must
pass through the fire ere they can
shine.

We are not to seek pain; but when
it is sent to us we are not to fret and
grumble at it, but to go cheerfully on
with it, as though we did not feel it.

Men often hunger and thirst for
God when they don't know what ails
them.

There is no enduring happiness
apart from God.

Heaven will be inherited by every
man who has heaven in his soul.

Let the day have a blessed baptism
by giving your first waking thoughts
into the bosom of God.

There is no lot so hard but there is
some goodness to be thanked for.

Poetic Selections.

BE JUST, AND FEAR NOT.

SPEAK thou the truth. Let others fence
And trim their words for pay;
In pleasant sunshine or pretence
Let others bask their day.

Guard thou the fact, though clouds of night
Down on thy watchtower stoop;
Though thou should'st see thine heart's
delight

Borne from thee by their swoop.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Face thou the wind. Though safer seem
In shelter to abide;
We were not made to sit and dream;
The safe must first be tried.

Where God hath set his thorns about,
Cry not, "The way is plain;"
His path within for those without
Is paved with toil and pain.

One fragment of His blessed Word
Into thy spirit burned,
Is better than the whole, half heard,
And by thine interests turned.

Show thou thy light. If conscience gleam,
Set not the bushel down;
The smallest spark may send its beam
O'er hamlet, tower, and town.

Woe, woe, to him on safety bent,
Who creeps from age to youth,
Failing to grasp his life's intent,
Because he fears the truth!

Be true to every inmost thought,
And as thy thought, thy speech;
What thou hast not by suffering bought
Presume thou not to teach.

Hold on, hold on—thou hast the rock;
The foes are on the sand;
The first world-tempest's ruthless shock
Scatters their shifting strand;

While each wild gust the mist shall
We now see darkly through,
And justified at last appear
The true, in Him that's true.

Dean of Canterb

The Children's Corner.

THE SOFT ANSWER.

A **STOUT** boy who worked in a grocer's shop was one day carry big basket filled with oranges and parcels of tea, coffee, sugar other good things, along a narrow lane to a house on the edge village. As he walked slowly along with his load, a merry little came running in the opposite direction whistling like a lark on a morning. He was a little careless, for he tilted plump again grocer lad's basket, and knocked it off his arm. Away rolled bright oranges, and out went the parcels on the dusty path, very to the chagrin of the errand boy. With hot face, flashing eyes closed fists, he squared himself for a fight.

But the little fellow did not wish to fight, for he felt innocent intention to do harm to the other. So with a pleasant smile he "I'm very sorry. I was careless. I didn't mean to upset your basket. Come, let me help pick up the things."

These were soft words. The spirit of kindness was in them, melted the anger from the other boy's heart in a moment. He dropped his arms, and went to picking up his scattered goods. When everything was replaced, the boys wished each other good morning, went their way cheerful and happy.

Now suppose the careless boy had used *hard* instead of soft. What then? There would have been a fight, of course. Black bleeding noses, trampled parcels, squeezed oranges, and fiery passions would have been the evil fruits. Soft words prevented all this. Are not *soft words* delightful and blessed things? Yes, they are precious pearls. Remember this, and keep lots of them in your pocket ready to drop out when needed. The wise king said, "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

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LAST DAYS OF JOHN KNOX.

FROUDE, in his "History of England," thus sketches the days of the great Scottish Reformer, and exhibits his view of rugged and forcible character:—

Shortly after Knox's last sermon, a paralytic stroke pros-
trated his remaining strength; he became unable to read, and
day or two his mind was wandering. He recovered his
senses, but only to know that the end was not far off; and still
lingering of his country, and of his country's present trials, he
urged the elders of the Kirk to charge them for the last time
constant. His next anxiety was for Grange. Grange who,
boy, had shared in that forlorn enterprise at St. Andrew's
Beton went to his account, was a person whom Knox had
loved and prized. In the last years, by some fatality he had
led by Maitland into the ways of foolishness; beyond and
the spiritual aspects of the matter, none knew better than
in which way the long obstinacy of the defenders of the
would end at last, and he made a final effort to save his
friend from destroying himself. 'Go,' he said to David
say, a minister who came to his bedside, 'Go to yon man of
castle. Tell him I warn him in the name of God to leave
evil cause, and give over the castle. If not, he shall be
brought down over the walls with shame, and hung against the sun.'
Maitland went as he was bidden and saw Grange, and 'some-
moved him.' But he talked to Maitland, and Maitland
dismissed the warning into ridicule. 'Go, tell Mr. Knox,' he said
in answer, 'that he is but a drytting prophet.' 'Well,'
said Knox, when the words were brought back to him, 'I
have been earnest with my God anent they twa men. For the
[I am sorry that sa should befall him; yet God assures me
of his mercy for his soul. For the other, I have na warrant
over he shall be well']

On the 17th of November the elders of the congregation came
to receive his last instructions. He went over the
incidents of the last year with them. 'He had done his
best to instruct them,' he said, 'and if at any time he had spoken
harshly, it was not from passion or ill will, but only to overcome
faults. Now that he was going away, he could but charge
them to remain true—to make no compromise with evil—espe-

cially to yield in nothing to the castle—rather to fly with David to the mountains than remain at home in the company of the wicked.'

Two days later, the 19th, Morton came, and Ruthven and Glencairn; and to them he spoke at length, though what passed none ever knew. Afterward some fine lady came 'to praise him,' to flatter him in a foolish way for the great things which he had done. 'Hush, hush!' he said; 'flesh is over proud, and needs no means to esteem the self.'

He was rapidly going. On the 23rd he told the people who were about him that he had been meditating through the night on the troubles of the Kirk. He had been earnest in prayer with God for it. He had wrestled with Satan, and had prevailed. He repeated the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer, pausing after the first petition to say, 'Who can pronounce so holy words!' It was the day on which a fast had been appointed by Convention for special meditation upon the massacre. After sermon, many eager persons came to his bedside, and, though his breath was coming thick and slow, he continued to speak in broken sentences.

The next morning the end was evidently close. He was restless, rose, half-dressed himself, and then, finding himself too weak to stand, sank back upon his bed. He was asked if he was in pain. He said, 'It was no painful pain, but such as would end the battle.' Mrs. Knox read to him St. Paul's words on death. 'Unto Thy hand, O Lord,' he cried, 'for the last time, I commend my soul, spirit and body.' At his own request she then read to him the seventeenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, where he told them he first cast anchor.

As night fell he seemed to sleep. The family assembled in his room for their ordinary evening prayers, and 'were the longer because they thought he was resting.' He moved as they ended. 'Sir, heard ye the prayers?' said one. 'I would to God,' he answered, 'that ye and all men heard them as I have heard them, and I praise God of the heavenly sound.' Then, with a long sigh, he said, 'Now it is come.' The shadow was creeping over him, and death was at hand. Bannatyne, his secretary, sprang to his side.

'Now, Sir,' he said, 'the time ye have long asked for—to wit, an end of your battle is come; and, seeing all natural power fails, remember the promise which oftentimes ye have shown me of

A FEW WORDS ABOUT ROME.

our Saviour Jesus Christ, and that we may understand ye hear us make us some sign.'

The dying man gently raised his head, and 'incontinent thereof, rendered up his spirit.'

'There lies one,' said Morton, as two days later, he stood to watch the coffin lowered into the grave, 'there lies one who never feared the face of mortal man.' Morton spoke only of what he knew; the full measure of Knox's greatness neither he nor any man could then estimate. It is as we look back over that stormy time, and weigh the actors in it one against the other, that he stands out in his full proportions. No grander figure can be found, in the entire history of the Reformation in this island, than that of Knox. Cromwell and Burghley rank beside him for the work which they effected, but, as politicians and statesmen, they had to labour with instruments which they soiled their hands in touching. In purity, in uprightness, in courage, truth, and stainless honour, the Regent Murray and our English Latimer were perhaps his equals; but Murray was intellectually far below him, and the sphere of Latimer's influence was on a smaller scale. The time has come when English history may do justice to one but for whom the Reformation would have been overthrown among ourselves; for the spirit which Knox created saved Scotland; and if Scotland had been Catholic again, neither the wisdom of Elizabeth's ministers, nor the teaching of her bishops, nor her own chicaneries, would have preserved England from revolution. His was the voice which taught the peasant of the Lothians that he was a free man, the equal in the sight of God with the proudest peer or prelate that had trampled on his forefathers. He was the one antagonist whom Mary Stuart could not soften nor Maitland deceive; he it was that raised the poor Commons of his country into a stern and rugged people, who might be hard, narrow, superstitious, and fanatical, but who, nevertheless, were men whom neither king, noble, nor priest, could force again to submit to tyranny."

A FEW WORDS ABOUT ROME.

But here is the Rome of to-day—a city of two hundred thousand people, with its walls thirty-two miles in circumference, and massive gates shut *every night* at ten o'clock, forbidding ingress or *egress after that hour*; its high buildings, narrow streets without

A FEW WORDS ABOUT ROME.

sidewalks, and very much to assure you that although of the present, it still belongs to the past. True, it has many splendid palaces within its borders and environs, beautiful gardens, sweet flowers, mostly pruned trees, the railroad and the telegraph; yet the mass of the people, whether lounging in the streets, or about their usual avocations, exhibit little evidence of communion with the living, earnest, progressive present. Their implements of agriculture and labour generally, their work-shops, markets, dress, appearance and habits, are all of a piece, of course with exceptions. And there is no evidence that Popery makes them any better. You see cardinals, bishops, priests and other sacred orders everywhere, so that you might almost suppose every tenth person belonged to them. Church bells resound every hour, the churches are ever open; yet improvidence, sloth, filth, wretchedness, beggary, fearfully abound. No Protestant church or house of worship is allowed within the walls, though there are two or three small ones without. On the numerous basilicas or cathedrals and churches, millions on millions have been lavished on the buildings and their furnishing; there are exquisite marble and granite columns, mosaics, frescoed walls and roofs, paintings, statuary, images, monuments, relics; the ceremonials are imposing and showy, but there is little of devotion even in appearance. Many appear stolid, others indifferent, light, or otherwise unconscious of the mummary. There is, however, the consolation to know that this state of things cannot long endure, but must rapidly fade and disappear before the intelligence and enterprise bursting into life on every side.

During the past few days I have had a pretty good opportunity to see Catholicism in its best state. Sabbath, April 14, was Palm Sunday, yesterday Easter, closing "holy week." We attended the services at St. Peter's both Sabbaths, the Lamentations and Miserere and some other exercises intermediate; saw the pope carried in the procession of cardinals and other magnates, saw him in his official service and adoration of the relics, and heard him pronounce his benediction upon the hundred thousand people who thronged the vast amphitheatre in front of the church. We witnessed also the splendid illumination of the church last evening. There is much to move the sensibilities in such exhibitions. We love to hear good music, and to see beautiful *drapery* any where. But in all we saw or heard at St. Peter's, *there was very little devotion.* It seemed much more like a

POETRY.

air or military review or political celebration. How could otherwise, with a line of soldiers on each side of the nave church, large bodies of infantry and cavalry in front, aptly performing in the routine, and the whole ceremonialing so much of the same display? We could but pity, in midst of all this parade, the dirty, ragged, squalid mass, surging in this respect any we ever saw, which swayed to and fro the toe of the brazen image set up in the church, kneel at a crucifix, or gaze at the gaudy pageantry. Well, the poor priest is nearly through with his task, and is, perhaps, but an agent of popery itself. If so, the world is not likely to be changed by the change.

Poetry.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

Why look we on the shady side?

The world is full of light—
And half the blessings of our life

We lose for ever from sight,
Just for the brooding o'er some ill

It may be hard to bear,
Yet each should write his motto thus—

“Hope on, and ne'er despair.”

Life's sunny side is e'er made up
Of sunbeams and of flowers;

God's mercies and his blessings still
Descend in plenteous showers.

O! Life is sweet! though oft it lead
Through a deep vale of tears;—

Each waning year adds to the store
Garnered in by-gone years.

The harbingers of Winter are
The downy flakes of snow

That come so gently—tremblingly,
For a welcome here below.

The aged one grows young again
Beside the blazing fire;

Thanks God for untold blessings given,
As he piles the fagots higher.

Then with the Spring the world's heart grows
Fresh with young life again;

ANECDOTES AND SELECTIONS.

The hymn of praise ascendeth free
Unhindered by our pain.
And golden Summer, beautiful
With verdure, light and flowers,
And musical with singing streams,
With glory crowds the hours.

Autumn all gorgeous hues doth blend,
And set the woods aglow,
And in the landscape's splendour brings
Heaven's wondrous skill below.
Rich harvests crowd the granary,
The orchards yield their wealth,
Fresh splendour lights the star-gemmed sky,
The pulses leap with health.

Why look we on the shady side?
God's world is full of light;
And blessings come from every hand
To greet our eager sight.
And if we choose we oft can see,
Though tears our eyes bedim,
Through cloud-rifts, light that Jesus sends,
To make us think of Him.

Anecdotes and Selections.

CHALMERS, LOYOLA, AND LUTHER.—Dr. Hanna, the biographer of Chalmers, gives the following striking comparison between the spiritual processes through which these great men entered into a religious life. He says :—"Loyola's great effort was to rise out of the world beneath his feet, and to rise into a mystic region of rapture, where high spiritual intercourse with the unseen world might be enjoyed. The main stress of his struggle was to mortify the flesh and of the mind, to spiritualize the carnal nature. His great effort, prompted by an urgent sense of guilt, was to atone to himself to an offended Deity; and the main stress of his struggle was to bring into a state of right adjustment his personal and individual relationship with God. Dr. Chalmers' great effort was to prepare for an eternity felt to be at hand, by discharging aright the duties of citizenship and the main stress of his struggle was to bring his dispositive conduct towards all around him up to the requirements of the law. Loyola busied himself mainly with fastening aright the sustaining communion which bound him to the spiritual world that world was conceived of and believed in. Luther busied himself mainly with his legal standing before the High Judge of all things."

ANECDOTES AND SELECTIONS.

and was still trying over and over again the question of his acceptance or his condemnation before the bar of eternal justice. Dr. Chalmers busied himself mainly with the state of his affections and behaviour towards his fellow-men, with all of whom he tried to be on terms of perfect and cordial amity ere he passed into eternity. The evotional element predominated with the first, the legal with the second, and the moral and social with the third; but of his severe and prolonged struggle Loyola found his exit by casting himself into the bosom of the church, and giving himself up to the devotions which he prescribed and the services which she demanded; but of their struggle Luther and Dr. Chalmers alike found their exit by casting themselves into the bosom of their Saviour, and giving themselves up to all the duties of life, spiritual and social, as those who had been ill and freely reconciled unto God through Jesus Christ their Lord."

WHAT LUTHER LOVED.—Luther, when studying, always had his dog lying at his feet—a dog he had brought from Wartberg, and of which he was very fond. An ivory crucifix stood at the table before him. He worked at his desk for days together, without going out; but when fatigued, and the ideas began to stagnate, he took his guitar with him to the porch, and there executed some musical fantasy (for he was a skilful musician), when ideas would flow upon him as fresh as showers after a summer's rain. Music was his invariable solace at such times. Indeed, Luther did not hesitate to say, that after theology, music was the first of arts. "Music," said he, "is the art of the prophets; it is the other art which, like theology, can calm the agitation of the soul, and put the devil to flight." Next to music, if not before it, Luther loved children and flowers. That great gnarled man had a heart as tender as a woman's.

CHRISTIAN MIRACLES.—"Miracles," says Fuller, "are the swaddling clothes of the infant churches;" and, we may add, not the garments of the full-grown. They were as the proclamation that the king was mounting his throne; who, however, is not proclaimed every day, only at his accession. When he sits acknowledged on his throne the proclamation ceases. They were as the bright clouds which gather round and announce the sun at his first appearing; his mid-day splendour, though as full and fuller indeed of light and heat, knows not these bright heralds and harbingers of his rising. Or they may be likened to the framework on which the arch is rounded, which framework is taken down as soon as that is completed.—*Archbishop Trench.*

THE WAY TO SEEK.—A farmer, who had long neglected the house of God, and indulged in the use of profane language, one day lost a ank note in his barn. He searched for it in vain. At length he said, That note is in the barn, and I will search for it until I find it." Accordingly he went to the barn, and carefully moved the hay and straw, hour after hour, till he found the note. A few weeks before this

ANECDOTES AND SELECTIONS.

he had been awakened to a sense of his need of a Saviour, and had earnestly sought to live a better life. His anxiety increased. A few weeks after he lost the note, he sat by the fire musing on the state of his soul, when he turned to his wife and asked, "What must one do to become a Christian?" "You must seek for it," she replied, "as you sought for the bank note." It was "a word fitly spoken." He followed the direction; and, through the mercy of Christ, he found the "pearl of great price," and rejoiced in the hope of the glory of God.

THE TEMPLE OF GOD.—Be it ours to build up the immortal fabric. Let faith invite knowledge; let spirit welcome and bless nature; so gather those living ideas which the heights of love nourish, then shape them to symmetrical beauty; draw from their quarries imperishable truths, and lay the strong foundations; rear the walls to the lofty roof; furnish the secret chambers and the open courts; build inward holies to the holiest; overlay the whole with purest gold, silently, that no sound disturb the sacred process; let the structure advance to the great hour when, all things brought in, the consecration shall go forward amidst the glory filling for ever this noble house. Mine be it, let each soul repeat, to build up in silent purity the everlasting temple.

LITTLE THINGS AND LITTLE PEOPLE.—It is of small things that a great life is made up; and he who will acknowledge no life as great save that which is built up of great things, will find little in Bible characters to admire or copy. Little things and little people have often brought great things to pass. The large world in which we exist is made up of little particles as small as the sand on the seashore. The vast sea is composed of small drops of water. The little busy bees, how much honey they gather? Do not be discouraged because you are little. A little star shines brightly in the sky on a dark night, and may be the means of saving many a poor sailor from shipwreck; and a little Christian may do a great deal of good if he or she will try. There is nothing like trying.

MINISTERIAL LABOURS.—Several years ago, a Scotch pastor, being asked by a merchant, "What is the amount of your ministerial work?" replied, "In the first place, I write every year what, if printed, would fill two octavo volumes as large as any man who devotes himself to authorship would think of composing in the same time; secondly, I speak as much every year as a lawyer in good practice speaks at the bar; thirdly, I spend nearly as many hours in making and receiving professional visits as are spent by an ordinary physician." The merchant answered, "None of us would do half your work for four times your pay."

A CHAIN OF TRUTHS.—Rarely had so golden a chain of verities been linked together in one short paragraph as the following, by President Quincy—"The great comprehensive truths written in letters of living light on every page of history, are these: Human happiness has

THE FIRESIDE.

perfect security but freedom; freedom none but virtue; virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom nor virtue has any vigour or immortal hope except in the principles of the Christian faith, and in the sanctions of the Christian religion."

THE BIBLE.—The Bible is the guide-post, as it were, to lead poor wanderers to heaven, to point out the way to that "better country" before them. It is the compass which shows us, as we pass over the troubled waves of life, how we may reach the wished-for haven. It is the medicine chest, which contains the only remedy that can cure a diseased soul. It makes known God's will to man. In prayer we speak to Him: but here, in the Bible, He speaks to us.

AFFLICTION.

There will be no Christian but what will have a Gethsemane, but every praying Christian will find that there is no Gethsemane without an angel.—*Binney*.

Before an affliction is digested a consolation ever comes too soon, and after it is digested, it comes too late; but there is a mark between these two, as fine almost as a hair, for a comforter to take aim at.—*terne*.

Nothing can occur beyond the strength of faith to sustain, or transcending the resources of religion to relieve.—*Binney*.

As thrashing separates the corn from the chaff, so does affliction purify virtue.—*Burton*.

It is from the remembrance of joys we have lost that the arrows of affliction are pointed.—*Mackenzie*.

The Fireside.

TRUSTING MAN AND CHRIST.

It was a time of spiritual awakening in a small manufacturing town. The foreman in a department of one of the factories became anxious about his soul. He was directed to Christ as the sinner's only refuge by many, and by his own master among the rest; but it seemed to be without result. At last his master thought of reaching his mind and bringing him to see the sincerity of God in the gospel, by writing a note asking him to come to see him at six o'clock, after he left "the work."

He came promptly with the letter in his hand. When ushered into his room, his master inquired, "Do you wish to see me, James?"

THE PENNY POST BOX.

James was confounded, and holding up the note requesting him to come, said—

"The letter! the letter!"

"O," said his master, "I see you believed that I wanted to see you, and when I sent you the message you came at once."

"Surely, sir! surely, sir!" replied James.

"Well, see, here is another letter sending for you by One equally in earnest," said his master, holding up a slip of paper with some texts of Scripture written on it.

James took the paper and began to read slowly, "Come—unto—me—all—ye—that—labour," &c. His lips quivered; his eyes filled with tears; and, likely to choke with emotion, he thrust his hand into his jacket pocket, grasping his large, red handkerchief, with which he covered his face; and there he stood for a few moments, not knowing what to do. At length he inquired—

"Am I just to believe that in the same way I believed your letter?"

"Just in the same way," rejoined the master. "*If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater!*"

This expedient was owned of God in setting James at liberty. He was a happy believer that very night, and has continued to go on his way rejoicing in God his Saviour, to point others to Calvary, and walk in the narrow way.

Reader, if anxious about your salvation, be persuaded to believe God when He speaks to you in His word in the same way you would credit the word of an honourable man, and you will obtain peace through the precious blood of Christ. "He cannot deny Himself."

The Penny Post Box.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

A FEW more Aarons and Hurs as attendants on the weekly prayer meetings, to pray for the success of the preaching of the gospel on the Sabbath.

Also, a few more teachers in the Sabbath school, of the right sort, who will give themselves to earnest prayer and work on behalf of their scholars, until all have been brought to Jesus.

Also, a few more tract distributors in destitute neighbourhoods surrounding sumptuous sanctuaries, where "a line may reach him who a sermon flies."

Also, a few more contributors to the Lord's treasury on earth, who more highly prize an eternal treasure in heaven.

Persons seeking such employment may find it at once by applying to their pastor.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

Population of Jerusalem at the time is about eighteen thou-

se, five thousand are Mahom-
nine thousand Jews, and the
stians of all countries.

Chief native industry of Jeru-
salem, and "Jerusalem ware,"
chaplets, crucifixes, beads,
and the like, principally made
of pearl and olive wood.

pilgrims to the holy city, who
eight thousand a year, are the
rebashers of this "Jerusalem

three or four hundred bales
of goods are yearly sent from
to Jerusalem, valued at about
hundred pounds.

of goods that come from Eng-
land to pass through the little
port of Jaffa.

Hints.

is an egg to-day than a pul-
l-
orrow.

Golden water is Malmsey.
Peace does more than violence.
Remedy for hard times is to
ience.

Warms more than a thousand

I want a wife, choose her on
Monday, not on Sunday.

Who often transplanted is never
with fruit.

Are close things, but the
come out at last.

Doctor seldom takes physic.

On Christmas, and a white

That makes haste to be rich
; be innocent.

Idleness and hunger have many
disciples.

Gems.

Did sin bring sorrow into the world?
then let sorrow carry sin out of the
world.

He is a presumptuous child that
will choose his own rod; and an un-
reasonable Christian that will choose
his own cross.

Search others for their virtues, and
thyself for thy vices.

However various our wants may
seem, what we all need is God.

God's least thought is more prolific
than man's greatest abundance.

There is no harder shield for the
devil to pierce with temptation than
singing with prayer.

The truest self-respect is not to
think of self.

Of all earthly music, that which
reaches the farthest into heaven is the
beating of a loving heart.

A tear, dropped in the silence of a
sick chamber, often rings in heaven
with a sound which belongs not to
earthly trumpet or bells.

Poetic Selections.

THANKFULNESS.

My God, I thank Thee, who hast made

The earth so bright;

So full of splendour and of joy,

Beauty and light;

So many glorious things are here

Noble and right!

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made

Joy to abound;

So many gentle thoughts and deeds

Circling us round,

That in the darkest spot of earth

Some love is found.

I thank Thee more, that all our joy

Is touched with pain;

That shadows fall on brightest hours;

That thorns remain;

POETIC SELECTIONS.—THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

So that Earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.
For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things !
I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept
The best in store :
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more ;
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.
I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast,
—A. A. Proctor.

GOD AND THE SOUL.

THE soul wherein God dwells—
What church can holier be?—
Becomes a walking tent
Of heavenly majesty.
How far from here to Heaven?
Not very far, my friend,
A single hearty step
Will all thy journey end.

Though Christ a thousand
In Bethlehem be born,
If He's not born in thee,
Thy soul is still forlorn.

The cross on Golgotha
Will never save thy soul,
The cross in thine own heart
Alone can make thee whole.

Hold there! where runnes
Know Heaven is in thee,
Seek'st thou for God elsew
His face thou'lt never see

Ah, would thy heart but b
A manger for his birth,
God would once more bestow
A child upon this earth.

I don't believe in Death;
If hour by hour I die,
'Tis hour by hour to gain
A better life thereby.

Go out—God will go in;
Die thou, and let Him live
Be not, and He will be;
Wait, and He'll all things give

O, shame! A silkworm w
And spins till it can fly,
And thou, my soul, wilt stay
On thine old earth-clod.

—Angelus Siles

The Children's Corner.

ABLE TO DO SOMETHING.

A VERY tall gentleman paid a visit to a lady one cold wintry day. On rising to leave, a little girl, hardly higher than the gentleman's knees, who wanted to do something to show her love to mamma's friend, said, forgetting how very little she was, "help you on with your great coat, sir." Mamma, astonished, said, "My dear, you forget how short you are." But the loving lady was not to be beaten; she wanted to do something to show her love so she quickly answered, "Never mind, mamma; but if I can get the great coat, I can run and fetch the walking stick." We are all of us too short, or too anything, to be quite unable to do as we wish; and if we desire to do it, we shall not want the oppor-

A SIGNIFICANT LEAF FROM FRENCH HISTORY.

As the closing chapter of Smiles's History of the Huguenots, a volume of great interest, the following picture of the terrible reaction which followed the bloody persecutions formally inaugurated by the Catholics against the Huguenots in the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, has a lesson for all lands and times; but a special and significant lesson for the Emperor and the priests who have so recently come forward as the champions of the Papacy.

And now let us see what was the outcome of the action of this church, so rich and so powerful, after enjoying a century of undisputed authority in France. All other faiths had been expelled to make way for it; Protestantism had been exterminated, and free thought of all kinds had shrunk for a time out of sight.

What was the result of this exclusive action upon the mind and conscience of the French people? The result was utter emptiness: to use the words of Carlyle, "emptiness of pocket, of stomach, of head and of heart." The church which had claimed and obtained the sole control of the religious education of France saw itself assailed by its own offspring—desperate, ignorant, and so ferocious that in some places they even seized the priests and indecently scourged them in front of their own altars.

The nation that would not have the Bayles, and Claudes, and Laurains of a century before, now cast themselves at the feet of the Voltaires, Rosseaus, and Diderots. Though France would not have the God of the Huguenot's Bible, behold now she accepts the evangel according to Jean Jacques, and a poor benighted creature, clad in tawdry, is led through the streets of Paris in the character of the Goddess of Reason!

But a large number of the clergy of the Roman Catholic church in France had themselves long ceased to believe in the truth of what they professed to teach. They had grown utterly corrupted and demoralized. Their monasteries were the abodes of idleness and self-indulgence. Their pulpits were mute; their books were empty. The doctors of the Sorbonne still mumbled their accustomed jargon, but it had become powerless. Instead of the great churchmen of the past—Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and Fenelon—there were such blind leaders of the blind as the Cardinal de Rohan, the profligate confederate of Madame la Motte in the

affair of the diamond necklace; the Abbe Sieyes, the constitution-monger; the Abbe Raynal, the open assailant of Christianity in every form; and Father Lomenie, the avowed atheist.

The corrupt, self-condemned institution became a target for the wit of Voltaire and the encyclopædic philosophy of Diderot. It was next assailed by the clubs of Marat, Danton and Robespierre. Then the unfed, the untaught, desperate victims of centuries of oppression and misguidance rose up almost as one man, and cried "Away with it!"—*Ecrasez l'Infame*. The churches were attacked and gutted, as those of the Huguenots had been a century before. The church-bells were cast into cannon, the church-plate coined into money; and at length Christianity itself was abolished by the Convention, who declared the Supreme People to be the only God!

The Roman Catholic clergy, who had so long witnessed the persecutions of the Huguenots, were now persecuted in their turn by their own flocks. Many of them were guillotined; others, chained together as the Huguenots had been, were sent prisoners to Rochelle and the Isle of Aix. As a body of them passed through Limoges on their way to the galleys, they encountered a procession of asses clothed in priests' dresses, a mitred sow marching at their head. Some four hundred priests lay riding in Aix Roads, where the Huguenot galley-slaves had been before them—"ragged, sordid, hungry, wasted to shadows, eating their unclean rations on deck, circularly, in parties of a dozen, with finger and thumb; beating their scandalous clothes between two stones; choked in horrible miasmata, under close hatches, seventy of them in a berth through the night, so that the aged priest is found lying dead in the morning in an attitude of prayer."

Such was the real outcome of the Act of Revocation of Louis the Great—Sansculottism and the Reign of Terror! There was no longer the massacre and banishment of Huguenots, but there was the guillotining and banishment of the successors of the priests whom Louis had set up. There was one other point in which 1793 resembled 1685. The fugitive priests fled in precisely the same direction in which the Huguenot pastors had done; and again the persecuted for religion's sake made for the old free land of England, to join the descendants of the Huguenots, driven out of France for altogether different reasons a century before.

The great body of the people had become reduced to absolute destitution. They had no possession whatever but their misery.

They were literally dying of hunger. The Bishop of Chartres told Louis XV. that in his diocese the men browsed like sheep. For want of food they filled their stomachs with grass. The dragoons, who had before been employed to hunt down the Huguenots because of their attending religious meetings, were now employed on a different duty. They were stationed in the market-places where meal was exposed for sale to keep back the famishing people. In Paris alone there were 200,000 beggars prowling about, with sallow faces, lank hair, and hung in rags. In 1789, crowds of them were seen hovering about the Palais Royal—spectral-looking men and starving women, delirious from fasting. Some were said not to have eaten for three whole days. The women wandered about like hungry lionesses, for they had children. One Foulon, a member of the king's council, on being told of the famine endured by the people, said, "Wait till I am minister: I will make them eat hay; my horses eat it." The words were bitterly avenged. The hungry mob seized Foulon, hanged him *a la lanterne*, and carried his head about the streets, his mouth filled with hay.

From the provinces news came that the starving helots were everywhere rising, burning down the chateaus of the nobles, tearing up their title-deeds, and destroying their crops. On these occasions the church-bells were wrung by way of tocsin, and the population of the parish turned out to the work of destruction. Seventy-two chateaus were wrecked and burnt in the Maconnais and Beaujolais alone; and the conflagration spread throughout Dauphiny, Alsace, and the Lyonnais, the very quarters from which the Huguenots had been so ferociously driven out a century before.

It is unnecessary to pursue the dreadful story farther. Suffice it to say that the nobles, like the priests, fled out of France to escape the fury of the people, and they too made for England, where they received the same asylum that had been extended to their clergy, and before them to the Huguenots. To prevent the flight of the noblesse, the same measures were adopted by the Convention which Louis XIV. adopted to prevent the escape of the Huguenots. The frontiers were strictly guarded, and all the roads patrolled which led out of France. Severe laws were passed against emigration, and the estates of fugitive aristocrats were declared to be confiscated to the state. Nevertheless, many succeeded in making their escape into Switzerland, Germany, and England.

JANET MURRAY'S STORY; OR THE PERILS OF FISHERMEN

It fared still worse with Louis XVI. and his beautiful Marie Antoinette. They were the most illustrious victims of the barbarous policy of Louis XIV. That monarch had sown wind, and now they reaped the whirlwind. A mob of men and women, the genuine offspring of the Great King in upon Louis and his consort at Versailles, shouting, "No bread!" They were very different from the plumed and garbed courtiers accustomed to worship in these gilded saloons, and no means so obsequious. They insisted on the king and accompanying them to Paris, virtually their prisoners. The family tried to escape, as the Huguenots had done before across the frontier into Germany. But in vain. The king's highway was closed against him, and the fugitives were led to Paris and the guillotine.

The last act of the unfortunate Louis was his attempt to address a few words to his subjects, when the drums were ordered to be beaten, and his voice was drowned by the noise. He remembered that the last occasion on which a like scene occurred in France was on the occasion of the execution of the young Huguenot pastor Fulcran Rey at Beaucaire. When he opened his mouth publicly to confess his faith, the drums posted round the scaffold were ordered to beat, and his speech remained unheard. The slaughter of the martyr-preacher was thus terribly avenged.

JANET MURRAY'S STORY; OR THE PERILS OF FISHERMEN.

THE following touching story was told to a company of ladies as they sat on the shore of one of the Firths in North Britain. It was told by an old woman who was often seen seated on a rock by the water's edge and straining her eyes seaward. The Scotch dialect rather adds to its effect than otherwise.

"The herring fishing was ower aboot a month, and my man—that's my husband, ladies—had laid by a guid pickle and we had sketched oot a lot o' plans for the future. My man was thinking aboot buying a new boat, although though there was no sae muckle the waur for wear; I was thinking of asking him for a new Sunday's goon; in short, we were l

thousands o' castles in the air on the foundation o' the guid herring season. Hech! hech! ladies, it's an awfu' truth that man purposes but God disposes; the auld boat wasna' to mak' room for the new ane, and my braw Sunday's goon which if, I had had my choice, would have been as bricht as a rainbow, was changed into black—black as nicht, as sorrow, and as death!

There was a grand fishing o' the haddocks, and the money in my purse was growing bigger every week, for the weather was at its best for many years, and the fish were plentiful.

Aweel, and aweel! on the nicht o' the fifteenth o' December, 1812, after I put the lines in order, and my guidman had ta'en his supper, aff he gangs frae the harbour wi' the boat and four as nice young chieles as ever ye set e'e upon for a crew.

There wasna' muckle fear o' rough weather, although the sun had gane doon rather redder than was to be desired. Some o' the new-married wives and some o' the lassies soon to be married used to gang doon to the harbour and see their guidmen and their sweethearts awa'. I was lang past that sort o' thing, not that my love was less, but that my confidence was greater, seein' it had been tried, found true, and through the lang period o' fourteen years. As I was tidying up the hoose afore gangin' to bed I heard the boats cryin' to ane anither as they were workin' oot into the Firth. Then I knelt doon and prayed to Him wha haulds the sea in the hollow o' His hand, to Him wha walkit on the waters, and stilled stormy waves—I prayed to Him to keep watch and ward on my guidman, and, if it was His will, to send him hame safe to me. Prayer is a grand thing, ladies; it comforts us in affliction, it makes our joys a' the greater, and our hopes a' the stronger; ay! that it does. To bed I went, and the light o' the fire luopin' up and doon tune set me asleep. How long I sleepit I canna say, but I was wakened wi' a roar like thunder. It was the wild wind sweeping ower the roof. Siccan a nicht it was! I had had my guidman out in many a storm before, so I comforted mysel' wi' thinking that he would maist likely mak' for North Berwick or Dunbar when he saw the weather beginnin' to turn. I wasna' frichtened, yet I couldna sleep for the roarin' o' the storm. Mornin' came. I went doon to the shore, and a' the wives and sweethearts o' Newhaven went wi' me. There was heavy fog on the sea, so thick that we could just see the far end o' the pier. Naething mair was to be seen but the muckle waves loupin' and dasain' on the rocks and sands.

Eastwards and westwards we lookit—naething, naething, my ladies, but the fog and the angry roarn' sea—not a single boat. Weel, we spoke muckle as to how our guidmen and the lassies lads would hae done. It was settled amang us without a doubt that they gane intil North Berwick or Dunbar, and so we expectit that in the afternoon they would maybe tak' the road and come hame to comfort us. In the afternoon me and the rest o' the woman folk that could be spared took the road and went as far as Musselburgh to meet our guidmen and lads. The rain was poorin' doon like a waterfa'; but what was that to us; for we were lookin' for what was a' the world to our bosoms, and through wind and rain we went to find it, and we neither felt the cold nor the showers.

Coldly and grayly the short day went doon intil the west. Darker and darker grew the gloamin'; but no' a word o' them we loved afore a' the world. The nicht closed in at lang and last, but no' a sound o' the welcome voices!

Eh! my ladies, often and often have I said ower to mysel' the bonny words—

'My guidman's foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair.'

But my guidman's footfa' was never mair to brighten the sunshine of our lang-wedded summer.

Twa days passed awa', and the big waves, as if mockin' our sorrow, flung the broken spars o' the boats up alang the shores. There was weepin' and wailin' when we saw them; or, in the grand words o' the great Book, there was 'lamentation, and mourning, and woe.' We kent then that we micht look across the sea, but ower the waters would never blink the een that made sunshine around ower hearths; ower the waters would never come the voices that were mair delightfu' to us than the music o' the summer winds when the leaves gang dancin' to their song.

My ladies, I have nae mair to tell. Suffice it to say that there was great grief in Newhaven—Rachel weepin' for her bairnes, and wouldna' be comforted. In the hour of my trial I bood doon my heid and wept, but I kent that He wha' made us a' kens best how to guide what He has made. I prayed for my guidman's safe return, but God kent what was best for him, and so took him to Himself. I trusted in Him then, I trust in Him now, and I shall trust Him as lang as I am living."

Poetry.

"NOTHING BUT LEAVES."

Mark xi. 13.

cross Judea's mountains broke the moon in silver sheen,
big tree by the wayside stood with shining leaves of green,
Saviour, faint and thirsty, seeking fruit and finding none,
earnest search discovered nothing there but leaves alone.

Useless quest he turned Him from the barren tree away,
Let no fruit be gathered off thy branches from this day;"
Next morn beheld it drooping, all its verdure fled,—
beneath that fearful sentence, dry and withered, crisp and dead.

When Jesus comes in judgment, with the trumpet's awful sound,
I dread displeasure wither those with whom no fruit is found :
For whom He suffered pain and anguish, grief and shame,
and conduct bearing fruit to glorify His name ?

Myward steps have wandered from the straight and narrow way,

Thee, dear Redeemer, guide me that no more I stray ;
welcome burden on me, cheerfully Thy yoke I take,
cross I'll bear it gladly, joyfully for Thy dear sake.

Bring my heart, my Saviour,—lay it humbly on Thy shrine,
love and trust unshrinking, place by faith my hand in Thine,
Guide me now and ever, be my future what it may,
blessed hand but lead me, it will end in perfect day.

Woe may gather 'round me, dark and drear my path may be,
crush and sorrow wound me, only keep me close to Thee ;
I that when Thou comest claiming fruit from all Thine own,
wither 'neath the sentence, ' Nothing here but leaves alone.'"

—*Mary E. B. Tourtilotte.*

Anecdotes and Selections.

FIVE KINDS OF CONSCIENCES.

Five kinds of consciences on foot in the world :—
ignorant conscience, which neither sees nor saith anything,
blinds the sins in a soul nor reproves them.

the flattering conscience, whose speech is worse than
fire; which, though seeing sin, soothes men in the com-
fort of.

the seared conscience, which has neither sight, speech, nor
feeling that are past feeling.

Fourthly, a wounded conscience, freighted with sin.

The last and best is a quiet and clear conscience, pacified in Christ Jesus. Of these, the fourth is incomparably better than the three former, so that a wise man would not take a world to change with them. Yea, a wounded conscience is rather painful than sinful; an affliction, no offence; and is in the ready way, at the next remove, to be turned into a quiet conscience.—*Thomas Fuller.*

BEGIN THE DAY WITH GOD.—There are many toiling ones whose time is not at their own command. But there is not one who cannot hold converse with God. His ear can hear amid the clang and roar of machinery, or the hum of hundreds of voices. The heart can go up to Him, no matter what the surroundings. Wherever Abraham pitched his tent, there he raised up an altar to the Lord. So, wherever the Christian heart is, there is also an acceptable altar from which the incense of prayer and praise may ascend. Yet there are but a few who may not, if they will, find time and place for private communion with God before entering on the morning's duties. Luther, in his busiest seasons, felt that praying time was never lost. When remarkably pressed with labours, he would say, "I have so much to do, that I cannot get on without three hours a day praying." Sir Matthew Hale also bears testimony—"If I omit praying and reading God's word in the morning, nothing goes well all day." How many of us may find here the cause of many of our failures, and consequent discontent and loss of happiness.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.—The cross of Christ is the sweetest burden that ever I bore; it is such a burden as wings are to a bird, or as sails to a ship, to carry me forward to my desired haven. Those who by faith see the invisible God and the fair city, make no account of present losses and crosses. Truly it is a glorious thing to follow the Lamb; it is the highway to glory; but when you see Him in His own country at home, you will think you never saw Him before. I find that when the saints are under trial and well humbled, little sins raise great cries in the conscience; but in prosperity conscience is a pope that gives dispensations and great latitude to our hearts. The cross is therefore as needful as the crown will be glorious.—*Rutherford's Letters.*

TWO PICTURES.—Pictures themselves have sometimes a curious history. The story of the two pictures at Florence is old, but not worn out. An artist at Rome saw often playing in the street near his window a child of exquisite beauty, with golden hair and cherub face. Struck with the loveliness of the boy, he painted a picture of him and hung it up in his studio. In his saddest hours that sweet, gentle face looked down upon him like an angel of light. Its presence filled the soul with gladness and longings for heaven, which its purity symbolized. "If ever I find," said he, "a perfect contrast to this beautiful face, I will paint that also, and hang it on the opposite wall, and

THE FIRESIDE.

the one I shall call heaven and the other hell." Years passed. At length, in another part of Italy, in a prison he visited, looking in through the grated door of a cell, he saw the most hideous object that ever met his sight—a fierce, haggard fiend, with glaring eyes and cheeks deeply marked with the lines of lust and crime. The artist remembered the promise he had made himself, and immediately painted a picture of this loathsome culprit to hang over against the portrait of the lovely boy. The contrast was perfect; the two poles of the moral universe were before him. Then the mystery of the human soul gained another illustration. He had two pictures, but they were likenesses of one and the same person. To his great surprise, on inquiry into the history of this horrid wretch, he learned that he was no other than the sweet child with golden ringlets whom he once knew so well and saw so often playing in the streets of Rome. Both of these pictures—representing the angel and the demon of the same soul—are said to be hanging side by side in a gallery at Florence.

The Fireside.

REMEDIES FOR EVERY-DAY MALADIES.

For a Fit of Passion.—Walk out in the open air: you may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself a simpleton.

For a Fit of Idleness.—Count the ticking of a clock; do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next, and work like a negro.

For a Fit of Extravagance and Folly.—Go to the workhouse, or speak to the inmates of a gaol, and you will be convinced

Who makes his bed of briar and thorn,
Must be content to lie forlorn.

For a Fit of Ambition.—Go into the churchyard and read the grave-stones; they will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bed-chamber, and the earth your pillow; corruption your father, and the worm your mother and sister.

For a Fit of Despondency.—Look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and to those which He has promised to His followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.

For all Fits of Doubt, Perplexity, and Fear.—Whether they respect the body or the mind—whether they are a load to the shoulders, the head, or the heart—the following is a radical cure which may be relied on, for I had it from the Great Physician—"Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee."

The Penny Post Box.

JEANIE AND THE BIBLE.

IN Scotland, during the times of bloody persecution, when Claverhouse was marching about the country, driving people from their homes, burning their houses, and putting many godly people to death, a pious father told his family that there were soldiers near, and they must hasten to the next village, where there was a strong old church the fugitives could use as a fort. So he told Jeanie to take the big Bible for her load, and that she must be very careful not to let it get wet, or lose it by the way. "For we could not live," said he, "without the good Book."

So she wrapped a gown around the Bible, and started with her father and mother, each of whom carried a child.

They had to cross a brook, but they did not dare to go by the bridges, lest they should be captured by the enemy. There was a place where they thought they could cross on some stepping stones, but on reaching the place it had become quite dark. So Jeanie's father waded across, and carried the others one by one, until she was left quite alone.

Jeanie was much afraid to be left there by herself, so she started to cross after her father, stepping carefully from stone to stone. But presently her foot slipped, and down she went to the bottom. At the same time up went her arms, holding the precious burden over her head. The water came up to her waist, but bracing herself firmly against the rapid current, she walked bravely on across the stream, and had nearly reached the shore, with the dear old Book lifted as high as she could raise it, when she met her father returning to bring her.

"Father," she cried, "you told me to take care of the dear old Bible, and I have done so."

Just as she said this they heard several pistol shots and the sound of approaching horsemen. They soon hid themselves in a little cleft of the rocks, and were not discovered.

Jeanie married in after years, and now has great great grandchildren living. The old Bible became her's after her father's death, and in it were written the names of her seven children. It is still, in very good condition, in the possession of her descendants.

Jeanie never forgot that dreadful night when she carried the old Bible through the deep waters; and when she was dying she seemed to be dreaming of it, and said—

"I am in the deep river—in the deep river, but I'll hold up the dear old Bible! There, take the book! take the book!" and she soon ceased to breathe.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

DOOMSDAY BOOK.

is the name of a book which made by order of William the Conqueror in 1085 and 1086.

The Council of the nation which met at Gloucester also advised and ordered to its being made.

There are two volumes of it, and are written in a plain hand on parchment.

The Domesday Book is a register of the possessions of every Englishman at the time of William the Conqueror, and records the military service due to the king, and the customs on which the land is held.

It contains a general survey of all lands of the kingdom, their extent in each district, their proprietary rights and value, the quantity of corn, pasture, meadow, and wood which they contained.

The Domesday Book is one of the valuable monuments of antiquity possessed by any nation.

Hints.

Success will succeed where management would fail.

An army of principles will penetrate where an army of soldiers cannot.

That is the best religion which attracts the most good men.

To say that a people are not fit for government, is to say that they make it by their choice.

Character is a phoenix which can be reborn but once.

Ignorance, once dispelled, cannot be re-established.

Measure is a shadow, wealth is a dream, and power a pageant; but knowledge is ecstatic in enjoyment,

perennial in space, infinite in duration.

Recreation is the whetting of the scythe: he who spends all his time in recreation, is ever whetting and never mowing.

Feed sparingly and dupe the physician.

Gems.

However various our wants may seem, what we all need is God.

The body of Christ is wherever human bodies are, and he who has any bitterness against his brother is always committing sacrilege.

At first babes feed on the mother's bosom, but always upon her heart.

The elect are "whosoever will," and the non-elect "whosoever won't."

To the infidel, nature's voices are but a Babel din; to the Christian, all speak of God.

As flowers carry dew drops trembling on the edges of petals, and ready to fall at the first waft of wind or brush of bird, so the heart should carry its beaded words of thanksgiving; and at the first breath of heavenly favour let down the shower, perfumed with the heart's gratitude.

The church was built to disturb the peace of man.

Poetic Selections.

TRUE PIETY.

To be the thing we seem,

To do the thing we deem,

Enjoined by duty;

To walk in faith, not dream

Of questioning God's scheme

Of truth and beauty:—

Casting self-love aside,

Discarding human pride,

Our hearts to measure;

POETIC SELECTIONS.—THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

In humble hope to bide
Each change in fortune's tide,
At God's own pleasure:—

To trust, although deceived,
Tell truth, though not believed;
Falsehood disdaining;
Patient of ills received;
To pardon when aggrieved;
Passion restraining:—

With love no wrong can chill,
To save, unwearied still,
The weak from falling:—
This is to do God's will
On earth, and to fulfil
Our heavenly calling.

THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS SHALL
REAP IN JOY.

Go forth, O Church, to faithful toil,
Though weeping, worn and weary;
Go, though the tempest rudely broil,
And earth's wide wastes are dreary;

Break up the fallow ground, p
Now for the precious seeding
Cast in the grain, O do not spare
Immortal souls are pleading.

The Son of God went forth in
Earth's thorny path pursuin
Sowing the seed for coming ye
His future harvests viewing
But now, triumphantly above
He hath with joy ascended
To reap the fruits of dying lo
His earthly labours ended.

He brings His sheaves rejoici
The fruits of toil and sorrow
So, faithful sowers, you shall
With joyful shouts to-morr
Bringing your sheaves of gol
Fruits of your toil and weep
Then shall your songs sound
The joys of harvest reaping
—C. E.

The Children's Corner.

NO SCOLDING OR FRETTING IN HEAVEN

A LITTLE girl who had witnessed the perplexity of her m
certain occasion, when her fortitude gave way under severe tr

"Mother, does God ever fret or scold?"

The query was so abrupt and startling that it arrested the
attention almost with a shock.

"Why, Lizzie, what makes you ask that question?"

"Why, God is good; you know you used to call Him t
Man' when I was little, and I should like to know if He ever

"No, child, no."

"Well, I'm glad He don't; for scolding always makes n
bad, even if it is not I in fault. I don't think that I could
much if He scolded."

The mother felt rebuked before her simple child. New
heard so forcible a lecture on the evils of scolding. The
Lizzie sank deep in her heart as she turned away from the
face of her little one to hide the tears that gathered in her ey

A RIDE THROUGH LOMBARDY.

plains of Lombardy, over which we passed from Turin to
n, from Milan to Venice, and more or less from Venice to
gna, are remarkable for their extent, their almost dead level,
fruitfulness, the perfection which has been reached in agri-
re, and the very great quantity of mulberry orchard and
yard, which stretch away on either side of the road. The
-crested mountain boundaries glorify all. Everything ap-
s finished. Nothing seems wanting to make the most ade-
a provision for drainage and irrigation; the trees are all
erly trained, the pruning-knife has been applied to the vines;
stones are removed from the soil in the fields; the roads are
od as engineering and constant attention can make them;
ridges are all massive, solid, complete, stone structures, look-
as though they might be five hundred years old, and were
for a thousand more; the hills are terraced as far upward as
acticable, and the whole movement of common life goes on
the stars in their courses, as though change were out of the
tion. What remains is to take care of what has been done.
the lower animals seem to share the sameness, and the
ances connected with peasant life remain as they were, far
ad what they appear in our own country. The oxen and
are all white or dun colour; the hogs are black; the sheep
ong-eared, and their horns frequently stand out on either
of the head. The carts are cumbrous, heavy and antiquated;
arnesses are limited in amount and of the cheapest material;
the wooden shoes on the feet of men and women, unfastened
e heels, go flapping and clumping along highway and street,
lizing the coming of the wearer, and distinctly marking the
of motion for the ear long after a corner has hidden the
strian from sight. Men are seen digging up the most level
s, where the steam-plough might run for hours without diffi-
; for the problem here is manifestly not to find how much
an labour can be dispensed with, but how much can be
omically or properly used. When tough, muscular labourers
be hired for one shilling per day, and so many are only too
y if they can find employment enough on those terms, the
itions which substitute iron sinews for human muscles are
in demand. Why spend £100 for a mowing machine, or a

patent reaper, which is at best a senseless thing, and may any day get out of repair, while there are plenty of scythes and sickles ready to answer every call, with a brain behind every one of them? Such is the state of the question; and so, while the whole Lombardy valley is like a garden in regularity, beauty and fruitfulness, the peasantry are poor, fighting the battle of life at great disadvantage: and, so far as this world goes, reaching nothing but meagre results even when their patient persistence gives them victory instead of defeat.

The eye will sometimes take in single fields of a thousand acres each, where the furrows are mathematical lines, and where the rows of mulberry trees are complete, whether looked at as parallels or diagonals—the size, the growth, and the trimming being so nearly uniform that each seems a fac-simile of all the rest. And sometimes the vine is seen extending from one tree to another, making in summer-time a continuous verdant festooning half a mile in length. On the diligence route from Padua to Bologna, a distance of nearly sixty miles, the road is so level that our three miserable horses, with a load of nearly twenty passengers and luggage, scarcely slackened their movement to a walk for fifty rods during the whole distance. And for a large part of the way we were able to look ahead for at least five miles along the straight road, on either side of which was a line of trees whose upper limbs met in a Gothic arch overhead, as though it were the carefully-kept avenue of some lordly mansion. The roads and the fields wake only surprise and admiration; the men and women who have built such completeness into the one, and framed such beauty into the other, are far enough from the goal of a moderate ambition, and their lot and life exhibit little of the glow of attraction.

Along the line of the railway from Bologna to Florence is the most striking specimen of civil engineering that has yet been found. We cross the Apennines in the carriages. The greatest height reached is only between three thousand and four thousand feet—but the narrow and winding valley, the frequency and abruptness of the successive peaks, the wild, jagged aspect presented by the irregular and scattered cliffs, the deep ravines on whose very brink we whirled along and into which at times it seemed we were really plunging headlong, the frequency and length of the tunnels, where, because there was no way to get round a mountain and no capacity even in our powerful articu-

lated engines to get over it, we plunged into midnight and passed straight through its heart; the zigzag windings by which we at length climbed to a position that had seemed right overhead, or descended to a bridge that, half an hour before, we had seen apparently clinging to the cliffs at a dizzy depth beneath our feet—all this made every mile give us a new revelation, and almost every minute stir the cords of some deep emotion. In going a distance of seventy-five miles we went through no less than thirty-six different tunnels, and were, during two successive hours, more in the midnight than in the sunshine. It was a ride on an underground-railway without a metaphor; and, set over in contrast with the diligence ride from Padua, it gave us the two extremes in the triumph of European engineering. Whoever lacks faith in the practicability of the proposed road across the western continent to the Pacific, would be cured of his scepticism by passing through our experiences of the last eight days. The traveller who visits this land twenty years hence may, perhaps, go to the top of Mont Blanc in a sleeping car, and pass under the *Mer de Glace* in safety while the ice-current is tearing off blocks of granite a thousand tons in weight just above his head.

But enough of generalities. Take, instead, a few words of specification. We enjoyed Milan. It is a neat, thriving city; old, but not decrepit. It has seen many revolutions, but it is not turbulent; it has suffered from the disintegration and metamorphoses which the civil life of Italy has undergone, but it is not frightened at the idea of change, and believes in progress. St. Ambrose is its patron saint: it has put its name on many of its monuments, and it honours him still lip-wise; but it manifestly sees more of practical benefit in the favour of the living Victor Emmanuel than in the dead saint's good will. It has many historic associations, not a few choice products of art; but there are two things which especially make it famous. The one is the renowned Fresco of Leonardo de Vinci, whose subject is the "Last Supper," copies and engravings of which have been circulated on both sides of the ocean almost as widely as Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. The other is the great Cathedral.

The fresco has been greatly defaced by time and violence; not a single head or form is complete; the building in which we find it is old, low, out-of-the-way and cheerless, and the sexton who keeps the key must be looked up. But we found the man and looked at the picture. The injury which it has sustained is great,

but less than I had feared. Every one of the thirteen per appears—the form well-defined, the attitude obvious, the sion of countenance quite distinct, the predominant and feeling stirring each soul not difficult to be apprehended. in itself, a great achievement, and other than artistic e perceive the genius embodied in the conception. Every i attitude shows character. Every feeling, silently express place. The revealed plot to betray Christ is a blow u sensibility of the disciples capable of waking every (which these varied faces bring out.

But the glory of the work is seen in the central figur artist has done, perhaps, whatever a mortal can do, in the embodying the combined majesty and benignity of th Master's character. I have seen no other face of Christ the multitude that look out from all these vast galleries on the whole, comes so near to the ideal which the New ment picture gives us. It wakes the profound reverenc prompts to worship, while kindling the sympathetic co which sends the soul to his bosom as to the heart of a g long-tried friend. Out from those lips it is easy to beli there might come, in successive sentences, the words, " hath seen me hath seen the Father," and "Him that come me I will in no wise cast out." Not a single restoration, or photograph, or engraving of this great picture, which seen, preserves this "majestic sweetness," which not on enthroned" upon the brow of Jesus, but which here inf every feature and writes itself in the whole attitude.

Of the cathedral it is difficult to speak in any satisfact It is easy enough to say that it is built of white marbl pavement to spire; that it was commenced in the fo century, and though a large number of workmen are co employed, it is a long way from completion, that the outl the present time is not far from £35,000,000, that its length is about five hundred feet, its breadth at the t about three hundred, its height from the pavement to the in the central nave about one hundred and fifty, and to th the statue of the Virgin, nineteen feet high, in gilded which surmounts the spire, nearly four hundred; that it l one hundred and forty-six lofty and elaborate pinnacles s from and rising above its roof, with twenty-one more to be *that the number of statues, mostly of life size and larger, e*

n the highest style of art, and set in the niches, on the angles and pinnacles as ornaments to the exterior, is about 7,000, with 3,000 yet to be added ; that the smaller perpendicular projections from the roof,—representing so many varieties of botanical shrubs and flowers, and made, when viewed at a given angle, to appear like a vast flower garden,—is not less than 15,000, &c., &c. But all this will amount to very little in describing the Cathedral as a whole, whether viewing it from a distance or near at hand ; seeking to take in the great pile as a whole, or fixing attention upon any single portion in its details ; walking over its pavement and looking upward to the lofty frescoed ceiling that seems like the brooding of heaven at twilight, or standing among its pinnacles and turrets and balustrades and arches and statues on the roof, and looking down upon the architectural glories that arrest your vision all the way to the street ; inspecting a single statue till the soul is brimful of wonder at the skill of the sculptor, or regarding the great structure itself as the embodiment of the architect's magnificent conception, and the crystalization of the religious experiences of the race into visible and permanent form :—it is still a wonder and a glory defying your analysis, silencing your tongue, begging your description, spreading itself on every side beyond your ideals, mocking your efforts at comprehension. There is nothing to do but to stand and look and admire and wonder, to go away surfeited, to come and look again and then go away as before, feeling that the spirit is too narrow for such a conception to inhabit it, too weak to bear away such a burden of splendour. And so you go away at last, with only the outlines of a great temple drawn on the tablet of memory, within which beauty and sublimity, in many and varied forms come and go, like clouds of gold and crimson in the summer sky ; and instead of a house built by human hands which your mathematics have measured, you are haunted by visions of a temple let down from above before you, as the New Jerusalem showed itself to John in the panorama of the Apocalypse.

There are larger structures ; there are costlier and many more noted ones which I may yet see, but I have no expectation that architecture will speak to me again through lifeless marble with a voice more impressive, nor put so much meaning a second time into silent words. Leaving out of account the economical and strictly moral consideration, and considering such a pile from a purely æsthetic or artistic stand-point, it is something to be ad-

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trained with an almost unbounded and perfect joy. And it is pleasant to contemplate it. Stopping to ask whether Christianity in whose name it is reared would sanction a dwelling-place of God on earth; whether the disciples justified in rearing Him who had not where to lay His head while claiming to imitate Him; whether so much gold may be properly locked up in marble and senseless statues, while our poorer brethren pine from lack of our Father's children famish for the bread of life; and clearly asking, whether a false faith and a cheating round of money ought in any case to be rendered more imposing and powerful by throwing around them such a beauty and magnificence;—then, indeed, there is an allurement into the pleasure of contemplation, and the picture is like a story of art should be so often the shame of religion! Indeed, these queryings are likely to be forced on a person's attention even while the work of inspection goes on. What a structure is stirring your admiration, the priestly occupation very likely to provoke your pity and then your contempt. In the temple, as in the old one at Jerusalem, sit the money changers greedy, grasping, Pharisaic, selling, not doves, but superfluous, palming off, not bad and depreciated coin in an underhand but trading away transparent lies unblushingly for your satisfaction and pence. A priest with his shaven crown, and his cap all flaunting as if to assure you of his thorough orthodoxy, draws your attention to the treasures and relics of the great church shrewdly intimating that you may look upon no ordinary wares. Perhaps you are cautious and don't bite at the bait; it is probable that you are curious and do bite. In the latter case you are taken into the sacristy and crypt, where, among other things, you are shown what you are solemnly assured to be: the towel with which Christ washed his disciples' feet, and the purple robe which he wore, some thorns from his crown, the sponge on which the vinegar was pressed to His lips, the staff of Moses which became a serpent, teeth from the mouths of the giants and Elisha, &c., &c. And just when your merriment and indignation at these puerile and pious frauds is reaching its explosive point, and you are turning abruptly away to restrain an impulse that prompts a roar of derisive laughter or a mo

oot that would not suggest the theory of non-resistance,
le makes his demand for a fee with a tone and an air
mbine the shameless sycophancy of the beggar with the
s desperation of the bandit. You will settle the account
n ; but now even settled, you are likely to go away feel-
the religion is in the stones and the rascality in the
d ; that, though the temple may be beautiful and holy,
ices are an abomination.

Poetry.

ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME?

when the glow of sunset
the western sky,
se ones, tired of playing,
ing lightly by,
y from my husband,
his easy chair,
from the open doorway
es fresh and fair.
e dear old homestead
e was full of life,
th girlish laughter,
boyish strife,
waiting together ;
as the shadows come,
lous voice he calls me :
ht ! are the children home ?"
!" I answer him gently,
ame home long ago ;"
, in my quivering treble,
o soft and low
ld man drops to slumber,
head upon his hand,
o myself the number
in a better land.
here never a sorrow
n their eyes with tears !
smile of God is on them
all the summer years.
et my arms are empty,
dly folded seven,
other heart within me
t starved for heaven.

Sometimes, in the dusk of evening,
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies ;
The babes whose dimpled fingers
Soon lost the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
Passed to the world of the blessed.
With never a cloud upon them,
I see their radiant brows ;
My boys that I gave to freedom,—
The red sword sealed their vows !
In a tangled southern forest,
Twin brothers, bold and brave,
They fell ; and the flag they died for,
Thank God ! floats over their grave.
A breath and the vision is lifted
Away on wings of light,
And again we two are together,
Alone in the lonely night.
They tell me his mind is failing,
But I smile at idle fears ;
He is only back with the children,
In the dear and peaceful years.
And still as the summer sunset
Fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner,
" Say, love ! have the children come !"
And I answer, with eyes uplifted,
" Yes, dear ! they are all at home !"
—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE TRAVELLER AND HIS BURDEN.—A traveller carried a heavy burden under which he often sighed. Suddenly he observed a cart at a distance. "Oh!" he said to himself, "what a boon it would be if I could but throw my bundle upon it. I will hasten onward and ask the driver; perhaps he will let me do so." When, however, he had walked on about a couple of hundred yards, he found himself on the brink of a river, and saw the cart standing on the opposite side. His disappointment was so keen that he burst into tears. "Alas!" he cried, "there is a deep stream between me and the object of my hope, and there is no way across." But suddenly there came an angel, who stretched his hand over the river and divided the waters, so that there was a path over to the other side. With joy the traveller now walked to the opposite bank, where he was kindly permitted to cast his burden upon the vehicle, which carried it so far as it went, causing the traveller to go on his way rejoicing. Jesus said—"I am the way; no man cometh unto the Father but by me." Without Him there is a deep impassable river between us and God. But by His blood He has consecrated for us a new and living way into the holiest. We have free access now. We may come with all our cares and lay them down at the feet of our God and Father.—*Sunday Magazine.*

A JEWISH PARABLE.—A poor man was travelling on a hot day, carrying a heavy load upon his back. A rich man passing by in his chariot took pity on him, and invited him to take a seat in his chariot behind. Shortly after, on turning around, the rich man saw the pilgrim still oppressed with the load upon his back, and asked him why he did not lay it on his chariot. The poor man said that it was enough that he had been allowed to be himself in the chariot, and he could not presume to ask for more. "O, foolish man!" was the reply, "if I am willing and able to carry you, am I not able to carry your burden?" Oppressed and anxious Christian, do you not see in this man your own unbelief and folly? He who has accepted your person, and is your reconciled Father in Christ Jesus, expects you to cast upon Him all your burdens and cares too, and He is able to sustain it. Has He not also said for your encouragement and comfort, "He careth for you?" Precious words! may we all experience all the joyful relief they are intended to convey.

THE HOLY SPIRIT'S AID IN PRAYER.—As the sails of a ship carry it into the harbour, so prayer carries us to the throne and bosom of God. But as the sails cannot of themselves speed the progress of a vessel unless filled with a favourable breeze, so the Holy Spirit must breathe upon our hearts, or our prayers will be motionless and lifeless.—*Toplady.*

MIRACLES.—"Miracles," says Fuller, "are the swaddling-clothes of the infant churches;" and, we may add, not the garments of the full-grown. They were as the proclamation that the king was mounting his throne; who, however, is not proclaimed every day—only at his accession. When he sits acknowledged on his throne the proclamation ceases. They were as the bright clouds which gather round and enshroud the sun at his first appearing; his mid-day splendour, though full and fuller indeed of light and heat, knows not those bright heralds and harbingers of his rising. Or they may be likened to the same-work on which the arch is rounded, which framework is taken down as soon as that is completed.—*Archbishop Trench.*

NATURE.—To look upon nature, to get into the forest or out upon the moor, is no doubt a delightful escape from the teasing ways of men. But there is, perhaps, an aching of the heart, as well as a soothing, in much contemplation of still life. To me there is most consolation in the immensity of creation, in the vigour and pertinacity of life; the most wounded heart, considering these things, can throw its griefs into the vast mass of life and see that there are other things beside it, that there is a scheme of creation large enough to answer all its demands of vexed imagination. Human science ministers much comfort to the mind.—*Helps.*

PREACH PLAINLY.—Cowardice in a minister is baser than in a soldier, by how much our warfare is more honourable. A faithful reprover will get more love and honour at the last than a sinful and fawning dissimulation. Though Paul reproved the dissimulation of Peter, yet Peter praised the wisdom of Paul. A man can have no worse enemy in the world than a flattering and fawning minister, that does not deal plainly with his conscience. We are in much more danger to wrong the souls of men by our oil than by our salt—by our praises than by our reproofs.—*Bishop Reynolds.*

HOPE ON!—Do not be discouraged by difficulties, nor vex yourselves with what may be the final results of your efforts. Just go on quietly and diligently, seizing hold of every occasion for improvement, and acquire habits of industry, which will form your characters, and stick to you through life. The likelihood is, that by this simple but persevering course—a course unmarked by any great effort—you will escape the idle, the dissipated, and the timorous, realizing those rewards which usually wait on well directed enterprise.—*Chambers' Miscellany.*

FULNESS OF GOD'S WORD.—God's word is like God's world, very varied, very rich, very beautiful. You never know when you have exhausted all its secrets. The Bible, like nature, has something for every class of mind. As in the phenomena around us there are resources and invitations both for science and for poetry, so does God's revelation furnish materials both for exact theological definition, and for the free play of devout thought and feeling. Look at the Bible in a new light, and you straightway see some new charms.

The Fireside.

WHAT HARDSHIP DOES.

HARDSHIP alone will not make a man great, but it is an important aid in the development of greatness. Ability and aspiration are doubled in power by the stimulus of want. There is an untold might in deprivation. Imprison a gill of water in a solid rock, and simply deprive it of heat, and it will burst its flinty bonds as Samson burst the cords of the Philistines. Ignited in the free air a spoonful of powder explodes with a harmless flash; confine it in a rifle-barrel, tease it with the minutest spark, and it carries doom to a distant life. Nature's forces crave expansion; if space is abundant, they take it quietly; if it is limited, then look out for results. It is so with developing boyhood. Character demands scope. If it finds it readily, it accepts gracefully the easy boon; if it does not find it, it takes it at whatever cost.

The rich man's son has plenty of wants, but they are easily gratified; the poor man's son has the same wants, and he can only hope to gratify them by strenuous exertion of muscle and brain. Our motive power is always found in what we lack. He is strongest who lacks most; the poor boy's inheritance is in those tastes and aspirations which urge him to perpetual effort. He has plenty to work for, while his rich cousin has plenty to enjoy. The latter may be lifted into a high position, as a lady is into her side-saddle, but he will generally find it convenient to ride with an attendant, or he may get thrown and hurt. The heir of wealth begins at the wrong end for permanent success. He is like a crocus—blooming in spring, blighted in summer, in autumn nowhere. He reverses the law of nature, which gives us the unsightly husk before the tempting kernel, the sprouting acorn before the giant oak, effort before strength, struggle before achievement, pain before pleasure, the law before the gospel. The ease and refinement of his boyhood is no aid to future energy and power. He begins at the end, and generally ends at the beginning. A rudely formed, but well-tempered blade, may be subsequently polished, but a polished blade cannot be hardened without losing all its glitter.

The Penny Post Box.

GET ENOUGH SLEEP.

WE have often heard young men remark that four or five hours sleep was all they wanted, and all that the human system required. The habit of going without sufficient sleep is very injurious. Thousands, no doubt, permanently injure their health in this way. We live in a fast age, when everybody seems to be trying to pervert the order of

If folks will persist in turning day into night, it is not to be derided at that few last out the allotted term of life. No matter what man's occupation, physical or mental, or, like Othello's, "gone," living in idleness, the constitution cannot stand it without a necessity of regular and refreshing sleep. John Hunter, the great physician, died suddenly of spasmodic affection of the heart, a disease encouraged by want of sleep. In a volume just published by a learned man, there is one great lesson that may be learned by hard workers and literary men, and that is, that Hunter probably killed himself by too little sleep. "Four hours' rest at night and one after cannot be deemed sufficient to recruit the exhausted powers of mind and body." Certainly not; and the consequence was that he died early. If men will insist on cheating sleep, their "twin death" will avenge the insult.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

The annual revenue of the Irish Church is about thirteen million per year.

The entire number of Protestants in Ireland would only make a town as large as Birmingham and Manchester together.

One-third of the land of England is owned by thirty thousand people.

Ireland was annexed to the English Empire by the authority and with the aid of the Papal power.

The absentee landlords of Ireland have about four millions a year in income.

The Presbyterians of Ireland receive forty thousand a year from the British government.

Hints.

Knowledge and manners do not make a man; but when he is made, they give him his appearance. A man is not wise who has mastered languages, all sciences, if he lacks the ability to use his knowledge. *He is stuffed.*

Words are but little bubbles thrown up to express what lies below.

There is nothing of which men know less than of themselves.

There are materials enough in every man's mind to create there a hell.

There are many things that money cannot buy.

A man's ledger does not tell what he is worth.

The most powerful way of teaching truth is to shew what it has done for you.

Gems.

The world is God's journal, wherein He writes His thoughts, and traces His tastes.

For a poisoned heart there is nothing in the world so poisonous as men.

The reason why inquirers cannot find the peace for which they seek, is because there is self-will hiding somewhere out of sight.

When Christianity is fruitful of speculations and barren of good conduct, infidels always abound.

Religion is in the man, or it is nowhere.

Religion should not be used as calking—something to stuff into the cracks and crevices of a man's life; but it should be regarded and used as the very warp and woof of life.

A man's worth should be reckoned by what he is, not by what he has.

Poetic Selections.

SQUANDERED LIVES.

THE fisherman wades in the surges;
The sailor sails over the seas;
The soldier steps bravely to battle;
The woodman lays axe to the trees.

They are each of the breed of the heroes,
The manhood attempted in strife;
Strong hands that go lightly to labour,
True hearts, that take comfort in life.

In each is the seed to replenish
The world with the vigour it needs—
The centre of honest affections,
The impulse to generous deeds.

But the shark drinks the blood of the fisher;
The sailor is dropped in the sea;

The soldier lies cold by his cannon
The woodman is crushed by his

Each prodigal life that is wasted
In many achievements unseen,
But lengthens the days of the cow
And strengthens the crafty and

The blood of the noble is lavished
That the selfish a profit may find
God sees the lives that are squand
And we to His wisdom are blind

—Bayard

WAITING.

GRAND is the leisure of the earl
She gives her happy myriads birth
And after harvest fears not dearth

But goes to sleep in snow wrea
Dread is the leisure up above,
The while He sits whose name is
And waits, as Noah did, for the
To wit if she would fly to him.

He waits for us, while houseless
We beat about with bruised wing
On the dark floods and water sp
The ruined world, the desolate
With open windows from the pr
All night, all day, He waits subli
Until the fulness of the time
Decreed from His eternity.

—Jean

The Children's Corner.

LITTLE MARY'S THOUGHT.

LITTLE Mary had just come from the window, where she had been gazing out with evident pleasure, and sat down on her little papa's feet.

It was just at sunset—and a most glorious sunset it was, the western sky was mantled with clouds of the most gorgeous hues, which the little girl gazed with thoughtful pleasure.

"Papa," she said at length, "do you know what I think of those pretty clouds?"

"No; what do you think of them, Mary?"

"I always think they are God's veils. Doesn't He have His veils, papa, to hide Him from us?"

"True enough, little one," thought I. "The clouds which we see from our sight now are beautiful. There is a rainbow on the other side of them; they shine with mercy and truth."

Was not that a pretty thought of little Mary's? and does it not remind you of the time when the veil shall be parted, and I shall come with clouds, and every eye shall see Him?

RECREATIONS AND AMUSEMENTS.

IN estimating the needed amount of recreation, the great *object and end* of it is to be kept constantly in view. This is not to kill time, as it is sometimes said. Time is too precious to need killing in any way. Neither is personal gratification to be regarded as the chief end. We are rather to aim at continued health, recuperated strength and vigour, and a preparation for increased usefulness. Recreation may be lawfully pursued until this—which is its appropriate object—is gained, *i.e.*, if it is likely never to be gained in this way, and no further. Pursued further than this, the recreation or amusement changes its character. It becomes unnecessary, unlawful, selfish, dangerous.

Among the regulations to which our amusements or recreations should be subject, we mention the following:—

1. They must be such, both as to their nature and circumstances, as not to violate any plain and positive command of God. This is very obvious. The law of God requires that we love our neighbour and seek his good. If, then, under pretence of recreation, we contrive to injure our neighbour in any way, or expose him to personal inconvenience or suffering, we are no longer excusable, but criminal. The law of God requires that we use all suitable means to preserve our own life, health, and reputation. If, then, we indulge in recreations which go to expose life, or health, or reputation; if we engage in hazardous experiments, or are out at unseasonable hours, or frequent the company of evil men, our recreations are no longer innocent and salutary, but injurious. The law of God also requires that we remember the Sabbath day, and keep it holy; and this cuts off at a stroke all Sabbath recreations, except such as are found in the delightful duties and services of religion.

2. Our recreations must not be such as to interfere with more important duties. Recreation, within proper limits, we have said already, is a duty; still it is not one of our more indispensable duties. Certainly it is not so, in all circumstances and at all times. What I mean to say, therefore, is, that we are so to order our recreations, both as to their nature, their amount, and the times in which to indulge them, as not to interfere with duties of more importance. *If we find, at any time, that our recreations are encroaching upon the more necessary duties of life, or tend*

to make these duties irksome; or if we find that they interfere with our religious duties—the devotions of the family, the closet, or the social circle, giving us a disrelish for such duties, or crowding them out of place; if such is the result of our recreations, we may know that they have passed the prescribed limit somewhere. The great object and end of recreation is, to make our duties *more* pleasant, not less so,—to prepare us to engage in them with a greater zest and to better account, and not the more to trifle with them and neglect them. Hence, when we find that our recreations are having this latter effect upon us, we may know that they are out of place and proportion somewhere, and that they require to be examined and regulated anew.

3. Our recreations, as a general thing, ought not to involve any very considerable *expense*. Most of the popular, fashionable amusements are very expensive. It has been estimated that, in our large cities, they cost more than all the schools and seminaries of learning, and all the religious institutions. Now this, surely, is a disgraceful record. It is pushing the matter of amusements incomparably too far. In these times, when there are so many ways in which property can be turned to good account, not only for the relief of poverty and suffering, but for advancing the interests of Christ's kingdom in the world, no considerate person, and certainly no Christian, can think of running to the same excess with the fashionable and pleasure-loving around him. He will not think of spending large sums for the mere purpose of recreation. He will contrive to recreate himself in some cheaper way.

4. In choosing our recreations we are to avoid such as are peculiarly liable to *abuse*, and more especially such as *have been abused* to such a degree as to become scandalous. We hold this to be a very important rule, and one which cannot be safely disregarded. Some kinds of amusement are so captivating, so engrossing, that, if resorted to at all, they are very likely to be followed to a ruinous excess. They will be followed beyond what the purposes of recreation require—followed for the mere pleasure; and thus they change their characters and become sinful and pernicious. Now such amusements should either be avoided altogether, or should be indulged in with great caution, and with a vigorous and prayerful self-control.

As to certain amusements being reformed, so as to become *unexceptionable*, this is out of the question. The thing has

often been attempted, and we have no hesitation in saying that it has always failed. A reformed theatre, a reformed dancing hall, a reformed gaming table,—such things have never yet been realized, and they never will be. The chief patrons of such amusements do not wish them reformed. Reformed so as to become acceptable to serious Christians, the lovers of pleasure would no longer frequent them. They would as soon hear a sermon, or go to a prayer meeting. There is but one way of reforming sin, and that is to abandon it. To gloss it over under false appearances, and then cling to it, and persist in it, is of all paths the most certain to ruin and to death. We could tell of parlours into which cards were first introduced as a genteel amusement; and now estates are won and lost in them, and the night is worn away in the most exciting and pernicious gambling. We could tell, too, of parlours into which dancing was introduced, under the same pretence; and now, in the rudeness of their pastimes, and the lateness of their hours, they are not unlike the public dancing halls. The only safety in regard to such amusements is to *let them alone*.

And as to letting down the standard of Christian morality, with a view to please worldly men and entice them into the fold of Christ, such a policy, I am sure, can end only in defeat and misery. It was a policy such as this which fatally corrupted the church in the third and fourth centuries, and led on to the great Romish apostasy. To conciliate the pagans the church consented to borrow their rites and adopt their festivals; and in this way the Christian temples soon became but little better than those of the heathen.

This same corrupting policy is urged upon Christians at the present day. We were sorry to hear a proposition advocated a year ago—which we are glad to know has since been repudiated—to introduce cards and billiards into the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Associations; and all this for the purpose of drawing in a class of young men who otherwise would not come there. Now such a plan could only have tended to corrupt and ruin these Associations, and defeat the noble object for which they were instituted. And much as we approve their object, and much as we are concerned to help it forward, rather than that such a proposition should be adopted and executed, we would prefer that all Young Men's Christian Associations in the country were dissolved, and their rooms closed for ever. For what is the

ANOTHER CYCLONE IN INDIA.

use of keeping them open, to initiate unsophisticated young men into practices which would be likely to ruin them? And what the use of taking a noble institution which God has raised up and spread over the land, and turning it into an engine of Satan to further his vile purposes and do his work?

Let all remember that we were sent into this world, not for sport and amusement, but for labour; not to enjoy and amuse ourselves, but to serve and glorify God, and be useful to our fellow men. This is the great object and end of life. It is for that for which life was given us. In pursuing this end, God has indeed permitted us all needful diversion and recreation. He has consulted our happiness in a thousand ways. He has so connected our duty with our happiness, that there is no such thing as being solidly, permanently happy but in obedience to Him.

But the great end of life, after all, is *work*—work for God, work for the advancement of His kingdom, and the best good for our fellow men. The Christian fathers have a tradition. John the Baptist, when a boy, and when requested by other boys to join them in their play, replied, "*I came in into the world not for sport.*" Whether the Baptist ever said this, I am unable to decide. But whether he did or not, it is a memorable saying. It is a true saying, however cutting may be the truth which it carries to some of us. *We* came into this world, not for sport. We were sent here for a higher and nobler object than sport, us, then, not forget this object. Let us seek to promote it by every means in our power. Then, when summoned to meet our final Judge, we may hope to hear Him say, "Well done, ye faithful servants; enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

ANOTHER CYCLONE IN INDIA.

REV. DR. PHILLIPS furnishes an account of the recent terrible cyclone which passed over portions of Hindostan, as published in a Calcutta journal, from which we give the following:—

"Another cyclone has followed the track of that of 5th October 1864, with a destructive violence hardly less, but with a tenfold the greater that it came at midnight upon a sleeping population not even illuminated by the lightning of heaven, nor alleviated by its close by the heat of the sun. The Englishmen who were with the storm in their own houses during the midnight

ANOTHER CYCLONE IN INDIA.

Friday and Saturday last, which seemed so brief, cannot realize what this hurricane was to a population who live in huts, to whom by race and habit light and heat are life, who cower before the terrors of the night, and know not whether to remain under the roof which is sure to bury them in its ruins, or to risk the violence of the hurricane which is almost equally certain to sweep them away. Nor is it their houses alone they fear for. This cyclone has occurred at a time when not only was there neither light nor heat, as on October 5th, but when the rice crops were in the ear, and the whole province, wasted by famine and pinched by high prices, looked forward to an abundant harvest. Where the ear was formed it was torn off; where the stalk had reached mature height it was snapped. On a low estimate at least one-half of the rice crop has been destroyed in the ten miles to the south of the Hooghly, over which the cyclone extended. • That is but little, except to the individual sufferers, in a vast country like Bengal. But the cyclone wasted with far more violence the country to the north and east of the Hooghly; of its effects there we have still to obtain information. From Nuddea, still suffering from an inundation of the Ganges more severe than those of 1863 and 1866, we learn that the vegetation which survived that calamity has been almost entirely destroyed. Not only will the rice crop yield but half its tale. Of the cattle, which had been sent to the high lands from the inundated tracts, a tenth has perished, for they had to withstand the storm for two days and a half without shelter or food. All the crops recently sown within the tract blasted by the whirlwind have been destroyed. The condition of Jessore is worse. Not five per cent. of the brick houses in the district have withstood the blast. He who would understand the difference between the cyclone of 1864 and that of 1867 must look not to the shipping of Calcutta, but the experience of the rural population. We have spoken to many natives, and all are unanimous in this, that the visitation of Friday and Saturday last is more appalling, because it came at night, and it came when the *Amun* harvest was near at hand.

Nor has it been without its tragic element to Europeans. When the morning broke, cold, raw, and gusty, the scene presented by the Hooghly between Barrackpore and Serampore showed that the ruin wrought among the boats in the river had not been less than among the huts and crops on land. The turbid stream rolled down piles of wood, fragments of boats,

straw, oars, helms, and bamboos in wild confusion. Every in spite of the police, or rather in their absence—for in Singapore not one was visible, although the municipality pay so for them—hundreds of houseless poor might be seen risk their lives to secure the floating treasures which would them to rebuild their huts. What might have been a tragedy had happened higher up, at Bansberia, above Ho Three ladies with two children, one of them ten days old on their way to the Ganges in one of the few indigo plank boats yet left in these districts. The rain and wind which ceded the cyclone for forty-eight hours detained them under lee of a *chur* or high sandbank opposite Bansberia. When the cyclone burst from the north-east about ten o'clock on Friday they were well sheltered. But as it veered towards the west and the sandy cliff became exposed to its violence, evident that the boat would either be parted from the bank or buried under it. The ladies and children managed to find a way to the top a minute before the boat went down and they fell. They crawled along at the very height of the violence of the storm, digging their hands into the sand, till in the darkness they stumbled on a hut which was weathered by a hurricane. But out of this the surly owner, a fisherman, and the wretched group spent the night on the bank with an infant of ten days. Faint in body and spirit, they had no strength to drive away the jackals which surrounded them sniffing for prey. In the morning they were hospitably received by the catechist in charge of the Bansberia mission."

Poetry.

LEAVING THE OLD HOUSE.

THERE's sunshine on the meadows,
 And sunshine on the road,
 And through the brightness toils my horse
 Beneath a weary load;
 And as I stand beside my gate, with hand before my eyes,
 I hear the children laugh to see the household gods I prize.
 There was a time when this old home
 Was full of mirth and glee,

ANECDOTES AND SELECTIONS.

But one by one the household went
And left it all to me—
A quiet house of vacant rooms, each made a sacred place
By echo of a missing voice, or dream of vanished face.
Ah, how I used to pause before
The mirror on the stair,
And shake my long, bright ringlets out,
And fancy I was fair!
I took that quaint old mirror down; and packed it up last night,
And never stopped to trick my hair—for what is left is white.
In later years I used to sit
And watch the long green lane,
For one who came in those old times,
But cannot come again:
And, somehow, still at eventide my chair is turned that way,
I sit and work where once I watched—I sat so yesterday.
My new house is a pleasant place,
But yet it grieves me how
Its small completeness seems to say,
My world is narrow now;
'Tis far too small for any one with festivals to keep,
But for my funeral large enough, for few shall come to weep.
Good-bye, old house—a long good-bye;
My hand is on your gate;
Though tears are gathering in my eyes,
I may not longer wait.
Good-bye, old house; and, after all, the love which makes you dear
Awaits me in the heavenly home which I am drawing near.

Anecdotes and Selections.

CHARACTERISTICS OF LUTHER.—Men of Luther's stature are like violent forces of Nature herself—terrible when roused, and in the majestic and beautiful. Of vanity he had not a trace. "Do call yourselves Lutherans," he said; "call yourselves Christians. Who and what is Luther? Has Luther been crucified for the world?" Mention his love of music. His songs and hymns were the expression of the very inmost heart of the German people. Music he called the grandest and sweetest gift of God to man. "Satan hates music," he said; "he knows how it drives the evil spirit out of us." He was extremely interested in all natural things. Before the science of botany was dreamt of, Luther had divined the principles of vegetable life. "The principle of marriage runs through all creation," he said, "and flowers as well as animals are male and female." A garden of eddies of eloquence from him, beautiful, sometimes, as a shed piece of poetry.—*Froude's Short Studies.*

A THRILLING INCIDENT.—General Sherman says the greatest demand ever made on his moral courage was under the following circumstances:—The citizens of San Francisco were celebrating the Fourth of July in the large American theatre, which was packed to its utmost capacity. General Sherman was chief marshal, and occupied a seat near the front of the stage. The orator had completed his oration, the poet begun his song, when one of his aids, white with fear, made his way down the middle aisle to the footlight, and beckoning the general's ear, whispered to him that the theatre had settled a foot and a half in one of its side walls, under the weight of the crowd, and might be expected any moment to tumble on their heads in ruins. The general commanded him to sit down where he was, without turning his panic-stricken face to the audience, and to say not one word. He then quietly sent an aid out to report the condition of the wall, then gave his apparent attention to the poem, expecting every moment, as he said, to see the pillars reeling and the roof falling in; but nevertheless certain that any sudden movement and affright of the people would hasten the catastrophe and aggravate the ruin, while by the ordinary slow method of dispersion the danger might possibly be escaped. The exercises continued calmly to the close. The audience left the theatre quietly, without suspecting their peril, and the terrible destruction was averted by the presence of mind, the self-control of the brave soul who, contemplating at one glance all the possibilities of the case, decided upon the policy of duty, and waited, without one betraying glance, or treacherous change of complexion, the uncertain, tremendous consequences.

NO DIVISIONS IN FRONT OF THE ENEMY.—The following incident in the life of Lord Nelson contains a lesson for Christians:—On the day before the battle of Trafalgar, Nelson took Collingwood and Rotherham, who were at variance, to a spot where they could see the fleet opposed to them. "Yonder," said the admiral, "are your enemies; shake hands and be good friends, like good Englishmen." What a lesson for us! With the world, the flesh, and the devil combined against us, it is no time for us to fall out about trifles, to encourage any bad feelings about one another, or to keep aloof from each other; rather we ought to look upon our enemies' lines and shake hands like Christians. Let us, overlooking our personal conflicts with the flesh and Satan, confine our thoughts to the world which is to be subdued for Jesus.

PAPISTS AND RITUALISTS.—It is said that during the recent restoration of a church in Brighton, occupied by the advanced Ritualists, one of the workmen employed, ascending the pulpit, exclaimed, "I publish the banns of matrimony between this Church and the Church of Rome." "And I," said another artisan, turning toward the first speaker, "forbid the banns." "On what ground," inquired he of the pulpit. "'Cos the parties is too near akin," was the reply.

TRIAL AND TEMPTATION.—To be tempted is to be tried. Trial develops strength and matures principle. Christ forewarned His disciples of the trials they would be necessitated to bear, and called such ones blessed. The apostle James says, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation." The blessedness is not in the endurance of trials, but in the final results thereby secured; "for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life." Such things are inevitable. None are exempt. Christian, meet them; meet them calmly, believingly, submissively, heroically, Christ-like. Are the robes made white without the great tribulation? The blessed ones above, whose voices are ever uttering joy, gained the promised crown only by bearing the cross. No cross, no crown. No action, no reward. The one is a sure guarantee of the other. The battle fought, the faith kept, makes certain the reserved glory and immortality.

The Fireside.

A MOTHER'S VOICE.

Not long ago, in the Western States of America, an Indian camp was captured, together with a number of prisoners, including squaws, and some half dozen white captives, boys and girls, from five to twelve years of age. Word was sent through the country, inviting those who had lost children to come to the camp and identify, if possible, their children, as none of them could give any account who their parents were, or where they were taken from, so young were they when they were taken captives by the Indians. Numbers went to the camp—many more than there were children—and of course many of them returned with heavy hearts at being unable to find their lost ones.

Among the number who went hundreds of miles to the camp, was a mother who lost two children—a boy and a girl, one three and the other five years old—years ago. Efforts were made to persuade her not to go, and so long a time had elapsed, it was certain she could not identify her children, even if they stood before her. But she could not rest—she must go, and go she did. On arriving at the encampment, she found the captives ranged in line for inspection. She looked at them first from a distance—her anxious heart bounding in her bosom. But she did not see her children—at least she saw nothing in the group that bore the slightest resemblance to her baby boy and girl as they looked when playing about her door steps. She drew nearer and peered deep into the eyes of each, who only returned her look with a stony gaze, yet anxious one—they, too, hoped to see something in her that would tell them she was their mother. She looked long and steadily at them, as her heart began to sink and grow heavy in her

bosom. At last, with tears and sobs, she withdrew, and when some paces off she stopped and turned about quickly, as, apparently, a thought had occurred to her. Drying her eyes, she broke forth in a sweet hymn she had been wont to sing to her children as a lullaby. Scarcely a line had been uttered when two of the captives—a boy and a girl—rushed from the line, exclaiming, “Mamma, mamma!” The mother went home perfectly satisfied she had found her long lost children.

The Penny Post Box.

SELF-EDUCATION.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was a self-educated man. So was Benjamin West. The one was among the most distinguished philosophers, and the other among the best painters the world ever saw. Each had a good teacher, because he taught himself. Both had a better teacher daily, because both were advancing daily in knowledge and in the art of acquiring it.

Baron Cuvier was also a self-made man. He was at all times under a good teacher, because he was always taught by Baron Cuvier. He, more than any other man, perhaps than all other men before him, brought to light the hidden treasures of the earth. He not only examined and arranged the mineral productions of our globe, but ascertained that hundreds, and even thousands of different species of animals, once living, moving in the waters and upon the land, now form rocks and ledges, and even mountains. Cuvier thought, however, that he owed a constant debt of gratitude to his mother for his knowledge, because, when a child, she encouraged him in linear drawing, which was of the utmost service in his pursuits. To the same encouragement the world is, of course, indebted for the knowledge diffused by Cuvier among all nations.

Sir Humphrey Davy, by “self-instruction,” made more brilliant and more important discoveries in chemical science, than any one who preceded or followed him. Farmers, mechanics, housekeepers, and many others, are now enjoying the benefits of his labours.

Elihu Burritt, by self-instruction, had acquired, at the age of thirty years, fifty languages; and that, too, while he was labouring vigorously over the forge and anvil from six to twelve hours daily.

The late Dr. Bowditch taught himself until he exceeded all who had gone before him in mathematical science.

Roger Sherman, whose name will descend to posterity as one of the ablest statesmen and brightest ornaments of the American Congress, taught himself while working upon his shoe bench.

George Washington was a self-made man. His name will fill all future ages with reverence.

There were hosts of others, who in former ages moved the intellectual and moral world; also among those who now move and elevate themselves. Such must be the fact in all future ages.

Every child is his own teacher. He teaches himself things, and every thing coming under his observation—animals, vegetables, minerals, tools and operations of farmers, mechanics, and housekeepers, science, and art. He teaches himself by seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, feeling, talking, handling, using and comparing things, and their operations with each other; also cause with effect. Every child of common talents learns a language before he is three or four years of age.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT WATER.

THE extent to which water mingles with solid bodies is really wonderful.

Of every twelve hundred tons of earth which a landlord has in his estate four hundred are water.

The summits of Snowden and Ben Nevis have many million tons of water in a solidified form.

The air we breathe contains five grains of water to each cubic foot of its bulk.

The potatoes and turnips boiled for our dinners have, in their raw state, the first seventy-five per cent., the second ninety per cent. of water.

If a man weighing ten stones were squeezed in a hydraulic press, seven and a half stones of water would run out, and only two and a half of dry residue remain.

A man is, strictly speaking, forty-five pounds of carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five and a half pailsful of water.

In every plaster of Paris statue which an Italian carries through our streets for sale there is one pound of water to four pounds of chalk.

Hints.

Being at sea, sail; being on land, settle.

A hundred load of thought will not pay one of debt.

He who once deceives is ever suspected.

He that hath one hog makes him fat; and he that hath one son makes him a fool.

An ill labourer quarrels with his tools.

He that respects not, is not respected.

He that sins against man may be discovered; he that sins against God is sure of it.

Gems.

There are some men so proud that they will not enter the church until they become so good that they can confer an honour upon the church by entering it.

There is no enduring happiness apart from God.

Nothing that comes into the world in the way of divine truth is ever lost.

POETIC SELECTIONS.—THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Religion, in one sense, is self-denial,
just as husbandry, in one sense, is a
work of death.

Death is the dropping of the flower
that the fruit may swell.

Becoming a Christian is not be-
coming better than one's neighbour;
it is becoming better than one's self.

Camping down upon the edges of a
sin from which a man has just escaped
is dangerous work.

Christians who are ever living on
their own experiences are like a leaf
which has got into an eddy in the
river, where it keeps whirling round
and round in its own track.

Poetic Selections.

HEART HYMN.

BEAR the burden of the present,
Let the morrow bear its own;
If the morning sky be pleasant,
Why the coming night bemoan?

If the darkened heavens lower,
Wrap thy cloak around thy form;
Though the tempest rise in power,
God is mightier than the storm.

Steadfast hope and faith unshaken
Animate the trusting breast;
Step by step the journey's taken
Nearer to the land of rest.

All unseen, the Master walketh
By the toiling servant's side;
Comfortable words He talketh
While His hands uphold and guide.

Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow
Rends thy heart, to Him we
He to-day—and He to-morrow
Grace sufficient gives His

Holy strivings nerve and strength
Long endurance wins the
When the evening shadows fall
Thou shalt lay the burden

SOMETHING FOR THEE

SOMETHING, my God, for thee,
Something for thee:
That each day's setting sun may
Some penitential offering;
In thy dear name some kindness
To thy dear love some wanderer
Some trial meekly borne for thee
Dear Lord, for thee.

Something, my God, for thee,
Something for thee:
That to thy gracious throne may
Sweet incense from some sacrifice
Uplifted eyes undimmed by tear
Uplifted faith unstained by fear
Hailing each joy as light from
Dear Lord, from thee.

Something, my God, for thee,
Something for thee:
For the great love that thou hast
For the great hope of thee in me
My soul her first allegiance bring
And upward plumes her heavenly
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

The Children's Corner.

SHUT YOUR EARS.

SHUT your ears when bad words are said. Do not let them
your memories, for they may trouble you all your lives. If
not made low and wicked by them, says a writer, but grow
pure men and women, "you will be all the more sorry for the
spots left in your mind, which will stick like pitch to you, as
you cannot burn out or wash away."

SIGHTS IN THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA.

IN his remarkable book on "The Tributaries of the Nile," the great explorer records some very strange things. We give two specimens of his descriptive power :

VULTURES.—If an animal be skinned, the red surface will attract the vultures in an instant; this proves that their sight, and not their scent, has been attracted by an object that suggests blood. I have frequently watched them when I have shot an animal, and my people have commenced the process of skinning. At first, not a bird has been in sight, as I have lain on my back and gazed into the spotless blue sky; but hardly has the skin been half withdrawn, than specks have appeared in the heavens, rapidly increasing. "Caw, caw," has been heard several times from the neighbouring bushes; the buzzards have swept down close to my people, and have snatched a morsel of clotted blood from the ground. The specks have increased to winged creatures, at the great height resembling flies, when presently a rushing sound behind me, like a whirlwind, has been followed by the pounce of a red-faced vulture, that has fallen from the heavens in haste with closed wings to the bloody feast, followed quickly by many of his brethren. The sky has become alive with black specks in the far distant blue, with wings hurrying from all quarters. At length a coronet of steady, soaring vultures forms a wide circle far above, as they hesitate to descend, but continue to revolve around the object of attraction. The great bare-necked vulture suddenly appears. The animal has been skinned, and the required flesh secured by the men; we withdraw a hundred paces from the scene. A general rush and descent takes place; hundreds of hungry beaks are tearing at the offal. The great bare-necked vulture claims respect among the crowd; but another form has appeared in the blue sky, and rapidly descends. A pair of long, ungainly legs, hanging down beneath the enormous wings, now touch the ground, and Abou Seen (father of the teeth or beak—the Arab name for the Marabou) has arrived, and he stalks proudly towards the crowds, *picking his way with his long bill through the struggling vultures, and swallowing the lion's share of the repast.* Abou Seen, last

but not least, has arrived from the highest region, while others had the advantage of the start. This bird is very numerous through the Nile tributaries of Abyssinia, and may generally be seen perched upon the rocks by the water side, watching for small fish, or any reptile that may chance to come within his reach. The well-known feathers are situated in a plume beneath the tail.

AMPHIBIOUS GIRLS.—I had shot a crocodile, and a marabou stork, and I was carefully plucking the plume of beautiful feathers from the tail of the bird, surrounded by a number of Arabs, when I observed a throng of women, each laden with a bundle of wood, crossing the ford in single file from the opposite bank. Among them were two young girls of about fifteen, and I remarked that these, instead of marching in line with the women, were wading hand-in-hand in dangerous proximity to the head of the rapids. A few seconds later I noticed that they were inclining their bodies up stream, and were evidently struggling with the current. Hardly had I pointed out the danger to the men around me, when the girls clung to each other, and striving against their fate they tottered down the stream towards the rapids, which rushed with such violence that the waves were about two feet high. With praiseworthy speed the Arabs started to their feet, and dashed down the deep descent towards the river; but before they had reached half way, the girls uttered a shriek, lost their footing, and in another instant they threw their arms wildly above their heads, and were hurried away in the foam of the rapids. One disappeared immediately; the other was visible, as her long black hair floated on the surface; she also sank. Presently, about twenty yards below the spot, a pair of naked arms protruded high above the surface, with ivory bracelets upon the wrists, and twice the hands clapped together as though imploring help; again she disappeared. The water was by this time full of men, who had rushed to the rescue; but they had foolishly jumped in at the spot where they had first seen the girls, who were of course by this time carried far away by the torrent. Once more, farther down the river, the hands and bracelets appeared; again they wildly clapped together, and in the clear water we could plainly see the dark hair beneath. Still she sank again, but almost immediately she rose head and shoulders above the surface, and thrice she again clapped her hands for aid. This was her last effort; she disappeared. By this time several men

HOW THE BEAR AND INSECTS PASS THE WINTER.

had wisely run along the bank below the tail of the rapids, and having formed a line across a very narrow portion of the stream, one of them suddenly clutched an object beneath the water, and in another moment he held the body of the girl in his arms. Of course she was dead? or a fit subject for the Royal Humane Society? So I supposed; when, to our intense astonishment, she no sooner was brought to the shore than she gave herself a shake, threw back her long hair, wrung out and arranged her dripping rahat, and walked leisurely back to the ford, which she crossed with the assistance of the Arab who had saved her. What she was composed of I cannot say; whether she was the offspring of a cross between mermaid and hippopotamus, or hatched from the egg of a crocodile, I know not, but a more wonderfully amphibious being I have rarely seen.

HOW THE BEAR AND INSECTS PASS THE WINTER.

You have, doubtless, heard how the bear, grown fat on the fruits of his autumn campaign, retires to some hole in the rocks, where the softly falling snow by degrees makes a beautiful ermine counterpane, which protects him from the cold during his long winter sleep. The fat, which lies in great folds just under the skin, is gradually absorbed into his system, and as he takes no exercise, it requires but little fuel to keep the spark of life glowing. Occasionally he sucks his paws, and seems to derive much comfort therefrom. When the spring comes, and his icy roof melts and runs away to fill up the little brooks that babble of strange things as they go leaping down the hill-slopes, he comes out, and a very lean and hungry bear he is for a few days.

Then there is the snail, who, when he feels the first approach of cold weather, retires into the innermost chamber of the wonderful house he always carries about on his back, and there turns mason, and by means of a cement which he manufactures builds up a strong wall to keep out the chilly air of winter, and so goes to sleep, caring not a whit for the howling winds which torture the sturdiest trees till they groan again with anguish.

There are very few insects, that is, full-grown insects, that pass their winters thus. Most insects are at that time still in the egg, undeveloped, and waiting for warm weather to hatch them

HOW THE BEAR AND INSECTS PASS THE WINTER.

out; many species are in the grub or baby state, many more in the pupa or chrysalis stage, whilst a few, arrived at maturity late in the fall, are carefully hidden away in cracks and quiet nooks, only to be tempted out from their seclusion by one of those rare but delicious winter days, when the sun shines bright, and the glittering icicles drop tears, wrung from their very hearts.

How hard it is to realize, as we walk about on a bleak winter's day, well protected from the stinging cold by innumerable wrappers, that this pure white shroud of snow serves also as a warm counterpane, and that under its folds are hidden the germs of millions of future insects, friends and foes. All about us, in the ground under our feet, in the trees, swinging their gaunt and naked limbs about over our heads, in the holes and countless cracks in our walls and fences, in every corner and crevice in our houses, in the very stubble which crackles so crisply under our tread where the wind has blown the snow away, are lying hidden from our gaze myriads of insects in all the various stages of their existence. Although we may not see them, still we may be as certain that they are there as we are positive that the seeds of the many thousand plants which will next season delight our eye or please our other senses, are now concealed in the bosom of mother earth—this same snow a mantle to protect them from the cold.

Although but few come flitting or running across our path, yet if we search for them diligently, we shall find them in great numbers on every hand. Let us take a trowel and go down into our orchard and dig down among the roots of the trees, and many strange forms of insect life will reward a careful search—little mummies wrapped in thick shrouds, queer little babies in close-fitting swaddling clothes, some sound asleep, others with just animation enough to wriggle their tails feebly and then go off again into their deep sleep. Take your trowel and dig into the mound in this hollow of a tree, and other little sleepers come to view; twist off this ragged piece of bark, and whole colonies get their first glimpse of the sun—to be sure as though seen through a glass dimly, but nevertheless their first peep at daylight; around these twigs we find strange bracelets of eggs, here and there collections of egg-like clusters of seed-pearls; swinging on the end of branches, swaying to the music of every passing breeze, we find the cradles and hammocks of many moths and butterflies; on the bark strange warts disfigure the trees;

whilst in the very grass under our feet, if we pluck it up and examine it closely, we shall find tiny babies snugly laid away in satin-lined apartments.

The eggs of insects are able to withstand an intense degree of cold. The same temperature which would immediately kill the tiny inhabitant of the egg if once hatched, seems to have no effect upon him in that safe retreat.

Some caterpillars are hatched from eggs in the autumn, and pass the winter quietly dozing upon the twigs and branches of their favourite bushes, so closely resembling their habitation that only the shrewd eye of some hungry bird spies them out. We find thus on currant-bushes the caterpillars of the magpie moth, perfectly torpid all winter and frozen quite stiff, but yet ready to thaw out when the weather moderates. They are sometimes perfectly brittle, and will snap like glass between the fingers, and yet if suffered to thaw out, all this freezing does not seem to have injured them in the slightest.

Up in the oak trees we can find whole colonies of little caterpillars defying the cold, whilst they lie snugly wrapped up in warm counterpanes of silk that they have woven themselves, sleeping spoon-fashion, two or three in bed together. Most of our butterflies and moths, however, pass their winters in the chrysalis state. These little mummies are to be met with on every hand. Down deep in the earth myriads of them are packed away, patiently awaiting the warm spring day, which will urge them to struggle out of their cases and fly away to accomplish their destinies.

It is a very curious sight watching caterpillars preparing for the chrysalis stage. Many are hung up in the open air, some merely kept in place by a slight net-work of threads, whilst others are suspended in delicate hammocks or stout silken shrouds. Some caterpillars build for themselves little winter palaces about the size and shape of half a walnut, of chips and bits of bark, glued together by a natural cement which they manufacture. Other chrysalids, like Mohammed's coffin, swing in mid air between heaven and earth, suspended by a delicate thread.

Mason bees build for their babies nurseries of mud and small stones, or lumps of clay, and after laying eggs, and leaving a little pollen for each grub to eat when hatched, close up the entrance.

Poetry.

A WALK IN A CHURCHYARD.

We walked within the churchyard My little boy and I; [bounds, He laughing, running happy rounds, I pacing mournfully. "Nay, child! it is not well," I said, "Among the graves to shout, To laugh and play among the dead, And make this noisy rout." A moment to my side he clung, Leaving his merry play, A moment stilled his joyous tongue, Almost as hushed as they. Then, quite forgetting the command, In life's exulting burst Of early glee, let go my hand, Joyous as at the first. And now I did not check him more, For, taught by Nature's face, I had grown wiser than before, Even in that moment's space. She spread no funeral pall above That patch of churchyard ground, But the same azure vault of love That hung o'er all around. And white clouds o'er that spot would As freely as elsewhere; [pass	The sunshine on no other grass A richer hue might wear. And formed from out that very In which the dead did lie, The daisy, with its eye of gold, Looked up into the sky. The rook was wheeling overh Nor hastened to be gone; The small bird did its glad not Perched on a gray head-ston And God, I said, would never This light upon the earth, Nor bid in childhood's heart t These springs of gushing mi If our one wisdom were to mo And linger with the dead, To nurse, as wisest, thoughts Of worm and earthy bed. O no; the glory earth puts on, The child's unchecked delig Both witness to a triumph wor (If we but judge aright),— A triumph won o'er sin and de From these the Saviour save And, like a happy infant, Faith Can play among the graves.
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Anecdotes and Selections.

UNDYING MEMORY.—How vividly came the period of my earl
stealing on my remembrance at this terrible time. I do n
stealing on memory, for the one is far nobler than the other.
in a moment when man is not aware, does memory assert majes
her undying nature, and bring forth from her mysterious crypt
soul the deeds of the distant past, unasked, and full often un
The sinner sitteth at ease, cherishing many a false way; but an a

within him, who starts forth with the deep diapason of a lion, and a crushing grip of a bear, crying, "I am memory; remember the sins years gone by." It is as if poison were poured into the goblet, a cup falls from the conscience-palsied hand, music ceases to breathe melody, the Cyprian eye of beauty loses its fires, ill-gotten gains are athed, and the cringing soul shrinks within itself, crying, "Hast thou and me, O mine enemy." What would not a fallen world give, old it, when it listeth, destroy memory. But it cannot be. So far on this, memory's greatest, grandest part has yet to be enacted. City—to whom be glory—will one day fire it like a train, and then ill it light up the remembrance of the whole arcanum of the past, for God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret ing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." The day of dgment that.

A PASSAGE FROM LATIMER.—In Bishop Latimer's famous old sermon, *Of the Plough*, is a passage, which though written three hundred years ago, applies admirably to what is now going on in the Church of England. "Where the devil is resident, and has his plough going, ere away with books and up with candles: away with Bibles and up with beads; away with the light of the gospel, and up with the light candles, yea, at noonday. Where the devil is resident, that he may avail, up with all superstition and idolatry; censing, painting of images, candles, palms, holy water, and new service of men's inventions, as though man could invent a better way to honour God with, an God himself hath appointed. Down with Christ's cross, up with purgatory pick-purse, up with him, the Popish purgatory, I mean. Away with clothing the naked, and up with gay garnishing of stocks and stones; up with man's traditions and his laws; down with God's additions and His most holy Word. Down with the old honour due to God, and up with the new god's honour."

WHO KNOCKS?—Oh, careless sinner! this is the Saviour whom we have always been preaching to you; this is the Divine Redeemer whom you have always trodden under foot. You would think it a great thing if the king left his throne, and knocked at your door, and brought you to accept a little gold; but, oh! how much greater a thing is here. The King of Kings has left His throne and died, the at for the unjust, and now knocks at your door. Careless sinner, can you still resist?—*McCheyne*.

ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.—"I am on the bright side of seventy," said an aged man of God; "the bright side, because nearer to everlasting glory." "Nature fails," said another, "but I am happy." "My work done," said the Countess of Huntingdon, when eighty-four years old; I have nothing to do but to go to my Father." To an humble Christian it was remarked, "I fear you are near another world." Fear it, sir!" he replied; "I know I am; but, blessed be the Lord! do not fear it; I hope it."

CHRIST IN THE GOSPEL NARRATIVE.—No biographer, moralist, or artist can be satisfied with any attempt of his to set forth the beauty of holiness which shines from the face of Jesus of Nazareth. It is felt to be infinitely greater than any conception or representation of it by the mind, the tongue or the pencil of man or angel. We might as well attempt to empty the waters of the boundless sea into a narrow well, or to portray the splendour of the rising sun and starry heavens with ink. No picture of the Saviour, though drawn by the master hand of Raphael, or Durio, or Rubens; no epic, though conceived by the genius of a Dante, or Milton, or Klopstock, can improve on the artless narrative of the gospels, whose only but all powerful charm is truth.—*Schaff*.

WHAT JESUS IS ABLE TO DO.

"Able even to subdue all things unto Himself" (Phil. iii. 21).

"Able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work" (2 Cor. ix. 8).

"Able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy" (Jude 24).

"Able to succour them that are tempted" (Heb. ii. 18).

"Able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him" (Heb. vii. 25).

"What He had promised, able also to perform" (Rom. iv. 21).

"Able to make him stand" (Rom. xiv. 4).

"Able to keep that which I have committed unto Him" (2 Tim. i. 2).

"Able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified" (Acts xx. 32).

"Able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think" (Eph. iii. 20).

"BELIEVE YE THAT I AM ABLE TO DO THIS?" (Matt. ix. 28.)

WHAT THE SAINT CANNOT DO.

He cannot forget the city of the Great King. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning" (Psalm cxxxvii. 5).

He cannot forget the mercies of the Great King. "They are new every morning: great is thy faithfulness" (Lam. iii. 23).

He cannot forget the power and justice of the Great King. "God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this; that power belongeth unto God. Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy: for thou renderest to every man according to his work" (Psalm lxii. 11, 12).

He cannot forget the condescension of the Great King. "Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly: but the proud he knoweth afar off" (Psalm cxxxviii. 6).

He cannot forget the message of the Great King. "This is my beloved Son: hear him" (Luke ix. 35).

The Fireside.

HOW LONG WE MIGHT LIVE.

ESSOR Faraday adopts Flourin's physiological theory that the life of a man is one hundred years. The duration of life he is to be measured by the time of growth. When once the bones and physus are united, the body grows no more, and at twenty this union is effected in man. In the camel it takes place at eight; horse at five; in the rabbit at one. The natural termination of life removes from these several points. Man, being twenty in growing, lives five times twenty years, that is, one hundred; camel is eight years in growing, and lives five times eight years, to say, forty years; the horse is five years in growing, and he twenty-five years; and so with other animals. The man who does not die of sickness lives everywhere from eighty to one hundred.

Providence has given to man a century of life, but he does not live it because he inherits disease, eats unwholesome food, gives way to passions, and permits vexations to disturb his healthy equilibrium.

He does not die; he kills himself. The learned Professor divides life into equal halves, growth and decline, and these halves into fancy, youth, virility, and age. Infancy extends to the twenty-year; youth to the fiftieth, because it is during this period that the tissues become firm; virility from fifty to seventy-five, during which the organism remains complete; and at seventy-five old age begins, to last a longer or shorter time, as the diminution of vital forces is hastened or retarded.

The Penny Post Box.

WHO IS A GENTLEMAN?

Who is a Gentleman? Is it

The one well-known to be

Possessed of wealth, or large estates

Of landed property?

Is it the person proud to show

His diamonds rich and rare,

Who ne'er with labour soiled those hands

So delicate and fair?

Is it the person proud of dress,

Who bows at Fashion's shrine,

And aims with well-cut coat and boots

All others to outshine?

FACTS, HINTS, GEMS, AND POETRY.

Is it the one who talks precise,
With elegance and ease,
And strives with conversation fair
The company to please?

How many make their boast of wealth,
With Fashion's rules comply,
While in politeness and address
But few with them can vie:
Yet they may *not* be gentlemen,
Though styled as such they are;
Towards them the title's misapplied—
True gentlemen are rare.

That man is one, whate'er his rank,
Who honest is and true,
And daily strives to do to all
As he would have them do:
Who, swayed by true benevolence,
Does all the good he can,
And makes it his delight and aim
To help his fellow-man.

The one who loves and honours God,
And loves his neighbour too!
Who by the rules of rectitude
Doth his whole course pursue;
He is a Gentleman indeed,
Although he may not be
Rich, gay, or learned—his conduct proves
His true gentility.

J

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

THE SUN.

THE sun is the stronghold of the solar system.

It is ninety-five millions of miles from the earth.

If we could travel forty miles an hour continuously, it would take us more than two hundred and seventy years to reach the sun from the earth.

A cannon ball, which dashed from a gun four hundred yards a second, would be a eleven years and a quarter reaching the sun.

In three days from the of the sun, all vegetable a life would die off the earth.

The very coal we burn, by sun's light and heat, would no existence.

The heat thrown out from a square yard of the sun is equal to burning on that square yard tons of coal an hour.

The surface of the sun is a thousand times bigger than the earth. Of the sun's light, one cent of it affects the eyes as light; one part is a colouring power.

FACTS, HINTS, GEMS, AND POETRY.

Hints.

the workshop in which
crets, slanders, and all

when improved, be-
ceries.

cy which is begun over
e has no heart.

able another with what
thyself.

ld have the world better,
s by mending yourselves.

s past: to-morrow may
you.

stitutes the happiness of
nowledge and piety of the

at war with his neigh-
e at peace with himself.

othing pu. er than truth,
charity, warmer than

than virtue, more stead-
n.

he first and the last of
ughts.

company, and be one of

s never found again.
your temper, lest it com-

Gems.

's look out of their grated
the smiling landscape

a comes and goes; so we
a, as from dungeon bars,

the heavenly land, and
l with sweet visions of

it shall be ours when we

to tyranny more intoler-
conscience unrestrained

the Bible the deity of
o me it would be but a

n tell whether he is rich
irring to his ledger. It

that makes the man rich.

Man's graces must get the better of
their faults as a farmer's crops do of
the weeds—by growth.

The sun does not shine for a few
trees and flowers, but for the wide
world's joy.

Selfishness is that detestable vice
which no one will forgive in others,
and no one is without himself.

Poetic Selections.

WITHOUT THE CHILDREN.

O THE weary, solemn silence
Of the house without the children!

O the strange, oppressive stillness

Where the children come no more!

Ah! the longing of the sleepers

For the soft arms of the children;

Ah! the longing for the faces

Peeping through the opening door—

Faces gone for evermore!

Strange it is to wake at midnight

And not hear the children breathing,

Nothing but the old clock ticking,

Ticking, ticking by the door.

Strange to see the little dresses

Hanging up there all the morning;

And the gaiters—ah! their patter

We shall hear it never more

On our child-forsaken floor!

What is home without the children?

'Tis the earth without its verdure,

And the sky without its sunshine;

Life is withered to the core!

So we'll leave this dreary desert,

And we'll follow the Good Shepherd

'To the greener pastures vernal,

Where the lambs have "gone before,"

With the Shepherd evermore.

DEAD LIFE.

ARE the moving millions all alive

Because they speak, and breathe, and eat,

Because they toil, and try, and strive,

With hardened hands and flying feet?

No; the blood may flow and the heart

beat on,

While the life of our life is gone—is gone!

POETIC SELECTIONS.—THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

You may cut the blue vein in the arm,
And let the bright blood bubble out—
They're dead already—none can harm
Or hurt the life they are without;
For the blood may flow and the heart
beat on,
While the life of our life is gone—is gone!

How dead are some that breathe and speak!
Dead to the real things of life;
No pallor sits on the brow or cheek,
And the hands rest not from their busy
strife;
But the blood may flow and the heart
beat on,
While the life of our life is gone—is gone!

Dead to the beauty spread abroad,
Dead to the beauty born within;
A breathing, moving, senseless clod;
No living life, no dying sin;
For the blood may flow and the heart
beat on,
While the life of our life is gone—is gone!

And dead are some to living joy;
Dead is the heart and dead the hope;
Their fancied gold is base alloy,
Their drink of life is sorrow's cup;
For the blood may flow and the heart
beat on,
While the life of our life is gone—is gone!

The Children's Corner.

PLAYING THE LADY.

Just twelve years old this very day—
Indeed! I'm not a baby—
Next come my glorious *teens*—but
stay,
I'll put my playthings all away,
Hoop, ball, and skipping rope, and
swing,
And dolly house, and everything—
I'm going to be a lady!

A lady with bewitching air,
And *toilette a la Paris*;
And, now I think of it, I'll wear
A sprig of something in my hair,
And snatch my robe up daintily,
And scream when I an insect see,
And romp no more with Harry.

As mother says, with serious face,
"Old Time fits fast and faster:
'Tis first a walk, and then a pace,
And then a madly hurrying race,
So soon the prattler's smiles and tears
Give way to woman's hope's and
fears,"—

As if *that* were disaster!

Nay; press along, old charioteer,
Thy coursers swift and steady!

Through many a far and future year,
Bear—bear me on—I have no fear;
For bliss or woe, for good or ill,
With patient hope, and pliant will,
My beating heart stands ready.
Farewell, ye trifling, childish toys,
Mud pies, and all that folly!
Farewell, ye little girls and boys!
I smile at your small griefs and joys,
For fancy soars on daring wings,
And beckons towards sublimer things
Than—goodness! there's my dolly!

O, Betsey Ann! your hat's askew,
Your shoulder's dislocated,
Your frock is torn, you've lost a shoe,
That cruel pin has pierced you through,
And O, that fixed, despairing eye—
Dear me! how can I pass you by—
My heart is not *casemated*.

O, Betsey Ann! you've conquered—
there!

Adieu to grown-up fancies!
Now Hal may laugh and Debby stare,
And mother rave in wild despair,
I'll be a little girl again;
There's time enough for care and pain
And all life's grave romances.

MARS' HILL, ATHENS.

ONE of the noblest arguments in favour of a cause ever uttered by a human being is that of the Apostle Paul, in Athens, as he stood on Mars' Hill. Of the many Biblical pictures that I recall of the scene, I believe that all artists have represented Paul as standing on a platform in or at the entrance of a large public building, with columns of marble supporting the walls and roof. But Mars' Hill is altogether a different place. The locality is as well identified as the Acropolis itself, as the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, and I will therefore ask the readers of the *Pioneer* to take a walk with me to see the locality.

From our hotel in the city we go south, through the market place, where there are bushels of oranges, lemons, dates, figs, apples, and grapes for sale, with men wearing red caps waiting to serve us. We come to a marble gateway, with Doric columns on each side. This was the gate of the market in the time of Paul. Here he disputed daily. You will find the account in the seventeenth chapter of Acts. Only this gate and a portion of an old wall remains, and the ground is built over with shops and houses.

Picking our way through narrow lanes, going up a hill, a walk of three minutes brings us clear of the houses, and we see before us a huge mass of rock, forty feet high or more, from which several large pieces have fallen and are lying at the base. The mass of rock stretches off to the south-west ten or fifteen rods. It is of conglomerate limestone, with holes in some places which have been eaten out by the winds and rains of centuries. Going past the eastern end and gaining the southern side, we find fifteen or twenty steps cut in the rock by which we climb to the top. The steps have been cut so long that some of them are worn wholly away. Reaching the top, we find a small portion of the surface levelled and squared, and what seems to have been a seat cut in the rock. This was the place where the Areopagus or highest court of ancient Athens was held. Dr. King informs me that the highest court of to-day is called the Areopagus, and that he was brought before it several years ago.

Walking over the rock, we find it having everywhere, except at this place, a rough surface, with no signs of an ancient edifice. The *Bema*, or platform, from which the orators gave their ora-

tions, was in the open air ; and this court, without doubt, was held out of doors. You could hardly find a better place for a speaker who wished to address a large audience than this, although there is no evidence that Paul's audience was unusually large.

Standing on this rock, all who were around it could hear his words. He commenced by saying that he perceived they were " uncommonly religious," that being the literal and better translation. As he faced the north he beheld the Temple of Theseus, built 465 years before Christ. To-day it is the most perfect of all the ancient buildings of Greece, its columns are whole, and its massive walls loom grandly on the landscape. Laying my compass on the rock, I see that it is twenty degrees west of north. Looking beyond the city, away to the foot of Mount Parnes, Paul beheld the site of Plato's Academy, almost due north. Turning a little more toward the west he saw the great heap of ashes, the remains of the sacrifices offered to the gods. To-day labourers are carting it away to construct a railroad to Piræus, the port of Athens. Extending his vision beyond the mound he beheld the road to Elustis, the sacred way, along which marched the great procession every autumn to present their offerings to the deity of that shrine.

Turning to the north-east he looked up to the Acropolis, a little more than a stone's throw distant. A good slinger of the olden time could easily hurl a pebble over the wall of the Acropolis from this spot. There rose the majestic gateway—the Propylæa, in grandeur unsurpassed, through which another grand procession passed once a year with gifts for Minerva, the golden goddess, so tall, so stately, that the mariner, coming into port, beheld the brow of the deity gleaming in the sunlight.

Around, within the Acropolis, were a multitude of deities. Right beyond the Minerva rose the Parthenon. At the right hand we beheld the temple of the Wingless Victory ; at the left hand the Erectheum. Several shrines under one roof are dedicated to Minerva Polias, the defender of the city ; another to Pandrosos. Here stood the sacred olive tree, which Minerva caused to grow when she contended with Neptune for the supremacy in Attica. Walk through the Acropolis to-day, and though the spoiler's hand has carried away gods by thousands, you see fragments of other thousands remaining.

MARS' HILL, ATHENS.

Go round the Acropolis to the east, and you come to the theatre of Bacchus; you may sit in chairs of marble, in which the priests of that divinity sat, and may read the names of those who occupied them. There is the altar, recently dug up from the ruins, a block of pure white marble, elaborately sculptured; a little further, and we are among the mighty columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympus.

All these we behold to-day; but when Paul stood here, wherever he turned his eyes he beheld temples and shrines. His spirit was stirred within him when he saw the whole city given to idolatry—so reads the account.

With adroitness, disarming prejudice, at the outset he turns all this to account, saying that they were "uncommonly religious," and that as he passed along observing their devotions he saw an altar with the inscription—"To the Unknown God."

Come to Mars' Hill, stand on this rock—forget the things of the present, think of Athens in her glory and grandeur—rebuild in imagination the shrines, behold the golden Minerva gleaming in the sunlight, and the smoke of sacrifice ascending to heaven, if you would take in as never before the beauty and force of Paul's address. Look down toward the hill of ashes, and behold within a stone's throw of it the ancient cemetery—the urns containing the ashes of the dead; consider that the men of Athens had no hope, or expectation, or idea of a future life, if you would understand the force of his speech concerning the resurrection of the dead. This cemetery has been buried—lost for 1500 years—covered by the debris of the old city, and was discovered recently while making excavations for a road.

We may think of Aratus, the poet whom Paul cited on that occasion. There are few places in the world where you can indulge in such reflections as here. Minerva is gone, and also Jupiter Olympus. The Parthenon is a ruin, the haunt of a flock of crows. The scoffings, the revilings of those who mocked when Paul spoke of the resurrection of the dead are of no force; the orations of Demosthenes, pronounced on yonder platform behind us, are read only by students and scholars, and forgotten as soon as read; but that address of Paul's has a mightier influence now than ever before. It is read in all languages. It will never die.

THE CHURCH MOUSE.

A LITTLE mouse once lived in a church in ——— city. His home was right under the organ.

Mouse was an aristocratic little creature; he had no more affinity with the vulgar mice who inhabit corn-barns and granaries than the Prince of Wales with a chimney-sweep.

The grand roar of the organ had been his lullaby; he had looked through stained glass windows all his life, and the bonnets which came there to worship every Sunday were made by the most fashionable milliners in ———.

You have often heard the expression, "As poor as a church mouse;" but this one was as plump as a Christmas turkey, and I will tell you why. Just outside the iron railing in front of the church an old woman kept a fruit and candy stall.

Fair or foul, there she sat under her umbrella—for in fair weather it shielded her from the sun, and in foul it sheltered her from the rain. Mouse supposed this stall was placed there on purpose for him, so he helped himself freely to anything he fancied.

Sometimes the old woman saw him, and aimed a blow at him with her umbrella, which made him very indignant, and he wondered the police did not arrest her for assault and battery, as well as for being a thief.

Being so fat and well fed, I don't see why he should have had such a habit of gnawing things which were not at all nourishing. He would gnaw the organ, the velvet prayer books, the pulpit, and even the great Bible itself.

The sexton tried every means to catch him: he set traps, he brought in a cat, and at last he went so far as to set a price on his head. He actually offered a sixpence to any boy who would bring him that mouse, dead or alive.

It was all in vain. Mouse grew bolder and bolder. One day he got into the sleeve of the minister's surplice, which was a very wicked and outrageous thing indeed.

Then he skipped away and hid himself in the folds of a lady's dress. She shook her dress, almost shrieking with fright. A gentleman pulled out his handkerchief, and out popped mouse with it. He then disappeared, no one knew where, but if a bit of gauze or ribbon fluttered in the summer breeze, the owner imagined the mouse was at the bottom of it.

POETRY.

the churchwarden had, as usual, settled himself to sleep as
as the sermon commenced—a habit which annoyed the
ster a great deal. His head, which was rather bald, was
forward on his breast, so that the sunbeams, coming through
tained window, cast flickering rays of red and blue upon it.
use, who had been all this time roaming about the church,
this beautiful shining object, and felt a desire to know
it was.

scramble to the gentleman's shoulder, and thence to the
of his head, was the work of a moment. There he sat
ht, facing the pulpit, then whisked suddenly about and faced
udience.

smile passed from one face to another, and some little boys
girls giggled outright. Then the churchwarden's wife, very
ashamed, poked her husband with her parasol. He awoke
a start, bringing his head up suddenly, and the mouse
pered away.

the sexton started in pursuit of him as soon as the benedic-
was pronounced, but the minister begged him to spare its
saying it had done what he had never been able to do with
est sermons—it had kept the congregation awake through
ntire service.

the churchwarden was never known to sleep in church again,
on the hottest summer day; or, if he fell into a doze, he
l wake with a start, and clap his hand to his head.
use lived on to a grey old age.

Poetry.

ALL IS WELL.

HER window opens to the bay,
On glistening light or misty gray,
And there, at dawn and set of day,
In prayer she kneels !
“ Dear Lord ! ” she saith, “ To many a home,
From wind and wave the wanderers come ;
I only see the tossing foam
Of stranger keels.

POETRY.

Blown out and in by summer gales,
The stately ships, with crowded sails,
And sailors leaning o'er their rails,
 Before me glide ;
They come, they go, but nevermore
Spice laden from the Indian shore,
I see his swift-winged Isidore
 The waves divide.

O Thou ! with whom the night is day,
And one the near and far away,
Look out on yon gray waste and say
 Where lingers he :
Alive, perchance, on some lone beach
Or thirsty isle beyond the reach
Of man, he hears the mocking speech
 Of wind and sea.

O, dead and cruel deep, reveal
The secret which thy waves conceal,
And, ye wild sea-birds, hither wheel
 And tell your tale.
Let winds that tossed his raven hair
A message from my lost one bear—
Some thought of me, a last fond prayer
 Or dying wail !

Come, with your dreariest truth, shut out
The fears that haunt me round about :
O God ! I cannot bear this doubt
 That stifles breath.
The worst is better than the dread ;
Give me but leave to mourn my dead
Asleep in trust and hope instead
 Of life in death !"

It might have been the evening breeze
That whispered in the garden trees ;
It might have been the sound of seas
 That rose and fell :
But with her heart, if not her ear,
The old loved voice she seemed to hear ;
" I wait to meet thee ; be of cheer,
 For all is well !"

—H

Anecdotes and Selections.

CHRISTIAN EFFORT.—God is not to be served by child's play, or sham work with no toil in it. I believe with all my heart in the Spirit of God; but I do not believe in human idleness. Celestial power uses man effort. The Spirit of God usually works most where we work most. With regard to our own salvation, the meritorious part of that finished for us; but still in vain it is written, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling;" and the reason given is, "For it is God which worketh in you, both to will and to do of His good pleasure." We work because God works: to loiter because God works is wicked reasoning. Do not tell me that because God will fulfil His own purposes, therefore His people may go to sleep, for it never was His purpose to lull His people to slumber; but His great design is the education of an intelligent host of co-workers with Himself. The Lord has made us and ordained us that we in our measure may work together with Him. It is His office to bless our efforts; but it is at once our privilege and our duty, each one of us, to yield ourselves the instruments of the Divine purpose. Let but men be prepared to labour, and God is prepared to bless their labour, for is it not written, "Paul planteth, and Apollos watereth?" And what happens? "God veth the increase." He seldom denies the increase where there is a sowing Paul and a watering Apollos. Earnest efforts and believing dependence upon God are sure to be attended with a blessing.

JOHN MILTON.—Language is too imperfect to convey my own conception of this lofty, and vestal, and stately soul. He was, to my mind, one of the very purest, one of the very sublimest of mortal men; from eighteen Christian centuries the noblest impersonation of Christian manhood—patriot, saint, and sage. I imagine him sometimes armed with that "fiery whip" wherewith he threatened tyrannous kings and prelatical impostors, and with such an eye as struck shazzi with leprosy and Simon Magus with a curse, and sometimes his softer and gentler moods of tenderness and hope. Shakspeare may have been the greater poet, but if he and Milton were now to enter this room in mortal form, I should bow to Milton first; for never, I think, lived any man with a more intense and glowing conviction that the soul of man is an emanation from the breath of God, and that the love of God is a fire sent from heaven to be kept alive upon the ear of our hearts; and that, for the dignity of God's image upon him, man should dread, more even than the censure of others, the reflection of his own severe and modest eye upon himself." O, that many of our youths, were like him—religious without sterility, learned without pedantry, pure though passionate, graceful but strong. If it were so, this England of ours would have a brighter future destiny.—*Gentlemen's Magazine.*

FAITH AND WORKS.—Two gentlemen were one day crossing the river in a ferry-boat. A dispute about faith and works arose, one saying that good works were of small importance, and that faith was everything, the other asserting the contrary. Not being able to convince each other, the ferryman, an enlightened Christian, asked permission to give his opinion. Consent being granted, he said, "I hold in my hands two oars. That in my right hand I call 'faith,' the other, in my left, 'works.' Now, gentlemen, please to observe, I pull the oar of faith, and pull that alone. See! the boat goes round and round, and the boat makes no progress. I do the same with the oar of works, and with a precisely similar result—no advance. Mark! I pull both together, we go on apace, and in a very few minutes we shall be at our landing-place. So, in my humble opinion," he added, "faith without works, or works without faith, will not suffice. Let there be both, and the haven of eternal rest is sure to be reached." As the flower is before the fruit, so is faith before good works. Faith is the parent of works, and the children will bear a resemblance to the parent. It is not enough that the inward works of a clock are well constructed, and also the dial-plate and hands; the one must act on the other, the works must regulate the movements of the hands. — *Archbishop Whately.*

LINGERING CORRUPTION.—I do not affirm that the most advanced saint is altogether free from the bondage of sin. No. The holiest believer carries that about with him which painfully reminds him of his old condition. I have read of brave, stout captives who had escaped from prison, but who brought away with them, in swollen joints or festering wounds, the marks and injuries of the cruel fetters. And do not old sins continue to hang about a man, even after grace has delivered him from their dominant power? Who does not need every day and hour to resort to the fountain of cleansing, and wash his heart in the blood of Christ, oftener than he washes his hands in water? We need to be renewed day by day; converted as it were, not once or twice, but every day. Surely the happiness of a child of God lies mainly in this—that sin, though it remains within his heart, has ceased to reign there, and that, made perfect at length in holiness, he shall enter by the dismal gate of death into the full and glorious liberty of the children of God. — *Dr. Guthrie.*

ASCENDING MONT BLANC.—Mr. S. H. Leathe last year ascended to the top of Mont Blanc. He was two days in accomplishing the feat, having been driven back the first day to a point half way up the mountain by a blinding snow storm. He thus describes his sensations when on the topmost peak:—"My first feeling was disappointment that it was not higher. I had not realized we were so near the top until within ten steps of the highest point. I stood for a few minutes gazing at the magnificent view spread out on all sides. All fatigue was forgotten in the excitement; in fact, I never felt better in my

THE FIRESIDE.

life, never cheered louder or jumped higher. If there had been a good hotel, I should probably have remained for the season. The day was glorious; bright sunshine without a cloud, except low down in the valleys. On the Swiss side the view is uninterrupted from the Mediterranean to the Rhine, embracing all the Swiss and Italian mountains, with lakes and rivers. None of my guides had ever seen so fine a view from the summit. The wind was bitter cold and fearfully strong. Two of my guides suffered a great deal from the cold. One had two fingers frozen, and another was as black in the face as a negro. The blood seemed ready to burst through the pores of his skin. We stepped down a few paces under shelter, and the guides removed their packs to prepare a lunch, but found everything frozen solid except a bottle of brandy and a flask of sherry. Claret and champagne were so frozen that we were obliged to break the bottles and eat the wine. A bottle of coffee, which one of my guides carried for me in a pocket next his breast, was frozen solid. Very cold weather for the season, July 20. We wondered what it was like in January!"

The Fireside.

MOTHERS.

EACH mother is a historian. She writes not the history of empires or of nations on paper, but she writes her own history on the imperishable mind of her child. That tablet and that history will remain indelible when time shall be no more. That history each mother shall meet again, and read with eternal joy or unutterable grief in the coming ages of eternity. This thought should weigh on the mind of every mother, and render her deeply circumspect, and prayerful, and faithful in her solemn work of training up her children for heaven and immortality. The minds of children are very susceptible and easily impressed. A word, a look, a frown, may engrave an impression on the mind of the child which no lapse of time can efface or wash out. You walk along the sea shore when the tide is out, and you form characters or write words or names in the smooth white sand, which is spread out so clear and beautiful at your feet, according as your fancy may dictate; but the returning tide shall in a few hours wash out and efface all you have written. Not so the lines and characters of truth or error which your conduct imprints on the mind of your child. There you write impressions for the everlasting good or ill of your child, which neither the floods nor the storms of earth can wash out, nor death's cold fingers erase, nor the slow moving ages of eternity obliterate. How careful, then, should each mother be in the treatment of her child! How prayerful, how serious, and how earnest to write the eternal truths of God on his mind,—those truths which shall be his guide and teacher when her voice shall be silent in death.

The Penny Post Box.

WHO IS A LADY?

Who is a Lady? Is it one
By all well known to be
Possessed of wealth, and proudly boasts
Of her nobility?
Is it the one who lolls at ease
Behind two handsome bays,
Whose rich attire and ornaments
Excite the vulgar gaze?
Is it the person proud of dress,
Who bows at Fashion's shrine,
And decks herself in costly style
All others to outshine?
Is it the one who thinks herself
Of richer blood than they
Who toil for bread, while her soft hands
On the piano play?
Is it the one who prides herself
On genteel education,
And fancies all beneath her are
Who follow their vocation?
Ladies all such may style themselves—
But does this prove they are?
'Tis not untrue to say but few
That title ought to bear.
A Lady is not proud or vain
Whate'er her rank may be,
And never treats with scorn her sex
Who live in poverty;
But one whose daily conduct proves
She has a heart to feel
For those in want, and takes delight
The broken heart to heal.
Swayed by benevolence she strives
To do good in her day;
To aid the needy and distressed,
And cheer them on life's way.
Thus while she loves and honours God,
She loves her neighbour too;
And by the rules of rectitude
Doth her whole course pursue.
O, such a one needs nothing more
To prove her right to use
The name a Lady—honoured name!
Which many so abuse.
Gentle, and good, and kind, and true,
From affectation freed;
How sweetly noble such a one—
A Lady fair indeed!

J. De

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

OF VOLCANOES.

ring the last hundred and fifty at least two hundred and twenty-volcanoes have been in actual tion.

arly all volcanoes are near the ast.

a volcano, if a very bad neigh- does yet immensely increase the ess of the soil over which its are spread.

e finest specimens of extinct oes in Europe are to be seen at ont, in the department of the le Dôme, in France.

e first eruption of Vesuvius on i was in the year A.D. 63. Six- years after it was again in action, Herculaneum and Pompeii were d; the last in ashes, the first in

ma is the grandest of all Euro- volcanoes. Its flanks bristle with innumerable smaller vol- as.

cla, in Iceland, has been twenty- times in eruption within the last hundred years.

Hints.

. Johnson used to say, that a of looking on the best side of event is far better than a thou- pounds a year.

nyan writes: "God's sword has edges. It can cut back-stroke fore-stroke. If His word do thee od, it will do thee hurt. Christ e savour of life to those that ve it, but of death to those that e it."

ason says: "The notion of free e may make a person dissolute, *he sense of it restrains from sin.*"

Vinet says: "Christianity has given to trath a dignity independent of time and numbers. It has required that truth shall be believed and respected for itself."

Dr. Carpenter says, "that the chil- dren of habitual drunkards are dis- tinguished for their insanity and idiocy."

Gems.

No one should be disappointed if the early experiences of his Christian life involve many doubts and fears. A new life, like a new river, has to pick its way and find its channel.

You pray for the graces of faith, and hope, and love; but prayer alone will not bring them. They must be wrought in you through labour, and patience, and suffering.

The church has been so fearful of amusements that the devil has had the care of them.

When the church is faithless to its duties, the real church is outside its walls, in the community.

There is no heresy in the long list of heresies which have invaded the church, like the heresy of negative- ness, inaction, death. The dead man is the great heresiarch.

God's word recognizes no good sin- ners nor bad saints.

Poetic Selections.

ALL-PREVAILING.

PRAYER its way to God can find
From earth's deepest centre,
Tho' a wall of steel confined,
Prayer that wall can enter.

Rocks of granite, gates of brass,
Alps to Heaven soaring,
Bow to let the wishes pass
Of a soul imploring.

POETIC SELECTIONS.—THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

From the body of the fish,
From the earth's recesses,
From the lion's den the wish
Up to heaven presses.

Near the Niger or the Nile,
Or where forests bound thee,
On creation's furthest isle
Mercy's smiles surround thee.

Deity in every place,
On the earth or ocean,
Opens wide the gates of grace
To sincere devotion.

—James Montgomery.

NO SURRENDER.

EVER constant, ever true,
Let the word be, No Surrender;
Boldly dare and greatly do!
This shall bring us bravely through.
No Surrender, No Surrender;
And though Fortune's smiles be few,
Hope is always springing new,

Still inspiring me and you
With a magic—No Surrender

Nail the colours to the mast,
Shouting glad, No Surrender
Troubles near are all but pass
Serve them as you did the last
No Surrender, No Surrender
Though the skies be overcast
And above the sleety blast
Disappointments gather fast
Beat them off with No Surrender

Constant and courageous still
Mind, the word is No Surrender
Battle, tho' it be uphill,
Stagger not at seeming ill,
No Surrender, No Surrender
Hope—and thus your hope fulfill
There's a way when there's despair
And the way all cares to kill
Is to give them—No Surrender

—M. F.

The Children's Corner.

THE BURNT CHILD.

HARRY THOMPSON was one of those silly boys who are afraid of the dark. He never dared go to sleep without having a candle in the room. He did not think that God watches over us in the dark as in the light. What good could the candle do his mother was not willing that he should have a light after he was seven years old. He would not have had a light at all if he had not been a spoiled child; but, when he found he was not allowed to have any longer, he cried like a baby. His mother tried to show him that there was nothing to fear; but he took no notice of what his mother said.

The next afternoon he stole a box of matches; and, when he was left alone, he lighted one, and by accident set the curtains on fire. He screamed loudly; but no one could get into his room, because he had fastened the door. Very soon the room was in a blaze; and, when he had not been a ladder put up to his window, he would have been burnt to death. As it was, he was so burnt about the arms and face that he was obliged to lie in bed for many months before he was able to get about again.

The scars about his face remained all his life; and, when he grew up to be a man, he told his own little children the story of his misdeed and thus warned them against cowardice and disobedience.

THE TRIAL SERMON

Was one thing to the rich parish, and quite another to the poor minister whom they had sent for to preach on trial. He had gone to his present home, in the retired little country town among the rugged and barren New England hills, when he first left the divinity school. The four hundred dollars' salary they offered him had seemed quite a competence in those days; and when he married and brought home his wife, and they gave him in addition the rent of the little parsonage close by the old church, he had been well satisfied, and thought he could live and die there. But as the years passed on and three children played in the small rooms—three children to be warmed, and clothed, and fed; and then the war came, and prices doubled, times grew hard with him, and he knew that some change must be made.

The minister did not blame the little parish of his first love. Times were hard with them, too. They had raised his salary one hundred dollars, and five hundred dollars a year, besides the parsonage, was as much as they could afford; for among the farming people of his parish money was not made easily, and none of them were rich. Henry Eastman would have been glad to remain with them. He knew that no other people and no other place would ever be so dear. But it seemed to him that all his energies were used up in the single struggle to keep out of debt; and every year his children needed more, were growing more expensive. Yes, he must go; and the Woodburn church must content themselves again with some young man, hopeful and unembarrassed as he was once, who would be willing to come to them for his ministerial novitiate. They understood it all; and though their hearts clung to him, they were unselfish enough to wish him God-speed.

And so it had come about, through the influence of a cousin of one of his Woodburn people—a lady who had listened to him in many a summer visit—that he had been sent for by the large and influential parish of Colonore to preach a trial sermon in their just then vacant pulpit. It was one trial among many to them. They were sure of being suited by-and-bye, and could afford to wait. *To him it was an epoch of most intense and feverish interest.*

THE TRIAL SERMON.

Before he left home he had talked the whole thing over with his wife. It was a great matter to choose what sermon to preach among the eight or ten which he accounted his best. His wife was the most simple and unworldly of women and was so eager now that he scarcely knew her. She seemed to forget that God held control in this as well as in all other concerns of life. Her cheeks glowed, and her hand was firm. Her voice fairly trembled as she said, the very last thing—

"O, Henry, don't think of failing. Remember the children how soon they'll need to go to school and college—how you'll want to see them grow up in the midst of refinement and culture."

She had not thought or spoken of herself—Alice never. He thought of her none the less, however, as he rode on lumbering farm waggon, toward the five-miles-off railway where he was to set out on his journey to Colonore. pretty she had been ten years ago, how young, how bright knew that something more than the ten years had changed to the pale, hollow-eyed woman who had just bidden him bye. The cares which had pressed heavily enough on him fallen with double weight on her. He knew how she had youth and brightness. And to what good? he asked himself a thankless, almost despairing, mood.

As there was to be a Sabbath school meeting in the afternoon he was not expected to preach but half of the day, and had at last, among his sermons, one from the text—"In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have said, 'No.'" This was a discourse of the kind which offends: yet which all agree in describing by the one adjective—*barren*. Mr. Eastman had chosen it because it could jar upon no prejudices. Colonore, he had heard, and heard with great interest—well, let us say—a very Conservative parish. There were few such left in Connecticut, low be it spoken. It would be to preach to *them* that fiery sermon in which, as his old friend grimly told him, he had proved himself a very "sun of the South" from the text—"But he, willing to justify himself, said, 'Jesus, And who is my neighbour?'"

Sometime, perhaps, that very sermon, with its stern denunciations of wrong, its fervent claim of neighbourhood and brotherhood for all races, and classes, and kindreds of men, might be *these* Colonore people good. But that must be after

taught them to respect him and his faith, and to like him, personally, as well.

It was nightfall when he reached his journey's end. Already the streets were lighted, and he was astonished to see what a city-like aspect the place wore. The gentleman whose wife had been the main-spring of the movement to send for him met him as he stepped from the train.

"The Rev. Mr. Eastman?" he asked, holding out cordial hands.

Mr. Eastman bowed.

"My name is Garfield—you have met my wife."

And then the minister was hurried into a light open carriage and driven away rapidly, his companion keeping up a constant flow of easy talk. He stopped once to point out the church—a gray stone building, handsome and substantial. A faint flutter of worldly pride stirred in the country parson's heart. *It would* be pleasant to be pastor of such a church.

He passed the evening in making himself agreeable, and learning what he could about the arrangements of the church. The salary was fifteen hundred dollars. That seemed riches to Mr. Eastman, but he said nothing when Mr. Garfield suggested that the parish could easily afford to raise it if they were entirely satisfied. The candidate was to preach, and directly after the service of the morning a meeting was to be held to decide upon his claims. He had come to them so highly recommended that the committee having the matter in charge had thought immediate action expedient in his case, although such meetings were usually held on week days.

The minister went to bed late, his brain in a whirl. He was thankful to be so familiar with his sermon that he need not even look at it. That was all right—well for him that it was so, for never had he felt so incapable of constructing a single sentence.

He rose late again next morning, and it was not until just before church that he found a moment to try and quiet his mind, and bring his heart into harmony with the work before him. After he had knelt to ask for aid and strength, he hastily unfolded the manuscript of his sermon and started to his feet with a cry of dismay. By what unlucky chance had he brought the wrong parcel? The text of the sermon he was to preach—the only sermon he had with him—stared him in the face. It was not, "*In my Father's house are many mansions,*" but, "*Who is my neighbour?*"

What should he do? He had never extemporized a discourse in his life—least of all could he do so now, with this whirling, anxious brain. For one weak moment he was tempted to feign—there would have been very little feigning about it—a sudden indisposition, and refuse to preach at all. He threw himself upon his knees in utter helplessness and prayer. When the time of service arrived he rose to his feet, strengthened in heart. A noble purpose had been born within him. He now held fast to his old faith and trust in God for direction. It was meant that he should preach this very sermon, and no other—should he refuse to do his Master's work? It would lose him his opening for a new career—what of that, if it should quicken one soul with the breath of a new life?

Mrs. Garfield thought his face shone like the face of an angel when he came out to walk to church with her and her husband. And, indeed, for this once, if never again, he felt himself God's messenger.

He went through the preliminary services calmly and reverently. His appearance pleased the people of Colonore, but of this he took no thought. His hope was no longer in them. When he announced his text his voice rang out clear and strong. Then he looked round, for a silent moment, over that full and fashionable congregation—those well-to-do men, and graceful, faultlessly-dressed women—and again his tones sounded solemnly above them, "Who is my neighbour?"

Verily, Colonore heard such words that day as Colonore had never heard before—was taught then where to look for the neighbour. If she ever forgot afterwards, the sin be upon her and her children; Henry Eastman's skirts would be clear of it. In all wrong doers—in crime-stained men; in outcast women, such as the Lord drew with cords of love to His very feet and then forgave; in all down-trodden and oppressed races; he bade them see the neighbour whom they were called upon to aid—woe be to them if they passed by on the other side. No one who knew that congregation would have believed that they would have sat still through such a sermon. But a spell was upon them which they seemed powerless to break. Full of rage as some of them were, they yet sat quietly. As for the minister, he had put aside utterly the fear of men. He knew well enough that he should never stand again in Colonore pulpit; but none the less did he call out to them, whether they would hear or forbear, his message

THE TRIAL SERMON.

om God. His soul was full of holy joy. He was raised for the me above all earthly things, and talked to them as one "who would not go to heaven alone."

When the service was over he went home silently by Mrs. Garfield's side. Her husband remained to attend the church-meeting—a meeting whose verdict the minister knew well enough beforehand. Only when he passed by her in the hall, to go to a room, did she say to him, with tears in her eyes—

"You have done right. It was doing God's own work to preach that sermon. Let that comfort you."

That he should get no other comfort he knew well enough—it as well then as when Mr. Garfield, an hour later, conveyed him as delicately and kindly as he could the adverse decision of the meeting.

The next day at noon he reached his own door his waiting wife. "O, Henry, what did you do? You carried the wrong sermon." She spoke with pitiful eagerness, and he answered, very truly—

"No, dear. I carried the right sermon, for it was the one God wanted me to carry. I am satisfied to have done His work, though I must content ourselves to stay on here at Woodburn a little longer."

This is the true end of my story. It has nothing to do with the purpose of it that a stranger had been in Colouore church that day whose thoughts and ways were not as the thoughts and ways of that goodly town; and through whose representations the preacher was called to a parish where the rewards of this life would be offered him in as large measure as they would have been in the Conservative Connecticut town that refused to sit under his ministry.

Of that matter the great Paymaster took note, whose promise not only sure, but has no end. The one lesson is to trust Him—to do His work. The reward will come in His own time and way; if it please Him, "in this life houses and lands;" but better than these, "in the world to come the life everlasting."

Poetry.

ONE WEEK IN HEAVEN.

"ONE week in heaven;" I'll sit within the room,
So strangely silent since thou art not there,
And wintry moonbeams silver all the gloom,
And whitely fall across thine empty chair.

"One week in heaven!" no thought of thee is bound
With the dark grave that hides thee from my sight,
But with the ransomed and the glory-crowned,
Who dwell with thee in God's eternal light.

So near, perchance, thy tender, pitying face
But for this earthly film would meet my eyes;
So far, no speech of mine can cross the space
That lifts thee from me to thy holy skies!

O patient hands, whose day of toil is o'er,
So meekly folded on the silent breast,
How heavy was the cross of pain he bore!
How sweet, at last, must be the promised rest!

Sad eyes! that saw earth's splendours fade away,
And moth and rust corrupt its fair delight,
How bright the glow of heaven's unchanging day,
The deathless lilies and the garments white!

Home! home at last! O city of the King!
O Lamb! whose glory is its fadeless light!
When shall our lips among the ransomed sing
In the bright streets where comes no shade of night!

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE COST OF GREATNESS.—The following is a lesson to who imagine success in life to be the result of mere luck Lefebvre enlisted in a regiment of the line, and ended his Marshal Duke of Dantzick. An old comrade congratulate sneering tone, on his position. "Yes," said Lefebvre, "I, Dantzick, I am a marshal, whilst you are a clerk; but if you change places with me, I will accept the bargain at cost you know how many gunshots I was exposed to before epaulets? Twenty thousand. I have heard more cannon there are stitches in my uniform. I will just place you in yard of my hotel, and expose you to the chance of twenty shot and shell, at a hundred paces. If you escape well, you my *sabre*, *plume*, *scarf*, and orders—every one of them shall!

A COLOURED PREACHER'S PRAYER.—Rev. Barnas Sears, D.D., agent of the Peabody Fund, in America, says:—"The services of the coloured people are novel and interesting. The most original and effective prayer I have ever heard was one made by a young man in the coloured church yesterday. Clear and strong conceptions, simple, childlike feeling, earnestness, affectionate familiarity, and unfaltering faith, were its leading characteristics. It began with a recognition of the Divine goodness, and thanksgiving for 'lengthening out our golden days which have flowed sweetly on a moment longer.' It then proceeded to invoke a series of blessings somewhat thus:—'Remember your ancient promise, where two or three of your servants and hand-maids are together you will be with them. I believe your royal ones are here. Come among them that they may see your blessed face. God of mercy and eternal love, our friends all around us are going to everlasting destruction just as fast as the wheels of time can carry them. You can stop them. You can make them hear and turn about and go in the way to heaven. God of eternal love, meet them as you did Saul when he went down to Damascus. Come and save our darling ones who are living in this vain world for comfort, and ease, and joyful times, which last but a moment. You can make them go with us to joy, and bliss, and heaven, which last forever. God of eternal love, remember our sick ones on their beds of affliction; comfort and bless them, and old people that are weak and poor and are just ready to die. Let him that died for them be with them and go with them to heaven. Bless your church here, redeemed with your precious blood, the dear brothers and sisters who love you more than they do this vain world. Let them see your salvation and glory. We don't deserve any of these things. We have been very great sinners. If you had punished us as we deserve, our bodies would have been in the narrow grave, and our lost souls would be crying woe that I was ever born to sin against an avenging God.'"

WHITEFIELD'S POWER.—A striking feature in Whitefield's preaching was singular power of description. The Arabians have a proverb which says, "He is the best orator who can turn a man's ears into his eyes." Whitefield seems to have had a peculiar faculty of doing this. He used to draw such vivid pictures of the things he was handling that his hearers could believe they actually saw and heard them. "On one occasion," says one of his biographers, "Lord Chesterfield was among his hearers. The great preacher, in describing the miserable condition of an unconverted sinner, illustrated the subject by describing a blind beggar. The night was dark and the road dangerous. The poor mendicant was deserted by his dog near the edge of the precipice, and had nothing to aid him in groping his way but his staff. Whitefield so warmed with his subject, and enforced it with such graphic power, that the whole auditory was kept in breathless silence, as if it saw the movements of the poor old man; and at length, when the

ANECDOTES AND SELECTIONS.

beggar was about to take the fatal step which would have hurled him down the precipice to certain destruction, Lord Chesterfield actually made a rush forward to save him, exclaiming aloud, 'He is gone! he is gone!' The noble lord had been so entirely carried away by the preacher that he forgot the whole was a picture."

TWO CLASSES ONLY.—There were two classes in the day of Noah's flood, those who were inside the ark, and those who were without;—two in the parable of the gospel-net, those who are called the good fish and those who are called the bad;—two in the parable of the ten virgins, those who are described as wise, and those who are described as foolish;—two in the account of the judgment day, the sheep and the goats;—two sides of the throne, the right hand and the left;—two abodes when the last sentence has been passed, heaven and hell. And just so there are only two classes in the visible church on earth,—those who are in the state of nature, and those who are in the state of grace, those who are in the narrow way, and those who are in the broad,—those who have been converted, and those who have not been converted,—those who are with Christ, and those who are against Him,—those who gather with Him, and those who scatter abroad,—those who are wheat and those who are chaff. Into these two classes the whole professing church of Christ may be divided. Besides these two classes there is none.—*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

A SUNNY HEART.—A gay, serene spirit is the source of all that is noble and good. Whatever is accomplished of the greatest and the noblest sort flows from such a disposition. Petty, gloomy souls, that only mourn the past and dread the future, are not capable of seizing upon the holiest moments of life, of enjoying and making use of them as they should.—*Schiller.*

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN.

Rev. Rowland Hill once visited a poor man of weak intellect, and on conversing with him, said, "Well, Richard, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"To be sure I do; don't you?"

"Heaven is a long way off," said the minister, "and the journey is difficult."

"Do you think so? I think heaven is very near."

"Most people think it is a very difficult matter to get to heaven."

"I think heaven is very near," said Richard again, "and the way to it is very short: there are only three steps there."

Mr. Hill replied, "Only three steps!"

Richard repeated, "Yes, only three steps."

"And pray," said the pastor, "what do you consider those three steps to be?"

"Those three steps are out of Self, unto Christ, into Glory."

The Fireside.

A WORD ON FAMILY PRAYER.

AS some of you say, "I am so ignorant that it is no good trying the prayer in our family." You make a mistake there. It is not words that God wants, but honest hearts. God offers you the Spirit to help you in your prayers and to teach you to pray. says, "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Spirit to them that ask Him." Ask God for the help of His Holy and you will find that it is far better than all the help that any man can give you.

BOOKS.

AS a house furnished with books rather than a gorgeous array of fire, beyond the wants of the inmates. Both, if you can, but at any rate. Think of the mental torture you must undergo to several days in a friend's house and hunger for something to while you are treading on costly carpets and sitting down on our chairs, and sleeping upon down, as if one were bribing your for the sake of cheating your mind. Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A house without books is like a house without windows. A book is good company; it is full of conversation without loquacity. It talks to you, not through the ear, but in a direct and oftentimes more desirable way.

The Penny Post Box.

LEARNING OF HEAVEN.

THE divine says, "When I was a boy I thought of heaven as a shining city, with vast walls, and domes, and spires, and with many in it except white, tenuous angels, who were strangers to me. Good-bye my little brother died; and I thought of a great city, with many domes, and spires, and a flock of cold, unknown angels, and a little fellow that I was acquainted with. He was the only one I knew at that time. Then another brother died, and there were two more. Then my acquaintances began to die, and the flock con-

FACTS, HINTS, GEMS, AND POETRY.

tinually grew. But it was not till one of my little children was to God that I began to think I had got a little in myself. A went, a third went, a fourth went; and by that time I had acquaintances in heaven that I did not see any more walls, and and spires. I began to think of the residents of the celestia And now there have so many of my acquaintances gone there sometimes seems to me that I know more in heaven than I do on

NEED SHAKING.

MY watch stops; something is broken in it. I take it to the maker, and he puts in a new mainspring. I do not know a about it except that he does it. And when it is repaired he aside. Presently I go for my watch, and ask him if it is dor yes," he says, "but I do not know that it is going." And he and finding that it does not go, he winds it up, and then it does perhaps; but he gives it a little shake, and it commences tick keeping time.

And I know many persons that have a mainspring in them, & have been wound up, for that matter, but that have not beer yet! And there they are. If somebody would only take them whirl them round a few times, and say to them, "You are Chri tick! tick!" they would commence keeping time, and go on time. I have known persons that spent months and months, making no progress, but losing ground, just for want of know the fact that the office of the Lord Jesus Christ was to take p order that they might be good, and that it was His nature, & had taken them, to be patient with them, and help them, and t the power of His being to bear upon them to save them.
Ward Beecher.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

EARTHQUAKES.

Earthquakes run along the earth in the same manner as a wave along the sea.

One of the greatest earthquakes on record was that which destroyed Lisbon in Nov. 1755. Sixty thousand persons perished in Lisbon alone.

The same shock destroyed in Morocco, and buried in ten thousand people.

Sailors on board ships ft sea felt this shock. Those were tossed up in the air tl of eighteen inches.

Earthquakes are as c South America as rain in

FACTS, HINTS, GEMS, AND POETRY.

boldt, and his companion Bon-
were obliged to lie for a quarter
hour on the earth during a
of earthquake they felt in a
merican forest. The vibration
quick that they could not stand
legs.
earthquake in Calabria lasted for
rs.

Hints.

not religion a stalking horse
ting other fowl.
soever was the father of the
an ill diet was the mother.
Spanish say, He that trusts
bliges much.
lead bee maketh no honey.
sy is the school of pride.
not of my debts unless you
pay them.
loses annoy, great ones tame.
lle youth, a needy age.
or man's cow dies, a rich man's

Gems.

oden axe will not cut wood, nor
worldly church save the world.
on is like a telescope: you can
it so that with it you can see
ngs near to you, or by drawing
hings afar off.
ring, rightly borne, weakens
rt of us that should be weak,
ngthens what should be strong.
stians that are for ever living
ir own experiences are like a
ich has got into an eddy in the
where it keeps whirling round
nd in its own track.
e are some things that money
buy. The spot of land where
hild lies buried, would it buy

re is nothing on earth better
a good woman, and there is
g on earth worse than a wicked

The most powerful way of teaching
truth is to shew what it has done for
you.

You come to church to be told *how*
to be a saint; you go into the world
to be it.

Poetic Selections.

OUR SECURITY.

CLOUDS and darkness round about thee
For a season veil thy face,
Still I trust, and cannot doubt thee,
Jesus full of truth and grace;
Resting on thy words I stand,
None shall pluck me from thy hand.

O, rebuke me not in anger!
Suffer not my faith to fail!
Let not pain, temptation, languor,
O'er my struggling heart prevail!
Holding fast thy word I stand,
None shall pluck me from thy hand.

In my heart thy words I cherish,
Though unseen thou still art near;
Since thy sheep shall never perish,
What have I to do with fear?
Trusting in thy word I stand,
None shall pluck me from thy hand.

—Charlotte Elliot.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF SUFFERINGS.

THY cruel crown of thorns!
But where, O Lord, is mine?
Are there for me no scoffs and scorns,
Since only such were thine?

Or having named thy name,
Shall I no burden take?
And is there left no thorn, no shame,
To suffer for thy sake?

Unscourged of any whip,
Unpierced of any sting,—
O Lord, how faint my fellowship
With thy sad suffering!

Yet thy dread sacrifice
So fills my soul with woe,
That all the fountains of mine eyes
Well up and overflow.

POETIC SELECTIONS.—THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

The spear that pierced thy side
Gave wounds to more than thee;
Within my soul, O Crucified!
'I hy cross is laid on me.

And as thy rocky tomb
Was in a garden fair,
Where round about stood flowers in bloom
To sweeten all the air.

So in my heart of stone
I sepulchre thy death,
While thoughts of thee, like roses blown,
Bring sweetness in their breath.

Arise not, O my dead!
As one whom Mary sought,
And found an empty tomb instead
Her spices all for nought,—

O Lord, not so depart
From my enshrining breast,
But lie anointed in a heart
That by thy death is blest.

Or if thou shalt arise,
Abandon not thy grave,
But bear it with thee to the skies
A heart that thou shalt save!

—Theodor

The Children's Corner.

THE UNDER-CURRENT.

"BE sure, Herbert," said Mr. Wise to his son, "not to go bey depth in the river; the surface looks very fair and sparkling, is an ugly eddy beneath that may prove too strong for you.

"How do you know, father?" asked Herbert.

"I have tried it," was the reply; "it nearly overcame n could swim, and so got beyond it. Remember what I tell beware of the under-current."

Herbert went in to bathe, and was very careful to keep shore every time. But some weeks after his father's warning given, he looked out on the smooth, beautiful surface of the longed to try his strength swimming. "It cannot be very here," he thought, and uttered it aloud to his companion. smooth as glass; and I could easily return if it is rough bene can swim now."

"You had better not go," urged his companion. "My fath this river well, and says the under-current is very dangerous

"I will go in a little way," replied Herbert, "and if I find ous, come back;" and he started vigorously for the mid river. But, alas! he did not come back. His companion him—saw him throw up his arms, and heard him shout for when help reached him, it was too late. He was beyond th any earthly aid. The under-current had got him. He was in the treacherous river.

WINDOW GARDENING.

WE have great pleasure in calling the attention of all our readers to the following account of window gardening which recently appeared in the *Daily News*. The simple and beautiful taste will, we hope, be everywhere encouraged.

"The flower show which took place on Tuesday, July 7th, at Dean's Yard had many points of special interest. The exhibitors were all working people, dwelling in Westminster, and belonging to the parishes of St. Margaret and St. John. The flowers had been grown in their own rooms, and under every disadvantage of situation and surrounding. The Society for Promoting Window Gardening, the president of which is the Dean of Westminster, under whose auspices the display took place, has been singularly successful in promoting a love of flowers among the parishioners of Westminster. Some of the fuchsias and geraniums shown would have borne comparison with any unforced flowers of their class. The competitors for prizes were divided into three classes—1st, working men and women; 2nd, domestic servants; and 3rd, the children of parochial, national, infant, Sunday, or ragged schools. The plants specified as those for which prizes were given were fuchsias, geraniums, annuals, and ferns—but under the latter head were included the miscellaneous flowers; and the amounts given ranged from ten shillings to one. The Earl of Shaftesbury presented those sums to the happy winners soon after half-past six in the evening; but the enclosed space in the centre of Dean's Yard was moderately full long before that hour. The old place had been astir since seven in the morning. Soon after that hour women and children and some men might be seen wending their way slowly to the gate near the pump, each bearing a precious plant, the product of the year's care, which was deposited tenderly with one of the officials waiting to receive it. The number of the pot and a free admission to the flower show after four o'clock were given in exchange, and the exhibitor gave way to other flower-carriers, who deposited and retired in their turn. When all the plants had been received, the task of arrangement and selection began, and before two o'clock this was over, and the enclosure and the marquee were thrown open to the public at an admission fee of one shilling each. We were among the visitors at that early hour, and were astonished

at the fresh beauty of the show. The marquee, erected on the western side of the grassy quadrangle, was tastefully laid out with flowers in pots, the fuchsias and geraniums being especially noteworthy for vividness of colour and greenness of leaf. The society, it may be mentioned, has been in existence four years, and one gigantic fuchsia having carried off the first prize the whole of that time, the question was raised yesterday whether the owner could fairly enter into competition again with the same plant. But it was decided, and we think justly, that inasmuch as the care and labour to keep a plant in the first rank of excellence are necessarily as great as are required to bring fresh ones forward, no previous prize winning should disbar. This particular fuchsia has grown to an immense height, and has been trained over trellis-work rising from its pot until its shape resembles a section of a vast balloon. But this is but one out of many of the notable plants. Some hundreds were shown, and forty-four prizes given, so that the visitor had an extensive range to select from and admire. A large brass band, the performers of which are all policemen, played lustily in one corner; a practical reminiscence of Dean Stanley's travels in the East in the shape of the tent he took with him when he travelled with the Prince of Wales, stood in another; and dotted about the grass and at the windows of the houses near were interested visitors who had come to the people's show. It was quite a little fête. The day was bright and hot, the clergy and others who had promoted the exhibition were pointing out the recondite merits and hidden beauties of their favourites' plants; and the owners themselves blushed and smiled their appreciation of the little compliments paid to their patience and skill. Miss Stanley, too, kindly dispensed tea and refreshments from her brother the Dean's little tent, which was handsomely decked out for the occasion; and in one corner of the larger marquee were sweets and fruits for those anxious to regale other senses than those of sight and smell. The Dean's Yard gates were closed, but those keeping the one by the offices of the Civil Service Commission had a busy time of it all the afternoon. Carriages drove up from all parts of town, and many a well-known possessor of rank and influence came to mingle with the clergy and their guests, and to admire the flowers. The strange circumstances under which some of these had been raised formed a never failing topic of conversation. The narrow streets, the ill-ventilated, ill-drained courts, the evil

byways of Westminster, are unhappily but too well known. Among the arguments which have been advanced in favour of Mr. M'Cullagh Torrens's Artisans' Dwellings Bill, its provisions have been publicly advocated on the ground that the wretched dwellings which exist under the shadow as it were of the Houses of Parliament are a stigma on the neighbourhood, and a scandal to the senate and the nation. Those who have explored Westminster's dark places bring us back stories which make the philanthropist shudder and the philosopher perplexed. The admirable model lodging-houses erected in the vicinity are a palliative, not a remedy, for they provide for but a trifling portion of the population; and a tour might easily be made through this district which should include some of the worst features of overcrowded, overtasked, poverty-stricken, desperate London. It is among the dwellers in such places and their neighbours that it has been sought to instil a taste for the purest and most innocent of pleasures. If the cultivation of flowers is to be fostered and approved under the ordinary circumstances of life, how much more valuable must it be when every surrounding and daily habit tends to eradicate the love of nature, and to tarnish simplicity of heart? It has been well said that the happiness and the ecstasies of the horticulturalist are harmless and pure, and that a streak, a tint, a shade, constitutes his triumph—a triumph, too, which has been secured by morning care, by evening caution, and by the vigilance of days. Let our readers picture to themselves the refining influence of such hopes, and cares, and occupations as are shadowed forth, when they gently steal their way into lives which are sadly devoid of poetry, and in which the mere struggle for house-room, and food, and clothes too often becomes the be-all and end-all of existence. Not that we would be understood to imply that the exhibitors yesterday were, as a rule, drawn from the ranks of extreme poverty. On the contrary, the smiling, contented faces, and the well-clothed, hearty figures spoke in many instances of the moderate prosperity which is within the reach of honest, hearty work. But the man is yet to be created who would not be humanized and softened by a love for flowers, and window gardening deserves promoting as a branch of social science which is productive of immense good without hazarding the happiness or inspiring jealousy or discontent in any human being. We have indeed heard in a neighbouring country of fervent Orange-men whose daffodils and yellow auriculars are

WINDOW GARDENING.

zealously exposed from parapets and windows, on the chance of some strict Roman Catholic passing by, and so his feelings outraged by the display of Protestant colour. happily for ourselves religious bickerings have long lost, and never regained, any such venomous strength here; and no or set of flowers can be shown which will not make a ho street look brighter and better, and put braver and f thoughts into the minds of their owners.

It was in the spirit of thankfulness for public services rendered that the Earl of Shaftesbury spoke after presenting prizes last night. This ceremony took place at half-past six in the centre of the Dean's Yard quadrangle. His lordship arrived a short time previously, and was supported by the Duke of Westminster, Lady Augusta Stanley, the Right Hon. Lord Cowper, Canon Conway, Canon Lupton, and many clergymen and ladies. Lord Shaftesbury spoke earnestly and well. Referring to his thirty years' experience of Westminster, and the improvements he had seen in it, he averred that to no single influence did he attribute more power for good than to a window-garden. The annual treats to the Sunday and ragged school children at Bushey Park or Richmond are with the view of teaching them to share in them that there is something else than brick and mortar and iron railings in the world, and have most satisfactory results. As an antidote to the criminal literature—of which we regretted to learn from Lord Shaftesbury, many of the young men educated in the institutions he presides over are devoted to—ents—as a means of purifying and elevating working people, and of fostering that sympathy between class and class which, the noble speaker insisted, with some solemnity, “was never necessary than now,” the increase of societies for the promotion of window-gardening was warmly and energetically advocated. While his lordship was speaking the people continued to fill the enclosure until the resemblance to a foreign fete, with its genial mixture of priests and laymen and of different social strata of both sexes, was more striking than ever. Children were romping and running on every side. Here and there a Westminster boy, cravatted and solemn, might be seen in the crowd looking tolerantly at its puerile amusements. Carriages were ranged round the railings of the enclosure. Some hundred or two of fashionably dressed ladies were assembled near the stand at which Lord Shaftesbury gave the prizes away; while the f

A WALRUS HUNT.

and mothers and lookers on filled the whole of the quadrangle. Dean Stanley mounted the rostrum when Lord Shaftesbury vacated it, and called for three cheers for his lordship's excellent speech, which were heartily given, though they might have been more regular had not the dean, to whom everybody was looking for the signal, genially forgotten to act as fugleman. Canon Conway, to whose influence the Westminster Window Gardens Society owes much of its success, followed with a few words of kindly exhortation, and the proceedings terminated. The question on the lips of every one present, and the reflection which will inevitably occur to them to-day, is, Why are not similar associations formed in all the poor districts of London, and window gardening more generally fostered among those who need it most?"

A WALRUS HUNT.

IN narrating some experiences with the Esquimaux Indians, a writer describes a walrus hunt:—

"While at Kingeagan, an Esquimaux village of about 900 inhabitants on the straits, I accompanied the natives on one of their hunts in Behring's Sea, which was both dangerous and exciting. Before venturing into the straits north winds were chosen, and incantations performed to insure safety.

The boats, which were made of walrus hide stretched over light wooden frames of drift-wood, about fifteen feet long, are kept near the water's edge in readiness to start without loss of time.

With the wind fair we started. About fifty boats, each containing nine Esquimaux, shoved off from the land ice at the same time, and a general race was indulged in as we paddled out to sea. The scene was exciting. Every Indian pulled with all his strength, shouting and hooting as they dodged among the ice floes with bare heads and hair streaming in the wind.

This was kept up until we were about forty miles out from shore, when they became separated in their search for walrus. Here a stop was made to listen for the bark of the animals, which was heard about a mile ahead of us. One of the Indians exclaimed, 'ah-mal vak-tok' (great many), and we paddled hastily forward until we were in sight of the walruses, which were lying on the floes in large numbers as far as the eye could reach, *barking and playing with their young.*

A WALEUS HUNT.

Here another stop was made and everything gotten ready for the attack. Spears, guns, and harpoons were placed where they could be seized instantly, and a large walrus-hide rope was stretched the whole length of the boat just inside the gunwale, to each end of which were attached large seal-skin buoys. Kapaituks were put on over their deerskin coats, and every dark object carefully hidden from the view of the animals.

After these preparations we paddled rapidly and noiselessly forward, shooting the bow of the boat up on to the floe which had been selected with the largest number of walrus upon it. As they plunged off into the water each Indian hurled his spear into one of them, and fastened the line attached to its head to the rope connecting the buoys in the boat, which were immediately thrown overboard, and the captured walrus allowed to plunge and snort around in the water.

As they came to the surface they were killed by thrusting a long lance through the body, or shot in the head when they do not come close enough to be lanced. When all were killed they were towed to a large floe, hauled out, skinned and dressed. This is the work of but a moment, as these Esquimaux are well skilled in the use of the knife, and thoroughly understand the anatomy of these animals. One of them extracted the bullet from the brain of a large walrus which I had shot, and gave it to me as a remembrance of the hunt.

After the operation of dressing, every part of the animal except the gall, for which they have no use, was thrown into the boat, and we started in search of more, paddling and sailing around among the floes for nearly two days without success. A heavy fog settled down upon us and we were lost for several hours, when it cleared away with a strong south wind, which rendered our position extremely critical, as

'The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;'
It crack'd, and growl'd, and roar'd, and howl'd,
Like noises in a swound.'

Our escape seemed almost miraculous, an opening happening to occur, through which we dodged until we reached open water, when we set sail and reached shore in safety, after being three without but very little to eat. Several boats have gone out in *this manner* and never returned."

Poetry.

SUNSHINE IN THE HEART.

WHEN life seems dark and friends are far,
And heaven reveals no guiding star,
Let courage not depart!
Though clouds arise and tempests pour,
And stormy winds around me roar,
Serene I walk the sounding shore
With sunshine in my heart!

Thou who illuminatest all,
With stars that glow at evening's call,
Thy influence still impart!
But wert thou dimmed whose shining rays
Suffuse with light those heavenly ways,
Still would we raise our song of praise,
With sunshine in the heart!

Parred from thy beatific ray,
What wretched myriads pine away,
From every joy apart!
Beneath the earth what legions toil
To rob her bosom of its spoil—
Yet while they burn this sacred oil
There's sunshine in their heart!

How many grope with sightless eyes,
To whom, though warm, King of the skies!
Invisible thou art!
Some that thy glory never knew,
And some who blind in manhood grew—
How dear to them, how bright, how true,
The sunshine of the heart!

On beds of languishing and pain
What multitudes through life remain—
Unenviable part!
What thousands suffer slavery's doom—
But there's a light can pierce the gloom:
That clouds the portals of the tomb—
'Tis sunshine in the heart!

O, child of penury and toil!
Though fate thy aspirations foil,
Let not sweet hope depart!
Why crave the thorny seat of power,
Or pleasure's brief, delusive hour,
Glory or riches' empty dower,
With sunshine in thy heart?

Anecdotes and Selections.

EATING CLOUDS.—Doctor Livingstone, relating his adventure Lake Nyassa, thus tells of one curiosity which he fell in with:—"I a portion of the year, the northern dwellers on the lake have a habit which furnishes a singular sort of food. As we approached our in that direction, clouds, as of smoke rising from miles of burning were observed bending in a south-easterly direction, and we thought that the unseen land on the opposite side was closing in, and that we were near the end of the lake. But next morning we sailed through one of the clouds on our own side, and discovered that it was not smoke nor haze, but countless millions of minute midges called 'k' (a cloud or fog). They filled the air to an immense height, swarmed upon the water, too light to sink in it. Eyes and mouths were to be kept closed while passing through this living cloud; they fell upon the face like fine drifting snow. Thousands lay in the boat when she emerged from the cloud of midges. The people gather up minute insects by night, and boil them into thick cakes, to be used as a relish—millions of midges in a cake. A kungo-cake an inch and as large as the blue bonnet of a Scotch ploughman, was often used; it was very dark in colour, and tasted not unlike caviare or locusts.

CLEAVING TO CHRIST.—I have seen a heavy piece of iron broken on another, not welded, not linked, not glued to the spot, and yet cleaved with such tenacity as to bear, not only its own weight, but mine too, if I chose to seize it and hang upon it. A wire charged with an electric current is in contact with its mass, and hence its adhesion. Break that wire through, or remove it by a hair's breadth, and the piece of iron drops down to the ground, like any other unsupplied weight. A stream of life from the Lord, brought into contact with the human spirit keeps that spirit cleaving to the Lord so firmly that no power on earth or hell can wrench the two asunder. From Christ a mysterious life-stream flows, through the being of the disciple into the world, and to the Lord it returns again. In that circle the feeblest Christian is held safely, but if the circle be broken, the dependent spirit immediately drops down.—*Arnot.*

"DIP IT UP, THEN!"—A ship was sailing in the southern waters of the Atlantic, when her crew saw another vessel making signals of distress. They bore down toward the distressed ship and hailed her. "What is the matter?" "We are dying for want of water," was the response. "Dip it up, then," was answered. "You are in the mouth of the Amazon river!" There those sailors were thirsting, and fearing, and longing for water, and supposing that the

THE FIRESIDE.

nothing but the ocean's brine around them, when in fact they had sailed unconsciously into the broad mouth of the mightiest river on the globe and did not know it. And though to them it seemed that they must perish with thirst, yet there was a hundred miles of fresh water all around them, and they had nothing to do but to "dip it up." Jesus Christ says: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." "And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come, and whosoever will, let him come, and take of the water of life freely." Thirsting soul, the flood is all around you; "dip it up, then," and drink, and thirst no more.—*British Workman.*

TIME DOES IT.—Time has a wonderful power in taking the conceit out of persons. When a young man first emerges from the schools and enters upon the career of life, it is painfully amusing to witness his self-sufficiency—he would have all the world to understand that he has "learned out"—that he is master of all knowledge, and can unravel all mysteries. But as he grows older, he grows wiser; he learns that he knows a great deal less than he supposed he did, and by the time he reaches to threescore years, he is prepared to adopt as his own the sentiment of John Wesley:—"When I was young I was sure of everything; in a few years, having been mistaken a thousand times, I was not half as sure of most things as I was before. At present I am hardly sure of anything but what God has revealed to man."

The Fireside.

HOW TO GET SLEEP.

THIS is to many persons a matter of high importance. Nervous persons, who are troubled with wakefulness and excitability, usually have a strong tendency of blood to the brain, with cold extremities. The pressure of the blood on the brain keeps it in a stimulated or wakeful state, and the pulsations in the head are often painful. Let them rise and chafe the body and extremities with brush or towel, or rub smartly with the hands to promote circulation, and withdraw the excessive amount of blood from the brain, and they will fall asleep in a few minutes. A cold bath, or a sponge bath, and rubbing, or a good run or a rapid walk in the open air, or going up and down stairs a few times just before retiring, will aid in equalizing circulation and promoting sleep. These rules are simple and easy of application in the castle or cabin, and may minister to the comfort of thousands who would freely expend money for an anodyne to promote "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

The Penny Post Box.

DON'T FRET.

Don't fret, for a fretful Christian is like a prickly pear, bitter within and irritating without. God says, "Cast all your care on me, for I care for you." "No you don't," says the fretting Christian, "and so I'll fret over my cares."

Don't fret, for you are a witness for Christ. What is your testimony worth if your fretting contradicts his words, "My yoke is easy and my burden light?"

Don't fret, for fretting, instead of relieving your trouble, will lay on you heavier burdens. As fear slays more persons than cholera, so fretting kills more than care.

Don't fret, for God's providence governs all things. Consider the hairs of your head, the fowls of the air, the lilies of the field. Thus stay your heart on God, and thou shalt be kept in perfect peace.

One of Cromwell's friends was a fretting Christian, to whom everything went wrong and portended disaster. One day, when unusually fretful, his sensible servant said:

"Master, don't you think that God governed the world very well before you came into it?"

"Yes; but why do you ask?"

"Don't you think he will govern it very well when you are out of it?"

"Yes; but why do you ask?"

"Well, then, can't you trust him to govern it for the little time you are in it?"

That shot killed his fretfulness.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE.

THE needle of the mariner's compass does not always point to the north.

The discovery of the variations of the needle was made eight hundred years ago by the Chinese.

In the fifteenth century the needle showed an easterly variation. It is now, in Europe, towards the west.

The variations are partly owing to what are called magnetic storms.

The sun has a great magnetic influence upon the earth.

The variations of the needle differ according to the time of day.

In summer the variation is greatest, in winter the least.

Hints.

To change and to better are two different things.

Better go to bed supperless than run into debt.

FACTS, HINTS, GEMS, AND POETRY.

gives itself rich, but covets
wards itself poor.

enough to aim, you must

uses are mostly empty in
story.

drowned in the bowl than

dy knows good counsel ex-
ho hath need of it.

ne apples are sometimes

hour's children are always

thyslf nothing, and others

may be suppressed, but not

sier to blame than to do

Gems.

has no more religion than
in life.

ork never goes backward.
pit should be like the key-
organ, and the church like

her grace of all the graces
a good will.

fe, like a new river, has to
y and find its channel.

et old men to be conserva-
then a nation's young men
funeral bell is already rung.

o your children so that they
asily in their own soil, and
er be grafted into your old
boughs.

n cannot be a Christian in
there he is, he cannot be a
anywhere.

Botic Selections.

E TWO WORKERS.

rkers in one field
on from day to day,
d the same hard labour,
ad the same small pay.
e same blue sky above,
me green grass below,

One soul was full of love,
The other full of woe.

One leaped up with the light,
With the soaring of the lark;
One felt it ever night,
For his soul was ever dark:
One heart was hard as stone,
One heart was ever gay;
One worked with many a groan,
One whistled all the day.

One had a flower-clad cot
Beside a merry mill,
Wife and children near the spot,
Made it sweeter, fairer still;
One a wretched hovel had,
Full of discord, dirt and din,
No wonder he seemed mad,
Wife and children starved within.

Still they worked in the same field,
Toiled on from day to day,
Both had the same hard labour,
Both had the same small pay.
But they worked not with one will,
The reason let me tell—
Lo! the one drank at the still,
And the other at the well.

WHAT ART THOU DOING?

WHAT art thou doing, soul of mine?
Thy Maker bids thee say.
What is thy record in the past?
How stands it for to-day?

Beside thy door a piteous wretch,
By cold and hunger led,
Extends his shivering hands and asks
That you will give him bread.

Dost thou make haste with willing feet
To grant the proffered aid?
Or dost thou say, "Good man, depart,
And be ye warmed and fed?"

One bred in haunts of vice and sin,
Upon the busy streets,
With downcast eyes and tear-stained cheeks
One day you chanced to meet.

Didst thou withdraw thy dainty steps,
With scorn thy face spread o'er?
Or didst thou whisper in her ear,
"Sister, go, sin no more?"

That little, ragged, orphaned one,
Those lips with want were thin,
Whose eyes met thine so pleadingly,
What word hadst thou for him?

Should God now speak thy labour done,
Couldst thou with honest heart,
Say, "Lord, I have done what I could,"
And in that faith depart?

—May Day.

The Children's Corner.

OVER THE FENCE.

Boys are often tempted to get over a fence. "What kind of a fence?" two or three voices asked.

There are a good many kinds of fences. Fence and fences that you can't see. Fences of wood, and fences invisible to human eyes.

"If you can't see them, what good are they."

That question does look a little puzzling at first. Some to think about in the matter will grow plainer. There are all fences. We can't see them well yet they exist, and cross our ways in life as fences. And if we jump over them, we shall be in trouble. If we leaped the fence our neighbour has put up to protect his fruit and flower-beds. Here is a newspaper—we do not know the author, nor the printer—what will help you to see this clearly? Not twice and three. Get it by heart.

BOY.

"Over the fence is a garden fair
How I would love to be master there
All that I lack is a mere pretence
I could leap over the low white fence

CONSCIENCE.

"This is the way that all criminals
Sin and sorrow are over the fence

BOY.

"Over the fence I can take my place
Then I can go in for it—that is
Picking an apple up near the fence
Would not be really a theft, you see

CONSCIENCE.

"This is a falsehood—a wrong pretence
Sin and sorrow are over the fence

BOY.

"Whose is the voice that speaks
Twice have I heard it, and now I hear
Ne'er will I venture to look at
Lest I should do as I planned to do

CONSCIENCE.

"This is the way that all criminals
Coveting that which is over the fence

ANECDOTES OF THE MICROSCOPE.

THE telescope which resolves nebulæ into stars, and stars into suns which people the blue firmament with myriad worlds, is not more wonderful than the little microscope which reveals "the smallness and immensity of littleness." When it came into man's possession it was as though a second Columbus had appeared, announcing the existence of a new world, and not one merely. The microscope reveals in a single drop of water a globe, peopled, according to Ehrenberg, with five hundred millions of living creatures, different from anything which man has seen before. It shows us on every bit of clay and stone, every leaf, bud, and flower, a world crowded with its busy multitudes. The substance of these animalculæ is usually so transparent that the internal structure is visible—even the act of digestion can be watched, and the food traced from its mouth to its passage into the internal vessels. The eggs also can be seen within the bodies. Thus the microscope has silently overthrown man's theories for the explanation of vital phenomena, and has furnished materials for their true elucidation.

The microscope teaches man the structure of trees, and the uses they best serve in the affairs of life. By it he learns the elements entering into particular soils, and is enabled to apply those fertilizers necessary to the production of the desired crop. The accuracy with which the microscope detects counterfeit bills and forged manuscripts, adulterations in food and liquors, renders this instrument a valuable ally of justice.

To the physician this instrument is an invaluable assistant. It explains why the blood from one animal injected into the system of another of the same species, dying from the loss of blood, is successful in preserving life, while that from a different species miserably fails. It enables him to procure pure food and medicine for his patients, pointing with unerring accuracy to any adulteration which they may contain. It teaches him the nature of cutaneous diseases and surface protuberances. Dr. Andrew Clarke, after having carefully studied the appearances of sputum from patients under his care, says that "the microscopic inspection of expectoration affords, at a very early period of consumption, definite information not otherwise attainable regarding the nature of the malady, and at all times most valuable aid in forming a prognosis regarding the causes of the complaint."

ANECDOTES OF THE MICROSCOPE.

But we are wandering from the design of this paper, which is to present a few anecdotes, collected from various sources, illustrating the importance and power of the microscope.

While the great Prussian microscopist, Ehrenberg, was travelling through India, he fell into conversation with a Brahmin whose religious faith forbade him taking life of any kind, or eating of that which had ever possessed life. Ehrenberg, wishing to demonstrate to the Brahmin the absurdity of his belief, exhibited by the microscope the world of animalculæ life contained in a single drop of water.

"Alas!" said the poor Brahmin in despair, "you have destroyed my happiness, and my life also: for I see now that I shall never be able to drink, and must perish of thirst."

Ehrenberg answered him by showing that a single drop of rum poured into a tumbler of water, caused all the animalculæ to precipitate themselves to the bottom of the glass. I trust this solution of his perplexity did not lead the Brahmin into habits of intemperance.

In connection with this celebrated microscopist, the following curious anecdote is related: Some years since, in England, barrels containing gold dust were emptied of their precious contents and filled with sand. The party robbed, not being entirely satisfied with the exchange, submitted the case to the microscopist, Ehrenberg. The latter, by examining with the microscope specimens of sand from the several stations on that part of the road traversed by the barrels, was enabled by the peculiarities of its appearance to designate the place at which the barrels had been filled. The officers of justice were thus put upon the right track, and the thieves captured.

In America, not many years since, a most curious and interesting case of murder was decided by this wonderful silent witness. The individual toward whom the whole circumstantial evidence was pointed as the guilty man, claimed that the blood stains found on a knife acknowledged to be his property, were from a lamb which he had the day before killed. The microscope was brought to bear upon the instrument by men known to be ignorant of the circumstances of the case. The blood stains were not only found to be those of a human being, but the microscope revealed on the blade what had been imperceptible to the naked eye, a secretion peculiar to the glands of the throat. Stranger still, it pointed to cotton fibres on the blade of the instrument.

ANECDOTES OF THE MICROSCOPE.

"The knife," said the microscopists in their report, "has been used in cutting through cotton into the neck of a human being." Now listen, and wonder at the power of this wonderful, silent witness: The murdered man had been found with his throat cut through the neckband of his cotton shirt. The evidence was as conclusive as though a voice from the clouds had proclaimed in tones of thunder, "Thou art the man!"

A few years ago, a man under trial for murder, in Western New York, asserted that blood stains on an axe found in his possession were from a dog which he had killed. The case was referred to Professor Hadley, of Buffalo, who was purposely kept in ignorance of all the circumstances. Submitting the blood stains to microscopic inspection, he decided they were from a dog, thus confirming the poor man's testimony.

You remember how you were startled a few years since by a voice from the scientific world, claiming that the microscope could detect the image of the murderer on the retina of his victim's eye, thus referring the matter to a witness that cannot be bribed—to a judge that would not hesitate to condemn the duke in the heart of his duchy, or the king in his purple.

The microscope is a peace-maker, a settler of disputes. Some hundred years since, it was asserted by a learned savant of France, in contradiction to history and tradition, that the wrappings of the Egyptian mummies were of cotton. From this sprang a curious and voluminous discussion, pro and con. In the midst of these philosophical discussions, some man conceived the idea of appealing to the microscope, when the question was forever settled. It was then discovered that the fibres of the cotton were composed of transparent tubes, while those of the flax were jointed like cane. The fibre of the mummy cloths was shown to be jointed as in the flax of the present day.

The microscope has put at rest the doubts and controversies of distinguished paleontologists concerning the affinities of the gigantic megatherium by pointing to the tissue of its dental organs. By the same curious and delicate method it has forever decided the question, which for a time agitated the scientific world, of the existence of Rouben-reptiles in the lower sandstone of the New Red system in Warwickshire. In the same manner the microscope has rectified errors in the classification of those animals that roamed the earth before the creation of man.

Some sixteen years since a committee of chemists appointed

A ROMISH CEREMONY.

by the Government reported that neither by chemical nor any other means was it possible to detect the presence of chicory in coffee. To-day any tolerable microscopist can convict the coffee dealer of fraud. By the aid of the microscope the adulteration is as manifest as is the mixture of corn and beans to the naked eye.

A ROMISH CEREMONY.

In her very interesting book of travel—"From the Oak to the Olive"—from England to Greece—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe describes the Romish ceremony known as the Supper of the Pilgrims:

On Good Friday evening we attempted only to see the supper of the female pilgrims at the *Trinita dei Pellegrini*. Here, as everywhere at this time, we found a crowd of black dresses, with and without veils, which on this occasion are optional. Another mob of women, small but energetic; another rush to see what, under other circumstances, we should hold to be but a sorry sight. The pilgrims are waited upon by an association of ladies, who wear a sort of feminine overall in scarlet cotton, nearly concealing a dress, usually black, of ordinary wear. They are also distinguished by a pictorial badge, representing, I think, the Easter Lamb, in some connection. Some of these ladies are of princely family, others of rank merely civic. Princeps Massimo, of first-rate pretensions, keeps the inner entrance to the rites, and accords it only to a limited number in turn. We tumble down the dividing stairs in the usual indecorous manner, and walk through two rooms, in each of which the pilgrims sit with their feet in tubs of water, the attendant ladies being employed either in scrubbing them clean or in wiping them dry. All were working women from the country, their faces mostly empty of thought and rude with toil. Some of the heads were not without character, and would easily have made, with their folded head-dresses, a *genre* picture. In general, they and their attire were as rough and uninteresting as women and their belongings can be. A number of them carried infants, whose appearance also invited the cleansing ministrations which did not include them. In either room an ecclesiastic recited prayers in Latin, and a pretty young lady at intervals rattled a box, the signal for the participants to make

the sign of the cross, which they did in a business-like manner. From this *lavanda* we passed to other rooms, in which the supper tables were in the process of preparation. The materials for the meal were divided into portions. To each one was allotted a plate of salad and sardines, one of *bacala*, or fried salt fish, two small loaves of bread, and a little pitcher of wine, together with figs and oranges. The red-gowned ministrants bestirred themselves in dividing and arranging these portions, with much apparent good nature. Many of them wore diamond rings, and one young lady, whom we did not see at work, was adorned as to her neck with a rich collar of jewelled lockets, an article of the latest fashion. All of these ladies are supposed to be princesses, but several of them talked house-gossip in homely Italian. To us the time seemed long, but at length arrived the *minestra* in a huge kettle. This universal Italian dish is a watery soup, containing a paste akin to macaroni. And now the pilgrims, having had all the washing they could endure, came in to take possession of the goods prepared for them. Those of the same family tried to sit together, but did not manage to do so. For every babe a double portion is allowed, and the coin (ten cents) received at departure is also doubled. We had feared lest the pilgrims might have found the presence of numbers a source of embarrassment. But it did not prove so. They attacked their victuals with the most practical and evident enjoyment. The babies were fed with *minestra*, fish, salad, and wine. Of these one was two weeks old, and its mother had walked four days to get to Rome. Each pilgrim carried either a bottle or a tin canteen, into which the superior waiting women decanted the wine allowed, that they might carry it home with them. A Latin grace was rehearsed before they fell to. Cardinals and *monsignori* were seen here and there talking with friends among the spectators. Observing that pilgrims eat much like other people, we left them still at table, and came away, to find Princess Massimo in pink cotton at the bottom of the staircase, and a stupid Swiss, with ill-managed bayonet, guarding the outer entrance. He, a raw recruit, carried his weapon as carelessly as a lady waves a bouquet. Close to the eye of the neophyte he thrusts it, through inattention. A scream from me makes her aware of the danger, but affects him not. Under the weight of my oburgation he falters not, but makes a vehement pass at a harmless dog, which runs by unhurt. And my reflections upon his sheer brutishness were the closing ones of the day.

Poetry.

ALONE.

ALONE ! no voice to cheer me on,
 No feet to tread with me
 The shadowed path that, stretching on,
 Ends in eternity.

Alone ! my sad heart fainter grows,
 My feet begin to tire ;
 Yet still the thorny way I tread
 Through bramble and through mire.

Alone ! alone ! no footprint seals
 Its impress on the sand ;
 I hear no step,—the wave of death
 Has swept the barren strand.

Before my face, I dare not look ;
 Behind, O grass-green graves !
 You stand between me and the past,
 And dim those golden days.

Your shadow hides those joyous hours,
 And that unbroken ring ;
 Dark falls between me and these days
 The veil of suffering.

Why must the oil of bitter woe
 Be poured upon my head ?
 Why must some joy in living love,
 And I bemoan my dead ?

O Christ, the path that Thou hast trod
 Shall I refuse to tread ?
 Through thorny ways and shadowed paths,
 I go where Thou hast led.

The eye of faith can dimly see
 Thy footprint on the shore ;
 I cannot tread the way alone
 Where Thou hast passed before.

So, taking up my heavy cross,
 Onward with joy I press ;
 I see no more the shadowed path,
 But count it only bliss,

With Him to wear the thorny crown,
 And press the cup of woe ;
 With Him, with bleeding hands and feet,
 The weary way to go.

Through Him to thread new blessings on
 My sad life's broken string ;
 By Him find heaven, and then for Him
 Perfect the broken ring.

Anecdotes and Selections.

HINTS TO TATTLERS.—The heights and recesses of Mount Taurus are said to be much infested by eagles, who are never better pleased than when they can pick the bones of crane. Cranes are prone to-cackle and make a noise (Isaiah xxxviii. 14), and particularly so when they are flying. The sound of their voices arouses the eagles, who fly at the signal, and often make the talkative traveller pay dearly for their imprudent chattering. The elder and more-experienced cranes, sensible of their besetting foible, and the peril to which it exposes them, take care before venturing on the wing, to arm themselves each with a bone, large enough to fill the cavity of their mouths, and consequently to impose unavoidable silence on their tongues, and thus they escape the danger. Reader, hast thou an unruly tongue? Learn a lesson from the elder cranes, and so bridle thy tongue by watchfulness and prayer that thou mayest say with the Psalmist, who had doubtless witnessed, and perhaps felt the infirmity of which we have been speaking, "I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue."

QUARRELLING.—If anything in the world will make a man feel sorely, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is unquestionably quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after it than before. It degrades him in the eyes of others, and, what is worse, blunts his sensibilities on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more peacefully and quietly we get on, the better for our neighbours. In nine cases out of ten, the better course is, if a man cheats you, cease to deal with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; and if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, and quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

THE SPIDER'S COUNSEL.—One day, upon removing some books at Sir William Jones's chambers, a large spider dropped upon the floor, upon which Sir William, with some warmth, called out to his friend Jay, "Kill that spider, Day! kill that spider!" "No," said Day, coolly, "I will not kill that spider, Jones. I do not know that I have a right to kill that spider. Suppose, when you are going in your coach to Westminster Hall, a superior being, who may perhaps have as much power over you as you have over this insect, should say to his companion, 'Kill that lawyer! kill that lawyer!' how would you like that, Jones? And I am sure that to most people a lawyer is a more noxious animal than a spider."

ANECDOTES AND SELECTIONS.

A TOUCHING PRAYER.—I well recollect, in the course of my life, a poor Hindoo youth, who followed me about the garden of the asking of me to make him a Christian. I said, "It is impossible dear boy; if it is possible to do so at all, it is possible only through the Lord Jesus Christ to make you a Christian. Pray to him." I well I recollect the sweet voice and face of that boy when he after came to me and said, "The Lord Jesus Christ has taken hold of my heart." I asked, "How is that?" He replied, "I pray to him, 'O Lord Jesus Christ! if you please, make me a Christian. He was so kind that He came down from heaven, and has lived here ever since.'" How simple and how touching! "Lord Jesus Christ, if you please, make me a Christian!" Can you say that have made a similar appeal, in such a spirit as this poor Hindoo? And can you say, my young friends, that Jesus Christ has come down from heaven to live in your hearts?—*Rev. Dr. Boaz.*

THE MUSTARD SEED "when it is grown is the greatest of herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and build in the branches thereof." It is well known that in hot countries, Judea, the mustard tree attains a size never reached in colder lands. A traveller in Chili mentions the fact of riding on horseback under the shade of this kind. Maldonatus relates that in Spain the king was exceedingly fond of the seed, so that at times he has been seen sitting in great numbers on the boughs. In the image of the flocking to the boughs of the tree, and there finding shelter (Ezek. viii. 23), we are to recognise a prophecy of the refuge and defence there should be for all men in the church; how that men should find here protection, as well as satisfaction for all the desires of their souls.—*R. C. Trench.*

RUST, GILDING, AND POLISH.—Some people are rusty. The ungainly manners eat out whatever is good in their own character, and leave the very flesh of those that come near them.—Some people are gilded. A very brilliant exterior they present; but the first hard usage rubs off the gilding, and reveals the base metal beneath. A third class are polished. The polish, indeed, is on the surface; it is a polish on the surface of solid worth, and in the multiplicity of human life the more it is rubbed the brighter it grows.

ROWLAND HILL.—A gentleman once said to Rowland Hill, "Sixty-five years since I heard you preach, and the sermon is now in my memory." You remarked that some people are squeamish about the manner of a clergyman in preaching, and then added, "Supposing one is hearing a will read, expecting to receive a legacy, would you employ the time in criticising the lawyer while reading it?" No: you would give all your interest to the will, and if anything were left to yourself, and how much. Let them be the way in which you listen to the gospel."

THE FIRESIDE.

A GOOD DAUGHTER.—There are other ministers of love more conspicuous than she, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. She is the steady light of her father's house. Her ideal is indissolubly connected with that of his fireside. She is his morning sunlight and evening star. The grace, vivacity, and tenderness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, and gentle nurse in his sickness.

The Fireside.

A WORD ABOUT TAXES.

THAT common-sense philosopher, Dr. Franklin, in his day refuted an objection against large taxation, by showing that the heaviest taxes are not imposed by government. In his "Way to Wealth," he represents a plain, clean old man with white locks, called "Father Abraham," as being asked, "Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them?" Father Abraham replied, "Friends, the taxes are indeed very heavy; and if those laid by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our own idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us. 'God helps them that help themselves,' as poor Richard says."

The Penny Post Box.

THE FULNESS IN CHRIST.

How difficult it would be to name a noble figure, a sweet simile, a tender or attractive relationship, in which Jesus is not set forth to woo a reluctant sinner and cheer a desponding saint. Am I wounded? He is a balm. Am I sick? He is medicine. Am I naked? He is clothing. Am I poor? He is wealth. Am I hungry? He is bread. Am I thirsty? He is water. Am I in debt? He is a surety. Am I in darkness? He is a sun. Have I a house to build? He is a rock.

Must I face that black and gathering storm? He is an anchor and steadfast. Am I to be tried? He is an advocate. Is he passed, and I am to be condemned? He is pardon.

To deck Him out and set Him forth, nature culls her finest and brings her choicest ornaments, and lays these treasures at His feet. The skies contribute their stars. The sea gives up its pearls. The fields, and rivers, and mountains, earth brings the tribute of her flowers and gems, and myrrh, and frankincense; the lily of the valley, the tender vine, and the fragrant rose of Sharon. He is "the center among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely." "He dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." I offer Him to you, make a free offer of Him; and doing so, will challenge you to a contest for which I shall not find a full supply in Christ—something that fits your wants as accurately as the works of a key the work of its lock.

"A way He is to lost ones that have strayed;
A robe He is to such as naked be;
Is any hungry?—to all such He's bread;
Is any weak?—in Him how strong is he!
To him that's dead He's life; to sick men, health;
Eyes to the blind, and to the poor man wealth."

FACTS, HINTS, GEMS, AND POETRY.

FACTS.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD.

1. The Colossus, at Rhodes.
2. The Mausoleum; or sepulchre of Mausolas.
3. The Palace of Cyrus, King of Persia.
4. The Pyramids of Egypt.
5. The Statue of Jupiter in the city of Olympia.
6. The Temple of Diana at Ephesus.
7. The Wall of the City of Babylon.

HINTS.

He that blackens others does not whiten himself.

Take care of your plough, and your plough will take care of you.

He who saves in little things can be liberal in great ones.

He that pelts every barkin must pick up a great many stones. Would you be strong, conquer yourself.

Where the hedge is lowest the sheep leaps over.

Little and often makes a big time.

When God means to punish a man He deprives the rulers of wisdom.

GEMS.

There is more loving description of nature in the Psalms alone than all Greek and Roman literature. Refinement that carries us above our fellow men is not God's refinement.

The real man is one who finds excuses for others, but excuses himself.

ownership. We own whom

The universe is God's
He loves it.

he Bible in the ocean, and
bligations to God would be
ed.

nds His rain in gentle drops,
ers would be beaten in pieces.
ng is the jarring of the facul-
he mind, and it never will
they are all turned in har-

is a school in which Truth
ows strong.
ther's heart is the child's
om.

Poetic Selections.

HYMN OF FAITH.

but not to mortal eyes
mysterious presence shown;
not where those mansions are,
de by hands, around His throne.

is but a vestibule
e inner temple, Heaven;
walls, and roof, and floor,
ens of God's love engraven.

s stand ever burning bright
se who seek the temple door,—
7 Book, His holier Son,
'whate'er was dark before.

who love these heavenly lights
id the earth-home brighter far:
new beauty to a flower,
ve new lustre to a star.

s a sorrow or a doubt,
winds flickering a torch,
us, and we think the lights
l gone out in God's great porch.

n humble, patient prayer,
s the whirlwind passing by,
ls of trouble will divide,
w the glory beaming nigh.

nile we walk and wait,
ch the opening of the door,
ls us and we enter in,—
-we see Him and adore.

THE MYSTERY OF NATURE.

THE works of God are fair for naught,
Unless our eyes, in seeing,
See hidden in the thing the thought
That animates its being.

The outward form is not the whole,
But every part is moulded
To image forth an inward soul
That dimly is unfolded.

The shadow, pictured in the lake
By every tree that trembles,
Is cast for more than just the sake
Of that which it resembles.

The dew falls nightly, not alone
Because the meadows need it,
But on an errand of its own
To human souls that heed it.

The stars are lighted in the skies,
Not merely for their shining,
But, like the looks of loving eyes,
Have meanings worth divining.

The waves that moan along the shore,
The winds that sigh in blowing,
Are sent to teach a mystic lore
Which men are wise in knowing.

The clouds around the mountain-peak,
The rivers in their winding,
Have secrets which, to all who seek,
Are precious in the finding.

Thus Nature dwells within our reach,
But, though we stand so near her,
We still interpret half her speech
With ears too dull to hear her.

Whoever, at the coarsest sound,
Still listens for the finest,
Shall hear the noisy world go round
To music the divinest.

Whoever yearns to see aright
Because his heart is tender,
Shall catch a glimpse of heavenly light
In every earthly splendour.

So, since the universe began,
And till it shall be ended,
The soul of nature, soul of man,
And soul of God are blended!

The Children's Corner.

A BAD HABIT.

"O MOTHER, I am *tired to death!*" said Jane Mills, as she threw into a chair on her return from school.

"*Tired to death!*" repeated her mother slowly.

"Yes, mother, I am; *almost*, I mean," she added.

"No, my daughter, not even *almost*," said Mrs. Mills.

"Well, at any rate," continued Jane, "I would not walk from school again, to-day, *for anything in the world!*"

"O yes, you would, my dear," said her mother, gently.

"No, mother, I am *sure I would not*; I am certain *nothing tempt me*."

"But I am nearly certain you would be induced to go without urging," answered her mother.

"Well, mother, try me, and see if anything could make me to go."

"Suppose," said Mrs. Mills, "I should offer to take you with the panorama this afternoon? I expect to visit it."

"Do you, mother?" said Jane, with great animation. "Ma! You promised to take me when you went."

"I intended to have done so," replied her mother, "but the where it is exhibited is a very long way beyond your school."

"But I am quite rested now, dear mother!" said Jane. "I not fail of going *for all the world!* Why do you smile, mother?"

"To think what an inconsistent little daughter I have."

"What do you mean by *inconsistent*, mother?"

"Why, when a little girl says, one minute, that she would not go a particular distance '*for anything in the world*,' and in the next says, '*she would not fail*' of walking still farther '*for all the world*,' not only talks inconsistently and extravagantly, but foolishly. It is a very bad habit to use such expressions. Yesterday, when you came home from school, you said you were almost frightened out of your life; and when I inquired as to the cause of your alarm, you said that you had *met as many as a thousand cross dogs* on your way from school. Now, my daughter, I wish you to break yourself of this bad habit. When you are tired, or hungry, or frightened, use simple words that express your meaning. For instance, you may say, 'I am tired, very tired, or exceedingly tired; or you may be alarmed, frightened, or terrified.'

From this time let your lips speak the thing you mean. The Bible says, 'Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay;' and adds, 'whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.' Will you remember what I have been saying, and strive to correct this fault in your dear child?" said Mrs. Mills.

"Yes, dear mother," replied Jane, "for I know it is wrong to *feel ashamed and sorry* for it."

BEGGARS IN LONDON.

In all parts of the world there are, of course, people who don't like to get their living in any legitimate way; but I think London will "beat everywhere" for beggars. Thousands here would run from a handsaw and nearly faint at sight of a pick and shovel. They never felt the sweat of honest labour, and though they go about holding their heads high, it is merely to see if some one on the second floor is getting ready to drop them a halfpenny. It is a pitiful sight to see men and women wasting all their energies for the chance gift of a halfpenny once in half-a-dozen hours.

But there are many petty callings which are and ought to be encouraged. As I write there passes the itinerant glazier with his workshop on his back—said workshop a frame fitted up to hold window glass of all sizes. He is one of the honest craftsmen of London—at least we will hope so—and he looks like a poor, hard working man, with children dependent upon him.

So is the man yonder with the yellow hat, who marches on with a board full of gaudily painted crockery ware, the cheapness of which he extols at the top of his lungs. You would not do very much amiss if you invest sixpence for that delicate cream coloured Sevres vase, three inches high; for a thing of beauty is a joy for ever, and if your vase would last as long, so might that be.

These are succeeded by the old clothes men, three of whom have passed my window within a few hours. These latter have a monotonous call resembling the word "hoh." They do not seem to exert themselves in the least, and yet their cry is very penetrating. They are Israelites of the true type; black eyed, swarthy, hook-nosed men, with an abundance of coarse, curly hair, and ever one is well dressed.

Following these come the flower sellers; many of them are women, and they braid their roses together very temptingly. "A penny a bunch, a penny a bunch," and you may enjoy a tempting little cluster of violets let in among three bright green leaves, or two or three azaleas and geraniums, or perhaps a sweet briar bud or a full blown rose. These dainty little blossoms the flower women pin in the buyer's button-hole, if he be a gentleman, and sometimes every second masculine one meets is adorned with a

nosegay. But the veritable flower-seller is he who goes about with a garden on his hat. Very picturesque he looks, too, with the vines falling about his shoulders, and the lovely colours blending over his head. Some of these flower-sellers have very musical cries, such as—

"Buy my flowers, buy my flowers,
Lady, come, buy;
You no find such beautiful colours
Under the sky;"—

though you have to listen many times before you get the words. Most of these men are Italians, and I don't doubt they drive a very good business.

Next comes your seller of tidies, caps, and coarse laces. You see a moving banner of white coming at you across the street. It is the man with the "tidy," which he holds stretched at arm's length. "Two shillings, all done by hand, and the best of cotton." You can believe him or not. People prefer, generally, not to place an implicit reliance on these roving salesmen.

Hark, there is a sound like the hallo of a huntsman. It is the milk woman. Here she comes, a rosy, stout dame, almost as broad as she is tall; a heavy wooden yoke, something like that they put on oxen, across her shoulders, from which the gaily painted tin pails hang, full of the milk, if you choose to call it so, of London. For that necessary fluid is manufactured in London as well as in New York. In some of the worst slums of the great metropolis you may look into sheds filled with sleek cows, city cows, who never smell an inch of country grass, but chew the cud of the still-houses, till they are poisoned through and through. Everybody laughs at London milk, and I do not wonder. I have never seen any yet that I would pronounce pure milk.

But the milk woman has gone, and following her marches the toy lamb seller. This cheery old fellow has a large basket on his arm, filled with toy lambs made of white wool, and as he moves on he sings,

"Here's lambs to sell, here's lambs to sell,
If I had as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry here's lambs to sell,
Here's lambs to sell, here's lambs to sell."

These lambs are a penny apiece, but the old man takes glass bottles in pay, so you usually see following him a string of chil-

dren with old unwashed beer and soda bottles, and vials in which many a bitter potion has done its work for good or for evil. These they exchange, and go off delighted, hugging their lambs.

Here comes a beggar as I write. The day is cold and wet, the streets plastered with slime, but this old man, attired in the garb of a decayed gentility, walks along bare footed, whistling a few monotonous bars of something that has neither rhythm nor melody. A few white hairs straggle under his decent looking hat, which has around it a narrow fold of crape, and he turns himself on all sides with a piteously imploring look, for the penny that he no doubt thinks somebody ought to throw down. But he has gone his round, and presently appear two persons, an old man, the very type and pattern of the bare-footed whistler, and an old woman, both rather decently attired. He carries an immense accordion, strapped round his waist in some manner, and he seems to be quite blind. Now he stops near the corner, and she begins the old pantomime, the anxious glances from window to window the bobbing of her head if any one chances to be seen, the wan smile and half courtesy, when the coveted coin is in her shrivelled old hand. I cannot help thinking, for the life of me, that they two have made money by their street music. There's a something jolly about them, though one is blind and both are old. It may be they have both been in good circumstances, for their faces wear an expression that suggests the possibility of a latent refinement.

But they are gone, and here comes "singing Jack." "Singing Jack" is one of the ferocious type, sullen in countenance, lounging in gait, and altogether repulsive. He has with him a violin that screeches, and a pretty, fair-haired little boy, some seven years old, whose stealthy side glances at his father or his keeper show that the child is in terror of him. There is a girl, besides, saucy and bold, yet pretty, and these two sing, while the man accompanies them with the violin. The voice of the poor little boy shakes, and he is hoarse with exertion. Whatever the man is, father, keeper, or borrower, he is cruel to these children, that I am sure of, and they are afraid of him. Here is the confession of a street veteran in the begging line:—

"I've worked the streets, man an' boy, for near thirty year. There's the Hindoo an' trac' dodge, the Uncle Tom, the persecuted African—on'y that's hardest, owing to the soot an' colouring, and the features not being nat'ral—and a precious sight of

dodges besides, as I should tire you to mention of Them legged men, as we calls 'timber-toes,' which I works to tion, and one-armed Jacks, they'll be coming in by the Charity wants a precious lot o' stirring up now-a-days, meets it 'ow we can, of course. I've been a thinkin' o' the 'spectacle workman; it's a pretty safe caper, only there's so many of the real thing out o' work just now. up don't cost much: there's the white apron and choke band round your hat with 'Remember the poor workin' And Nancy, she's promised to lend me her kid, little me Bill, as is a treasure, an' cries to melt the 'art of a church he do, indeed. Nancy would jine company herself with in a shawl, but she's goin' along with Tom, the tinkers the outsiders. Such a whine as she have got!"

There was a time when the beggars of London had a club, in a portion of St. Giles's now pulled down. In that it is said, miracles were nightly performed, miracles that well the charitable hearts of London did not witness. They suddenly walked, the blind began to see, legs were repaired, arms grew by magic, and filled with solid flesh the before sleeve, disease vanished from the cheek, sores were healed, glow of health sprang up, casting aside its veil of chalk, hypocrisy threw off its mask, and danced a merry measure to the time of the clinking silver with which an inconsiderate had filled its many pockets.

These street itinerants are not always of the lowest. There are bands that it is really a pleasure to hear, and they lighten the solitude of many an hour, and now and then the voice that would not seem out of place in the queen's rooms. There is also here and there a blind beggar who does not see the difference in the coin that is given him.

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

OTHER books compared with this are of no account. In them they hold the thoughts of men in "formal ink," and they while away our solitude in making their acquaintances travelling over the past—over the scenes through which our minds have been, for amusement or improvement, but that

contains the thoughts of God respecting man—his condition, duty, and destiny. It teaches him that he is lost—that a refuge is provided for him in Christ, and that he has something to do in order to be saved. He must flee to the refuge—he may believe in Christ, and by a life of faith and obedience secure the favour of God here, and an entrance into heaven hereafter.

It is the privilege of all our readers to study this book, and it is the work of their lives to practise its instructions.

Our advice is, attend to this business faithfully—do this work *well*, whatever other work you may be obliged to neglect.

“Most wondrous book; bright candle of the Lord;
Star of eternity; the only star
By which the bark of man could navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
Securely; only star which rose on Time
And on its dark and troubled billows threw a ray
Of Heaven's own light, and to the hills of God
Pointed the sinner's eye.”

—*Pollok's Course of Time.*

Two men came one night to a missionary in Madagascar. They had walked a hundred miles out of their way to visit him.

“Have you the Bible?” asked Mr. Ellis.

“We have seen it, and heard it read,” one man said; “but we have only some of the words of David, and they do not belong to us; they belong to the whole family of us.”

“Have you the words of David with you now?” asked Mr. Ellis.

They looked at each other and would not answer. Perhaps they were afraid; but Mr. Ellis spoke kindly to them. Then one of the men put his hand into his bosom, and took out what seemed to be a roll of cloth. He unrolled it; and after taking off some wrappers, behold! there were a few old, torn, dingy leaves of the Psalms, which had been read, passed round, lent, and re-read, until they were almost worn out. Tears came to Mr. Ellis's eyes when he saw them.

“Have you ever seen the words of Jesus, or John, or Paul, or Peter?” asked the missionary.

“Yes,” they said; “we have seen and heard them, but we never owned them.”

Mr. Ellis then went and brought out a Testament, with the book of Psalms bound up with it, and showed it to them.

“Now,” said he, “if you will give me your few words of David,

I will give you all his words, and all the words of Jesus John, and Paul, and Peter besides."

The men were amazed and delighted; but they wanted if the words of David were the same in Mr. Ellis's book when they found they were, and many more of the same their joy knew no bounds. They willingly gave up the tattered leaves, seized the volume, bade the missionary farewell, and started off upon their long journey home, rejoicing in what they have found great spoil.

Poetry.

THINE.

LITTLE to me it matters
Whither my feet are led,
If in the burning desert
Or the pastures green I'm fed,—
Whether the storm or sunshine
Be in the path I take;
For my hand is in Thine, my Father;
Thou wilt not Thy child forsake.

And it shall not cause me sorrow,
Though the path be steep and rough;
I am Thine, Thine own forever,
And that shall be joy enough.
Thine is the care, my Father—
The work of providing Thine;
Only the trust and pleasure,
And the calm content, are mine.

Neither shall I be anxious
For the dear ones whom I love;
From Thee they are never absent—
Thou reachest them from above;
And, Lord, I know they are dearer
To Thee than they are to me,
So I only ask Thee to take them,
And do as it pleases Thee.

But others are only strangers,
And know not the perfect peace
Of those who beneath Thy banner
Are finding their sorrows cease.

ANECDOTES AND SELECTIONS.

They are away in the darkness,
In the gloomy and silent night;
O, Father, receive them also,
And welcome them into the light.

So, then, it will not matter,
Whatever the future be;
Gladly we take our journey,
Leaving the rest to Thee;
And in darkness, or gloom, or tempest,
Still shall the best light shine,
And the joy shall come to our spirits;
For, Father, we all are Thine.

Anecdotes and Selections.

JUDICE.—We often hear people speak of prejudice as though it is a virtue to be commended on the part of the entertainer. Even teachers of the gospel have been known to utter the same idea and to teach it, and to offer it as a justification for doing or not doing and so. There is a prejudice against such a cause or such an individual, and therefore they turn away and refuse to see or listen. Do such know that the sin of prejudice is all on the part of him who entertains it? What is prejudice? Here is the definition—“Prejudice is a judgment formed without due examination of the facts and arguments necessary to a just conclusion.” If that be the true meaning of the word, then can we entertain the sentiment at all at blame on our part? Much less can we hold it up as an excuse or justification for not giving “due examination of the facts and arguments necessary to a just conclusion.” Will not this make it a sin on our part?

PATHY.—He who has had experience of great and sore trials, is borne them well, is the most cheerful companion to a sorrow-sick heart. Having sounded the depths of affliction, he can best guide and comfort in them. Desponding Christian, in the river of Death, said to a cheerful, “I sink in deep waters; the billows go over my head; all waves go over me.” Hopeful said, “Be of good cheer, my brother; feel the bottom, and it is good.” Having partaken of the affliction and of the consolation, such a one can bring a smile of peace and joy upon a careworn soul, when prosperous friends would only add to the gloom. Let the angel of the Lord encamp around me to comfort me, but give me the “Man of Sorrows” for my friend. I want *him who has been “stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.”*

ANECDOTES AND SELECTIONS.

MOUSE POWER.—A gentleman in Scotland has trained a couple of mice, and invented machinery for enabling them to spin yarn. The work is done on the treadmill principle. It is so constructed that the common house mouse is enabled to make atonement to society for past offences by twisting and reeling from 100 to 120 threads per day. To complete this the little pedestrian has to run $10\frac{1}{4}$ miles. This journey it performs every day with ease. An ordinary mouse weighs only half an ounce. A halfpenny's worth of oatmeal, at 1s. 3d. the peck, serves one of these treadmill culprits for the long period of five weeks. In that time it makes 110 threads per day, being an average of 3,850 threads of 55 inches, which is nearly nine lengths of the reel. A penny is paid to women for every cut in the ordinary way. At this rate a mouse earns 9d. every five weeks, which is one farthing per day, or 7s. 6d. per annum. Take 6d. off for board and 1s. for machinery, there will arise 6s. clear profit from every mouse yearly. The mouse employer is going to make application for the lease of an old empty house, the dimensions of which are 100ft. by 50ft., and 50ft. in height, which, at a moderate calculation, will hold 10,000 mouse mills, sufficient room being left for keepers and some hundreds of spectators. Allowing £200 for rent and taskmasters, £10,000 to erect machinery, and £500 for the interest, there will be left a balance of £2,300 per annum.

DR. BLAIR AND DR. WALKER.—Dr. Hugh Blair, the celebrated rhetorician, and his colleague, Dr. Robert Walker, were respectively the most eloquent exponents of the theories of works and grace as the essential doctrines of Christianity. One Sunday, Dr. Blair, warming in his presentation of his favourite theme, thus apostrophized virtue: "O Virtue, if thou wert embodied, all men would love thee!"—Dr. Walker, in the afternoon, in the course of his sermon, rejoined as follows: "Virtue *has* been embodied. Did all men love her? No; she was despised and rejected of men, who, after defaming, insulting, and scourging her, led her to Calvary, where they crucified her between two thieves."

WHAT WILL YOU SAY, SIR?—While Hopu, a young Sandwich Islander, was in America, he spent an evening in a company where an infidel lawyer tried to puzzle him with difficult questions. At length the native said—"I am a poor heathen boy. It is not strange that my blunders in English should amuse you. But soon there will be a larger meeting than this. We shall all be there. They will ask us all one question, namely, 'Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?' Now, sir, I think I can say, Yes. What will you say, sir?"

DR. CHALMERS beautifully says—"The little that I have seen in the world and known of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon *their errors* in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through; the brief pulsations

THE FIRESIDE.

of joy; the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose; the scorn of the world that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within; health gone, happiness gone—I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow man with Him from whose hands it came."

A LOST LIFETIME.—A young man was converted during an illness which proved fatal, though this was not apprehended when he gave his heart to Christ. When his physician announced an unfavourable change in his condition, he expressed an entire resignation, and requested his friends to sing a hymn expressive of that feeling. An hour or two after, in the silence of the room, he was heard to say, "Lost, lost, lost!" This surprised the mother, and caused the immediate inquiry. "My son, are your hopes feeble?" "No, mother; but ah, my lost lifetime! I'm twenty-four; and, until a few weeks since, nothing has been done for Christ, and everything for myself and my pleasures. My companions will think I've made a profession in view of death. Oh! that I could live to meet this remark, and do something—something to show my sincerity, and to redeem my lost life."

A BIBLE INSTEAD OF BEER.—At a temperance meeting recently held at Calne, a working-man in relating his experience of an eleven months' trial of total abstinence practice, gave a striking illustration of the "Fool's-pence," as he called them, when wisely employed. He showed the audience a beautiful Family Bible, which had cost him twenty-eight shillings, and which he had bought with the "three-ha'pennies," which had formerly gone for his "half-pints."—*British Workman*.

The Fireside.

THE MANAGING WOMAN.

To be a good housekeeper is one of the most essential and useful accomplishments; and the man who secures for his wife one whose education in this respect has not been neglected, combined with a mild, confiding, and loving disposition, has a most valuable treasure; and if his home is not agreeable and pleasant, he may be assured that the fault is within himself, and he does not possess the manly and gentlemanly attributes necessary for such a partner for life.

We commend the following just and truthful remarks to the attention of our readers:—

The managing woman is a pearl among women; she is one of the prizes in the great lottery of life, and the man who draws her may rejoice for the rest of his days. Better than riches, she is a fortune in herself—a gold mine never failing in its yield—a spring of pleasant water, whose banks are fringed with moss flowers when all around is

bleached white with sterile sand. The managing woman can do anything; and she does everything well.

Perceptive and executive, of quick sight and steady hand, she always knows exactly what is wanting, and supplies the deficiency with a tact and cleverness peculiar to herself. She knows the capabilities of persons as well as things, for she has an intuitive knowledge of character. The managing woman, if not always patient, is always energetic, and can never be disappointed into inaction. Though she has to teach the same thing over and over again, still she is never weary of her vocation of arranging and ordering, and never less than hopeful of a favourable result.

The Penny Post Box.

AN IDLE DREAM.

FOR a man to think he is going to do the work of his life without obstacles and opposition, is to dream in the lap of folly itself. What should we amount to, were we not compelled to feel our way, to fall down and get up again, and learn that our theories are never according to the law of nature, but nothing more than the projection of our limited perception upon the untried and unreal? We are, however, not to be discouraged on this account; we are rather to be the more satisfied of its being good and right for us, for in adversity and opposition we are tried; and trials are nothing more than tests of nature. Up from below do we go above. We are but the products of lower conditions. Our experience is merely passing through the changes, and would be just no experience at all if we could manage to escape altogether. We ought not to make complaint when we see how all things work together for our good.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

THE HARVEST OF THE SEA.

THE largest quantity of salmon is caught in August.

Mr. Yarrell says that a salmon has been caught weighing 83 pounds.

The herring season begins at Yarmouth in September. Further north the season is earlier.

In a single district in Scotland more than a million barrels of herrings have been taken in one season.

One hundred and fifty varieties of fish are caught on the Cornish coast. Of all these the pilchard is the most important.

About ten thousand persons find employment in pilchard fishing.

two hundred millions of
have been taken in a single
ackerel fishing is busiest in
June, and sprat fishing in
r.

Hints.

ly real obstacles to our Chris-
ress are in ourselves.
nity may incline us to desire
me good we have done; but
rist's work for us appears we
at best we are unprofitable

will, not power, that gives
or unrightness to our moral

rief study of the Christian,
very thing which makes him
Christian, is conformity to

lence is not to be estimated
nount given, but by what it
give.

ver right to prevaricate when
g to lie.

the stomach is full the heart

ce surpasses learning.
ys at the end.
my is a great revenue.
answers much.

Gems.

are men who dread religion
they think it circumscribes

ing a Christian is not be-
better than one's neighbour;
ming better than one's self.
en may keep up long, but
ey once fall, they cannot rise

ers often fail to find peace
self-will is hiding somewhere
ght.

are like sponges—they wipe
resolutions.

Reformation is not religion, though
it often precedes and always accom-
panies it.

Clothes and manners don't make
the man; but when he is made they
improve his appearance.

Love that has no fear of God in it
is always false and weak.

Poetic Selections.

LOOKING UP.

"I HAVE no faith," she said, and sighed;
"This gracious blessing is denied,
And daily struggles leave me weak,
And farther from the goal I seek."

I read her heart; and knew her fears
Were heightened by a mist of tears
That veiled her spirit like a shroud,
As over tiny graves she bowed.

'Twas faith that made us yield them up;
Through faith alone we drank the cup;
While on her lips, so sore bereft,
The bitter taste alone is left.

"I have no faith," she sighed; "the way
Seems longer, darker, every day;
This yearning heart I fain would still
And keep submissive to His will.

His loving Presence I bespeak;
His promised recompense I seek;
Yet still with doubts and fears I cope;
I have no faith—I have no hope."

Dear love, forget thyself awhile;
Thou dost obscure the Saviour's smile;
Thyself, and all thy woes, my sweet,
Have made a tangle for thy feet.

Faith, lovely blossom, is not found
By eyes that grovel on the ground;
And hearts have measurement of bliss
By what they gain, and what they miss.

Look up; and let the radiant Cross
Take from thy heart all sense of loss;
From out the dust of earth arise,
And on thy Saviour fix thine eyes.

A holy light illumed her face,
The outward sign of inward grace;
She looked, and saw her Saviour there,
And found an answer to her prayer.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

"WHAT THEN."

WHAT then? Why, then another pilgrim song;

And then a hush of rest divinely granted;

And then a thirsty stage, (ah me! so long)

And then a brook, just where it most is wanted.

What then? The pitching of the evening tent;

And, then, perchance, a pillow rough and thorny;

And then some sweet and tender message, sent

To cheer the faint one for to-morrow's journey.

What then? The wailing of the midnight wind;

A feverish sleep; a heart oppressed and aching;

And then a little water-cruise to find
Close by my pillow, ready for my waking.

What then? I am not careful to
I know there will be tears, and sorrow;

And then a loving Saviour drawn
And saying, "I will answer for you."

What then? For all my sins, His
ing grace;

For all my wants and woes, His
kindness;

For darkest shades, the shining
face;

And Christ's own hand, to lead
blindness.

What then? A shadowy valley
dim;

And then a deep and darkly roll
And then a flood of light, a seraph

And God's own smile, for ever
ever.

The Children's Corner.

TRUST YOUR MOTHER.

Trust your mother, little one;
In Life's morning just begun,
You will find some grief, some fears,
Which perhaps may cause you tears;
But a mother's kiss can heal
Many griefs that children feel;
Trust your mother,—seek to prove
Grateful for her thoughtful love.

Trust your mother, noble youth,
Turn not from the paths of truth;
In Temptation's evil hour
Seek her, ere it gains new power.
She will never guide you wrong;
Faith in her will make you strong;
Trust your mother, aim to prove
Worthy of her fondest love.

Trust your mother, maiden fair,
Love will guide your steps where
Let no cloud e'er come between
Let no shadow e'er be seen
Hiding from your mother's be
What may prove a poisoned dart
Trust your mother, seek to prove
Worthy of her faithful love.

Trust your mother to the end,
She will prove your constant friend
If 'tis gladness wings the hour,
Share with her the joyful show,
Or if sorrow should oppress,
She will smile, and she will bless
Oh, be trustful, loving, true,
That she may confide in you.

THE GIPSIES OF LONDON.

THE gipsies are a wandering race, who are found in various parts of the world, but the country to which they originally belonged is unknown. It was formerly thought that they came from Egypt, hence the name by which they are known; but a later hypothesis is, that they emigrated from India at the time of the Mahommedan invasion of Timur Bey; as their language (which they call Romini, and strive to keep to themselves) has been found to resemble some of the dialects of India; and their appearance and habits are thought to be like those of the Sudras, the lowest caste of Hindoos.

There are from ten to eighteen thousand gipsies in England, and many of them are found in the districts around London. Some of them live in vans, like travelling showmen, and keep a horse; but most of them live in tents, covering from forty to seventy square feet, and so low that one cannot stand upright in them. In one of these tents the whole family sleep at night, and in rainy weather it serves as kitchen, laundry, and workshop, as well as bed room; and they occupy it in common with dogs, cats, birds, and vermin. Usually a number of families form one company, and their several tents make quite an encampment; while their carts, in which they remove "their stuff" from place to place, stand near, and their donkeys are feeding within sight. Sometimes in winter they hire rooms in the city; but when they do so they select the lowest neighbourhoods, and crowd two, three, and even four families into one room.

The women are fortune tellers, sometimes by cards, at others by the lines in the hands. The men mend cane chairs, and make baskets, mats, pegs, and skewers. They are also supposed to be petty thieves; and if a hen-roost is robbed while they are in the neighbourhood, they are sure to get the credit of it. They are to be found at or near all the places of resort for the holiday goers of London, as Greenwich, Blackheath, Norwood, Epping Forest, &c., and they also attend the fairs and races. At these places the women find plenty of credulous ones of their own sex upon whom they can impose, while the men use the opportunity for gambling, fiddling, and other means of obtaining money.

The gipsies are very ignorant, and have been much persecuted, very severe laws having formerly been made and executed against

them: but these are all repealed. Of late years, several efforts have been made to instruct and Christianize them, and with some success. Rev. James Crabbe, who died in 1851, was one of the most earnest of their friends; and his name is still spoken among them with respect and esteem. In 1845, he and others established a school for gipsy children; but the wandering habits of the gipsies, and their unwillingness to let their children remain away from them, prevented the success of this effort; and it is now understood that the best way of doing them good is to visit them in their tents and camps.

In 1857, the London City Mission appointed a missionary to the especial work of labouring among this people; his salary and expenses being paid by the "Institution for the Evangelization of the Gipsies;" and they have had a missionary engaged in this work ever since. The missionary visits them in their various encampments, talks with them, reads the Scriptures to them, and seeks to lead them to repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The circumstances and habits of the people are great obstacles to success, but his labours have been blessed. Their ignorance has been spoken of. Some of them say they have never heard of Jesus Christ, or of heaven, or of hell. Among four hundred and sixty-two persons whom he visited, who were grouped in one hundred and two families, he found only twelve persons able to read.

Among other means by which the missionary seeks to do them good, is gathering them at occasional tea meetings, which are provided by friends who are interested in them; at which, after the body is fed, religious instruction is given, and earnest exhortations are offered. We have before us an account of such a meeting held this year. First came the tea, for which full provision was made, and plenty of time was given. Then there were singing and prayer, an address by the chairman, and another by the missionary. After these, several gipsies who had been converted through the influence of a missionary addressed those assembled. One was a woman fifty years old, who was formerly celebrated as a fortune teller. About four years ago the truths of the gospel reached her heart, and she received Jesus Christ as her Saviour. She threw her fortune-telling cards into the fire, and has since then obtained a living by selling small articles which she carries round in a basket. Much of her time, however, is spent in seeking the spiritual good of her people. Another woman who spoke

PANTHERS AND ALLIGATORS.

out forty years of age, The change wrought in the one first d had an influence upon her, and being able to read, she to read the Bible, became deeply affected, dashed her cards he fire, and fell on her knees and prayed, "God be merciful a sinner." Her friends said she was mad. But she had to her right mind; she is a new creature in Christ Jesus, as the means of leading her husband and her sister also to t. The husband of this woman spoke at this meeting, as nother man who was converted seven years ago. These told of the way in which they were led to Christ, and ted the members of their tribe who were present to forsake and receive salvation from Jesus. It is hoped that such s for the good of their people will be continued, and with sed success, that they may be a blessing, and not an evil, se with whom they come in contact.

PANTHERS AND ALLIGATORS.

STER in the wilds of Texas, who met many startling adven- and saw some strange creatures, was once witness to a lar battle on the banks of a lonely lagoon in the forest.

had killed a black panther at this place—more in self- ce than for game, for he was chasing wild cattle that day— eaving the carcass, to return, possibly, by-and-by, for its skin, ed forward on a trail which he expected would lead to the t of his hunt.

came back before night with the trophy of a wild bull hide, assed the lagoon where he had encountered and killed his rous assailant in the morning. Savage cries and sounds of l struggle informed him, before he came to the place, that deadly battle was going on among the beasts of the forest.

soon came in full view of the scene, and a sanguinary one is. Four black panthers were ferociously disputing the ssion of the carcass of the dead panther with two enormous tors. The object of the combatants on both sides appeared the same, viz., *to eat the carcass*: and for this both fought bloody tenacity, tugging at the bone of contention by way of g how much had been gained.

e panthers were superior in numbers, two to one; but the

PANTHERS AND ALLIGATORS.

alligators had much the thicker armour, and could fight with their tails as well as their heads, so that the battle was pretty nearly equal. One of the big reptiles had a panther on his back, plying his flank furiously with his hind claws, and another was holding him by the fore leg with jaws like a tiger. When he succeeded in shaking off his savage assailants, his fore leg was broken, and a slit was made in his side nearly through the flesh into his entrails.

Meantime the other alligator was making frantic efforts to get the third panther into his mouth. He had nearly succeeded, when with a tremendous swing the huge tail of his fellow-saurian knocked out the panther and wedged itself firmly between his jaws. The teeth snapped together like a pair of copper-mill shears, and one of the tail-thrashing combatants was minus his weapon.

The fourth panther, that had been viciously busy with teeth and claws at the eyes and throat of the curtailed reptile, now redoubled his attacks, and with the aid of two others, in front and rear, soon disabled him. The third panther, owing to his entrance and exit through his enemy's jaws, was *hors de combat* with broken back.

The fight was now between a single alligator and the three remaining cat-savages. One of the three, however, was by this time badly damaged. Some terrific stroke or bite had completely scalped him, and the skin hung down the side of his neck, flapping as he fought. Another, apparently, had a rib or two broken, but did not seem to mind it. The odds in the battle were still not so very great.

Only the advantage of celerity was vastly on the side of the panthers; and when the alligator, with much difficulty, succeeded in seizing one of them, he was so slow about crushing his prey, and made so much awkward mouthing of it, that he put himself almost at the mercy of his antagonists.

Still his powerful tail was free, and the cat-like creatures, in springing about to find his vulnerable points, were not so spry but they took some stunning cuffs from this caudal bludgeon. Besides, during all the combat, the amphibians had been working gradually towards the water, and now the survivor was almost at the edge.

Once in the lagoon, and his enemies would be powerless. The panthers seemed to be sensible of this, and by an artful

ST. PATRICK OF IRELAND.

movement both succeeded in getting at his throat while his mouth was full. A few seconds of vigorous tugging and tearing at the tenderer flesh made the alligator's death-wounds, and he lid hopelessly into the water.

"Two panthers survived to claim the victory. But they had carce strength enough left to snuff about the bodies of their lain: Both were much the worse for wear; and the hunter swelled his rifle and easily brought them down with a single shot piece, after which he took off their hides and the hides of their ompanions, and made his way back to his ranch.

In an eventful life of more than ten years subsequently to this a frontier countries, he never saw anything in the shape of a prest or jungle fight that could compare with this combat etween the panthers and alligators.

ST. PATRICK OF IRELAND.

THE gospel was planted in Ireland by a single missionary, self-moved—or rather divinely moved—and self-supported. His historic name is Patrick, and the Roman Catholics (claiming him, without reason, as their own) call him St. Patrick. He was born about the year 410, but the place of his birth is uncertain. His parents were Christian, and instructed him in the gospel. Augustine, bishop of Hippo, in Northern Africa, was his contemporary, but probably never heard the mention of his name. Patrick's first visit to the field of his future mission was in his youth, as a captive of pirates, who carried him and many others away as prisoners. Patrick was sold to a chieftain, who placed him in charge of his cattle. His own statement is, that his heart was turned to the Lord during the hardships of his captivity.

Some years later he was again taken by the pirates, but soon regained his liberty and returned home. His parents urged him to remain with them, but he felt an irresistible call to carry the gospel to those among whom he had passed his youth as a bondsman. "Many opposed my going," he says in his "Confession," "and said, behind my back, 'Why does this man rush into danger among the heathen who do not know the Lord?'" Again he says, "Where did I receive so great and blessed a gift, to know and love God, to leave native land and parents, although

many gifts were offered me with tears if I would remain there! But according to God's guidance I did not yield to them all; not by my own power, but it was God who conquered in me and withstood them all; so that I went to the people of Ireland to publish the gospel to them, and suffered many insults from unbelievers, and many persecutions even unto bonds, resigning my liberty for the good of others." In such a spirit did this apostle to Ireland commence his mission, which he did about the year 440, not far from the time when Britain was finally evacuated by the Romans.

Patrick being acquainted with the language and customs of the Irish people, gathered them about him in large assemblies at the beat of a kettle-drum, and told the story of Christ so as to move their hearts. Having taught them to read, he encouraged the importation of useful books from England and France. He established cloisters after the fashion of the times, which were missionary schools for educating the people in the knowledge of the gospel, and for training a native ministry and missionaries, and he claims to have baptized many thousands of the people.

We cannot forbear also to quote a summary view, by his biographer, of the life and labours of the Irish apostle.

"On the whole, the biographers of St. Patrick, notwithstanding the admixture of much fable, have undoubtedly portrayed in his character the features of a great and judicious missionary. He seems to have made himself 'all things,' in accordance with the apostolic injunction, to the rude and barbarous tribes of Ireland. He dealt tenderly with their usages and prejudices. Although he sometimes felt it necessary to overturn their idols, and on some occasions risked his life, he was guilty of no offensive or unnecessary iconoclasm. A native himself of another country, he adopted the language of the Irish tribes, and conformed to their political institutions. By his judicious management the Christianity which he founded became self-supporting. It was endowed by the chieftains without any foreign aid. It was supplied with prelates [ecclesiastics (?)] by the people themselves; and its fruits were soon seen in that wonderful stream of zealous missionaries, the glory of the Irish church, who went forth in the sixth and seventh centuries to evangelize the barbarians of Central Europe."

Poetry.

THE CATHEDRAL BELLS.

IN the land where blooms the orange, and where the olive grows,
Near where the silvery current of the classic Arno flows,
An artist laboured at his task, with eager brain and eye,
All heedless of the world around, as hour by hour went by.

The bells his pliant hands had shaped, at last, O joy ! are done,
And sweet the sound that floats across to show the triumph won ;
The work has cheered his hand and heart through long and weary years,
But now he holds the victor's crown, and bathes it with his tears.

" My own ! my beautiful ! " he cried, in accents of delight ;
" What is life worth without thy chimes to soothe me day and night ? "
He placed them in a convent near, and there they swung above,
Filling his soul with rapturous joy, nor sought he other love.

No woman's tones could bring to him, though honeyed they might be,
Such pure excess of happiness as their sweet melody.
But soon 'neath Italy's fair skies sounds out war's dread alarms,
And then in place of gentle peals there comes the clash of arms.

His home by strife made desolate, his bells the conqueror's prize,
The artist, broken-hearted, stood, while tears bedimmed his eyes ;—
" You've taken all that made life sweet, " in bitterness he cried ;
" Those bells, those bells were more to me than child, or wife, or bride ! "

Years passed ; on Shannon's placid waves a bark was seen to glide,
The artist, now grown old and gray, sat leaning o'er its side ;
The boatmen plied their oars with haste, urged by that weary man,
Who bade them speed by day and night since first their voyage began.

He raised his eyes in thankfulness, no sound his wan lips stirred,
For now upon the stilly air his own loved chimes are heard.
A steeple in the sunlight's glow he fondly gazed upon,
He crossed his hands upon his breast—his journeyings were done.

Their ringing peal fell on his ear as when he heard them last,
Though many a year of doubt and gloom since then had o'er him passed ;
But when the bark touched Emerald's Isle his gentle heart was cold ;
He had his wish—his own loved bells his requiem had tolled.

Anecdotes and Selections.

GRIEF AND JOY, hope and fear, tears and smiles, pain and pleasure are all twins—children of the same mother—linked together throughout the whole of humanity. No lot, no country, no climate, no condition in life may claim the enjoyment of one without buying companionship of the other. No cloud, however, is without inner light. The blue sky still harbours behind the canopy, ready its sunshine, and keeping the sad soul from being entirely delivered despair. No condition is so lowly as to be without hope; no so poignant and oppressive as not to permit the consolidation of sweet ministers, interposing at the right moment with comfort and perhaps delight. There is no such thing as unmitigated there is no such thing as pleasure and joy without cloud or question. We have only to open our hearts to smile and sunshine turn our backs, or shut our eyes to the angelic visitor, who is sure to stand upon the threshold whenever we deserve, most men are willing to give him a welcome.—*Emerson.*

THE SEA is the largest of all cemeteries, and its slumbers without monuments. All other grave-yards in all other lands some distinction between the great and the small, the rich and poor; but in the ocean cemetery, the king and the clown, the noble and the peasant, are alike distinguished. The same waves roll all—the same requiem by the minstrels of the ocean is sung in honour. Over their remains the same storm beats and the sun shines; and there unmarked, the weak and powerful, the plumed and unhonoured, will sleep on until awakened by the same trumpet.

WIFE ASLEEP.—A minister of the "Kirk" of Scotland once covered his wife asleep in the midst of his homily on the Sabbath. So, pausing in the steady, and perhaps somewhat monotonous, his oratory, he broke forth with this personal address, sharp and but very deliberate:—"Susan!" Susan opened her eyes and twinkling, so did all other dreamers in the house, whether awake! "Susan, I didna marry you for your wealth, sin' ye none. And I didn't marry ye for your beauty, that the hail could see. And if you have no grace, I have made but a bargain!"

IN THE OLDEN TIMES, when pastors "spoke right out in a clergyman in Scituate thus addressed the late Mr. Bryant: "Neighbour Bryant, it is to your reproach that you have disturbed worship by coming late, living as you do within a mile of this and especially so, since here is Goody Barstow, who has milked cows, made a cheese, and walked five miles to the house of good season."

THREE LINKS.—Said William Carter, in his sermon to the outcasts of London:—"Hear what Jesus declares: 'Verily, verily I say unto you, he that heareth my Word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.' Now, my friends, here are three links in the blessed chain of truth: hearing, believing, and having. The devil always tries to cut these links off, and give three links of his own forging, viz., doing, praying, and feeling."

I WOULD NOT give much for your religion unless it can be seen. Lamps do not talk, but they shine. A lighthouse sounds no drum, beats no gong, and yet far over the waters its friendly spark is seen to the mariner. So let your actions shine out your religion. Let the plain sermon of your life be illustrated by your conduct, and it shall not fail to be illustrious.

PRAYER is a religious representing of our will, and pouring out our hearts before God; it is the soul's pulse, and shows the state of the heart; if spiritual life be weak in us, our prayers will be so too. Prayer, in all ordinary cases, and it always ought to be, a calm and peaceful exercise, not an agitating one.

A LITTLE FOUR-YEAR OLD was saying the Lord's Prayer; and after he had finished it, his mother said, "Now, Sandy, ask God to make you a good boy." The child raised his eyes to his mother's face for a few moments, as if in deep thought, and then startled her with the following reply:—"It's no use, ma. He won't do it. I've asked Him a heap of times."

DR. ARNOLD once lost all patience with a dull scholar, when the pupil looked up in his face and said, "Why do you speak so angrily, doctor? Indeed I am doing the best I can." Years after, the doctor used to tell the story to his children, and say, "I never felt so ashamed in my life. That look and that speech I have never forgotten."

IF MEN only thought of their religion as they think of their estates, they would feel the need and value of guaranteed continuity. They would not be rationally and cordially at ease in their own religious professions, without wishing them entailed on posterity.—*Alexander Knox*.

THE CELEBRATED LINNÆUS always testified in his conversations, writings, and actions the greatest sense of God's omnipresence. He was, indeed, so strongly impressed with this idea, that he wrote over the door of his library, "Live innocently; God is present."

THE KNOWLEDGE of external things will never console us for our ignorance of morality in the time of affliction; but the knowledge of morality will always console us under the ignorance of external things. *Pascal*.

The Fireside.

THE WIFE.

ONLY let a woman be sure that she is precious to her husband—not useful, not valuable, not convenient simply, but lovely and beloved; let her be the recipient of his polite and hearty attention; let her feel that her care and love are noticed, appreciated and returned; let her opinion be asked, her approval sought, and her judgment respected in matters of which she is cognizant; in short, let her only be loved, honoured, cherished, in fulfilment of the marriage vow, and she will be to her husband, her children and society, a wellspring of pleasure. She will bear pain, and toil, and anxiety, for her husband's love is to her a tower and fortress. Shielded and sheltered therein, adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy will dull the edge of sorrow. A house with love in it—and by love I mean love expressed in words and looks and deeds (for I have not one spark of faith in love that never crops out)—is to a house without love as a person to a machine; one is life, the other is a mechanism. The unloved woman may have bread just as light, a house just as tidy as the other, but the latter has a spring of beauty about her, a joyousness, an aggressive, penetrating and pervading brightness, to which the former is a stranger. The deep happiness in her heart shines out in her face. It gleams over it. It is fair and graceful, and warm and welcoming with her presence; she is full of devices and plots and sweet surprises for husband and family. She has never done with the romance and poetry of life. She herself is a lyric poem, setting herself to all pure and gracious melodies. Humble household ways and duties have for her a golden significance. The prize makes her calling high, and the end sanctifies the means. "Love is heaven, and heaven is love."

The Penny Post Box.

TACT.

LOVE swings on little hinges. It keeps an active little servant to do a good deal of its fine work. The name of the little servant is tact. Tact is nimble-footed and quick-fingered; tact sees without looking; tact has always a good deal of small change on hand; tact carries no heavy weapons, but can do wonders with a sling and stone; tact never runs its head against a stone wall; tact always spies a sycamore tree up which to climb when things are becoming crowded and unmanageable on the level ground; tact has a cunning way of availing itself of a word, or a smile, or a gracious wave of the hand; tact carries a bunch of curiously fashioned keys which can turn all sorts of locks;

tact plants its monosyllables wisely, for being a monosyllable itself, it arranges its own order with all the familiarity of friendship; tact—sly, versatile, diving, running, flying tact—governs the great world, yet touches the big baby under the impression that it has not been touched at all.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

RAILWAYS IN INDIA.

THE first line was opened in 1853. The number of miles of railway in India is now nearly four thousand.

The railways are in the hands of eleven companies, viz., East Indian, with over thirteen hundred miles of rail; the Great Indian Peninsula, with over eight hundred; the Madras, with over six hundred; the Bombay, Baroda, and Central India, with three hundred; the Scinde, with one hundred; the Punjaub, with over two hundred; the Delhi, with fifty-four; the Eastern Bengal, with one hundred and fourteen; the Great Southern of India, with one hundred and sixty-eight; the Calcutta and South Eastern, with twenty-nine; and the Oude and Rohilkund, with forty-two miles.

Nearly eighty millions have been spent in these railways.

About forty thousand persons are employed on them, and of this number a little over three thousand are Europeans and East Indians.

Hints.

THE end of wrath is the beginning of repentance.

Piety, prudence, wit, and civility, are the elements of true nobility.

A hundred years of wrong do not make an hour of right.

Truth may be suppressed but not strangled.

He who blackens others does not whiten himself.

More men are drowned in the bowl than in the sea.

Better free in a foreign land than a serf at home.

He who avoids small sins does not fall into large ones.

Gems.

A good conscience is the palace of Christ, the temple of the Holy Ghost, the paradise of delight, and the standing Sabbath of the saints.

Sickness should teach us what a vain thing the world is, what a vile thing sin is, what a poor thing man is, what a precious thing an interest in Christ is.

Many evils afflict men, but the largest of these are purely imaginery.

The iniquity of the father never stops with himself. Its course flows through many generations.

If we are really conscious of our unworthiness, we shall not be grieved that others do not see our worth.

When wisdom stands at the helm, zeal may fill the sails.

God is angry with the wicked just as a loving father is angry with his naughty children. He loves them none the less for his anger. He is angry partly because he loves them. He is ready to forgive.

Poetic Selections.

HOMILY OF THE TREES.

THE following lines were suggested by the solemn beauty of the trees in a southern forest, when covered with their long, pendant masses of Spanish moss.

THE trees like tall, cowed friars stand,
With pleading hands upraised in prayer,
As if they bore, in masses grand,
The swaying incense of the air.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

And from their summits songs of birds
In thrilling matin chorus rise,
Like music to the glowing words
Of *Gloria Patri* in the skies.

While swinging softly in the air,
The weird, gray moss luxuriant clings
To trunk and bough in network rare,
And wide its trailing banner flings.

Thus do our souls' ideals stand,
With all high aspirations fraught,
In growth of generous feelings grand,
In all the glory of our thought.

And winged fancies oft untold,
And singing, go beyond our reach,
For we can frame no words of gold,
In which to coin the angels' speech.

But dull, dark cares, and clinging fears,
Come creeping o'er us day by day,
And footprints of the weary years
We trace along a shadowy way.

O stately trees, that tower so high,
While close each twining fetter clings,
Ye teach a sweet, grave homily,
For ye are types of holier things!

Like Druids of a kingly line,
Ye stand unmoved while winter grieves,
Until your heads transfigured shine,
All tremulous with summer leaves.

So may we stand, when storms are loud,
With glance uplifted to the sky;
For oft the angel of the cloud
Breathes benedictions, passing by.

And if the good we strive to know
Flows out in deeds that may not cease,
Then will our lives in beauty glow,
Transfigured in the beams of peace.

OUR BEST FRIEND.

(The authorship of the following beautiful hymn of trust is unknown. It was found treasured up in a humble cottage in England.)

In the mid silence of the voiceless night
When, chased by airy dreams, the slumber
flee,
Whom, in the darkness, doth my spirit seek,
O God, but Thee?

And if there be a weight upon my breast,
Some vague impression of the day foregone,
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to Thee
And lay it down.

Or if it be the heaviest that comes,
In token of anticipated ill,
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
Since 'tis Thy will.

For O! in spite of past and present care,
Or anything besides, how joyfully
Passes that almost solitary hour,
My God, with Thee.

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the stillness of that
hour,
More blest than anything, my bosom lies
Beneath Thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire,
Of all that it can give or take from me?
Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,
O God, but Thee?

The Children's Corner.

DON'T BE ASHAMED.

Don't be ashamed, my lad, if you have a patch on your elbow. It is no mark of disgrace. It speaks well of your industrious mother. For our part, we would rather see a dozen patches on your jacket, than hear one profane or vulgar word escape from your lips. No good boy will shun you because you cannot dress as well as your companions; and, if a bad boy laughs at your appearance, say nothing, my lad, but walk on. We know many a rich and good man who was once as poor as you. There is our near neighbour, in particular, now one of our wealthy men, who told us a short time since, that, when a child, he was glad to receive cold food from his neighbour's table. Be good, my boy; and, if you are poor, you will be respected a great deal more than if you were the son of a rich man and addicted to bad habits.

THE UNEXPECTED SON.

ONE summer afternoon Mr. Malcolm Anderson arrived with his family at his native town. Putting up at the little inn, he proceeded to dress himself in a suit of sailor-clothes, and then walked out alone. By a by-path he well knew, and then through a shady lane dear to his young hazel-nutting days, all strangely unchanged, he approached his mother's cottage. He stopped for a few moments on the lawn outside to curb down the heart that was bounding to meet that mother, and to clear his eyes of a sudden mist of happy tears. Through the open window he caught a glimpse of her, sitting alone at her spinning wheel, as in the old time. But, alas, how changed! Bowed was the dear form once so erect, and silvered the locks once so brown, and dimmed the eyes once so full of tender brightness, like dew-stained violets. But the voice, with which she was crooning softly to herself, was still sweet, and there was on her cheek the same lovely peach-bloom of twenty years ago.

At length he knocked, and the dear remembered voice called to him in the simple, old-fashioned way—"Coom ben!" (Come in). The widow rose at sight of a stranger, and courteously offered him a chair. Thanking her in an assumed voice, somewhat gruff, he sank down as though wearied, saying that he was a way-farer, stranger to the country, and asking the way to the next town. The twilight favoured him in his little *ruse*; he saw that she did not recognize him, even as one she had ever seen. But after giving him the information he desired, she asked him if he was a Scotchman by birth. "Yes, madam," he replied; "but I have been away in foreign parts many years. I doubt if my own mother would know me now, though she was very fond of me before I went to sea."

"Ah, mon! it's little ye ken about mithers gin ye think sae. I can tell ye there is na mortal memory like theirs," the widow somewhat warmly replied; then added, "And where hae ye been for sae lang a time, that ye hae lost a' the Scotch fra your speech?"

"In India—in Calcutta, madam."

"Ah, then, its likely ye ken something o' my son, Mr. Malcolm Anderson?"

"Anderson?" repeated the visitor, as though striving to remember. "There be many of that name in Calcutta; but is

your son a rich merchant, and a man about my age and sta, with something such a figure-head?"

"My son is a rich merchant," replied the widow proudly, "but he is younger than you by mony a long year, and begging your pardon, sir, far bonnier. He is tall and straight, wi' hands and feet like a lassie's; he had brown, curling hair, sae thick and glossy! and cheeks like the rose, and a brow like the snaw, and the blue een, wi' a glint in them, like the light of the evening star. Na, na, ye are no like my Malcolm, though ye are a guid enough body, I dinna doubt, and a decent woman's son."

Here the masquerading merchant, considerably taken down, made a movement as though to leave; but the hospitable dame stayed him, saying, "Gin ye hae travelled a' the way fra India, ye maun be tired and hungry. Bide a bit, and eat and drink wi' us. Margery! come down, and let us set on the supper!"

The two women soon provided quite a tempting repast, and they all three sat down to it, Mrs. Anderson reverently asking blessing. But the merchant could not eat. He was only hungry for his mother's kisses—only thirsty for her joyful recognition; yet he could not bring himself to say to her—"I am your son." He asked himself, half grieved, half amused, "Where are the unerring natural instincts I have read about in poetry and novels?"

His hostess, seeing he did not eat, kindly asked if he could suggest anything he would be likely to relish. "I thank you, madam," he answered, "it does seem to me that I should like some oatmeal porridge, such as my mother used to make, if ye be you have any."

"Porridge?" repeated the widow. "Ah, ye mean parritch. Yes, we hae a little left frae our dinner. Gie it him, Margery. But, non, it is cauld."

"Never mind; I know I shall like it," he rejoined, taking the bowl and beginning to stir the porridge with the spoon. As he did so, Mrs. Anderson gave a slight start and bent eagerly toward him. Then she sank back in her chair with a sigh, saying, in answer to his questioning look—"Ye minded me o' my Malcolm, then—just in that way he used to stir his parritch, gieing it a whirl and a flirt. Ah! gin' ye were my Malcolm, my poor laddie!"

"Weel, then, gin I were your Malcom," said the merchant, speaking for the first time in the Scottish dialect and in his own voice; "or gin your braw young Malcom were as brown, and bald, and gray, and bent, and old as I am, could you welcome him to

your arms, and love him as in the dear auld lang syne? Could you, mither?"

All through this touching little speech the widow's eyes had been glistening, and her breath came fast; but at that word, "mither," she sprang up with a glad cry, and tottering to her son, fell almost fainting on his breast. He kissed her again and again; kissed her brow, and her lips, and her hands, while the big tears slid down his bronzed cheeks; while she clung about his neck and called him by all the dear, old, pet names, and tried to see in him all the dear, old, young looks. By-and-by they came back. The form in her embrace grew comlier; love and joy gave to it a second youth, stately and gracious; the first she then and there buried deep in her heart; a sweet, beautiful, peculiar memory. It was a moment of solemn renunciation, in which she gave up the fond maternal illusion she had cherished so long. Then looking up steadily into the face of the middle-aged man who had taken its place, she asked, "Where hae ye left the wife and bairns?"

"At the inn, mother. Have you room for us all at the cottage?"

"Indeed I have—two good spare rooms wi' large closets, weel stocked wi' linen I hae been spinning or weaving a' these lang years for ye baith, and the weans."

"Well, mother dear, now you must rest," rejoined the merchant tenderly.

"Na, na, I dinna care to rest till ye lay me down to tak' my lang rest. There'll be time enough between that day and the resurrection to fauld my hands in idleness. Now 'twould be unco irksome. But go, my son, and bring me the wife; I hope I shall like her; and the bairns, I hope they will like me."

I have only to say that both the good woman's hopes were realized. A very happy family knelt down in prayer that night and many nights after, in the widow's cottage, whose climbing roses and woodbines were but outward signs and types of the sweetness and blessedness of the love and peace within.

Poetry.

THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

THERE are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but has its morn.

Have faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love. Not love alone for one,
But man, as man thy brothers call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus 'grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, Faith, and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges roughest roll,
Light when thou else wast blind.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE WRONG SIGNAL.

"WHAT has happened?" said Mr. Hamilton to his son, who entered the room in haste, and with the air of one who has some interesting news to communicate.

"A goods train has run off the line, and killed a man," said John.

"How did that happen," said Mr. Hamilton.

"The watchman gave the wrong signal. The engineer said he had given the right signal, the accident would not have occurred. Making a wrong signal cost a man his life. There is another in which wrong signals sometimes occasion the loss of life—spiritual. The preacher who fails to declare the way of salvation, it is laid down in God's word, who teaches that all men shall be

who teaches that men may secure salvation by their own work, gives the wrong signal. In consequence, men take the wrong track, and go on to perdition.

The private Christian, whose reputable standing in the church and society gives influence to his example, pursues a course of conduct utterly inconsistent with the injunction, "Be not conformed to this world." The young Christian is led to practice a similar course; by degrees he loses his spirituality, and becomes one of those who have a name to live, but are dead. The holding out of the wrong signal led to the disaster.

A professing Christian exposes himself to resist the temptation, and escapes unharmed. One of less power is led to follow his example, and falls into sin. To him his predecessor had given the signal that there was no danger there. He gave the wrong signal.

We are constantly giving signals to our fellow men—signals which will direct their journey to eternity. How careful should we be at all times to avoid giving the wrong signal.

THE CROOKED STICK.—James Therrall, an old carpenter on Salisbury plain, said to a young Christian who complained that she was unworthy to serve the Lord—"I used to think as you do, but the Lord taught me otherwise by a crooked stick. One day my son went to a sale of timber, and in the lot he bought was a piece so twisted and bent that I said sharply, 'It will be of no use.' 'Wait a bit—don't fret; let us keep a look out, father,' said the lad; 'there is a place somewhere for it.' And so it proved; for soon after, when I was building a house, there was a corner to turn in, and not a stick in the yard would fit it. I thought of the crooked one, and fetched it. It seemed as if the tree had grown aside for that purpose. 'There,' said 'there is a place for the crooked stick, after all; then there's a place for poor James Therrall! Dear Lord, show him the place in which he may fit in the building of the heavenly temple.' That very day, poor and unlearned as I was, there was a work for me. And so there is a work for you to do, and nobody else can do it."

JESUS WILL CARRY ME.—In a Christian family near Amoy, China, a little boy, the youngest of three children, on asking his father to allow him to be baptized, was told that he was too young; that he might fall back if he made a profession when he was a little boy. To this he made the touching reply—"Jesus has promised to carry the lambs in His arms. As I am only a little boy, it will be easier for Jesus to carry me." This logic of the heart was too much for the father. He took him with him, and the dear one was, ere long, baptized. The whole family, of which this child is the youngest member—the father, mother, and three sons—are all members of the Mission Church at Amoy.

The Fireside.

TELL YOUR WIFE.

If you are in trouble or a quandary tell your wife—that is if you have one—all about it at once. Ten to one her invention will solve your difficulty sooner than all your logic. The wit of woman has been praised, but her instincts are quicker and keener than her reason. Counsel with your wife or your mother, or sister, and be assured light will flash upon your darkness.

Women are too commonly adjudged as verdant in all but purely womanish affairs. No philosophical student of the sex thus judges them. Their intuitions, or insights, are the most subtle, and if they cannot see a cat in the meal, there is no cat there. In counselling a man to tell his trouble to his wife, we would go farther, and advise him to keep none of his affairs secret from her. Many a home has been happily saved, and many a fortune retrieved, by man's full confidence in his "better half."

Woman is far more a seer and a prophet than man, if she be a fair choice. As a general rule, wives confide the minutest of their plans and thoughts to their husbands, having no schemes to screen from them. Why not reciprocate, if but for the pleasure of meeting confidence with confidence?

We are certain that no man succeeds so well in the world as he who, taking a partner for life, makes her the partner of all his purposes and hopes. What is wrong of his impulse or judgment, she will check and set right with her almost universally right instincts. "Helpmeet" was no insignificant title, as applied to man's companion. She is a meet help to him in every darkness, difficulty, and sorrow of life. And what she most craves, and most deserves, is confidence—without which love is never free from shadows.

The Penny Post Box.

DEAD MEN.

"HAVE you ever read the 'Ancient Mariner?'" the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon one day asked his congregation. "I dare say you thought it one of the strangest imaginations ever put together, especially that part where the old mariner represents the corpses of all the dead men rising up to man the ship—dead men pulling the rope, dead men steering, dead men spreading sails, I thought what a strange idea that was."

ut do you know that I have lived to see that time? I have gone
to churches, and I have seen a dead man in the pulpit, a dead man
a deacon, and a dead man handling the plate, and dead men sitting
to hear."

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

Not less than three hundred thousand copies of the Scriptures have been circulated in the Turkish empire.

The Central Pacific Railway is finished to the Reese river valley, five hundred miles east of San Francisco.

Over eighteen hundred persons died last year at Madras from bites of serpents.

California has raised this year twenty million bushels of wheat, half as much barley, and great quantities of oats and hay.

A new Atlantic Cable is about to be laid by the French.

A company has been formed in New York for making a canal across the Isthmus of Darien.

Hints.

A dungeon with Christ is better than a palace without Him.

Never purchase what you do not need because it is cheap.

Wisdom may hide itself, but folly cannot.

People who tattle to you about theirs, will tattle to others about you.

If you cannot keep good company, do not keep any.

Learning will soon increase, if you add a grain a day.

Idleness is the soul's canker and the devil's cushion.

Occupation is the soul's armour: the ruin of most men dates from a scant hour.

Gems.

Lot's wife looked back, and God never gave her heart to look forward again.

God will accept your first attempts to serve Him, not as perfect work, but as a beginning.

The words of the angry are like sparks of fire; they ignite all combustible things near them.

No person can be so feeble or so poor that he has no duty to perform.

Ever be frank and true, and scorn trick and disguise. Truth is strong—and trickery is weak—in the long run.

Christ's love is the church's fire: it thaws men when they are frozen, and quickens them when they are dilatory and idle.

Theology without religion is like a skeleton without life.

Poetic Selections.

GOD AND THE SOUL.

THE soul wherein God dwells—
What church can holier be?—
Becomes a walking tent
Of heavenly majesty.

How far from here to heaven?
Not very far, my friend;
A single hearty step
Will all thy journey end.

Though Christ a thousand times
In Bethlehem be born,
If He's not born in thee,
Thy soul is still forlorn.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

The cross on Golgotha
Will never save thy soul;
The cross in thine own heart
Alone can make thee whole.

Hold there! where runnest thou?
Know heaven is in thee;
Seekest thou for God elsewhere,
His face thou'lt never see.

Ah! would thy heart but be
A manger for thy birth,
God would once more become
A child upon this earth.

I don't believe in death;
If hour by hour I die,
'Tis hour by hour to gain
A better life thereby.

Go out, God will go in;
Die thou, and let Him
Be not, and He will be;
Wait, and He'll all thin

Oh, shame! A silkworm
And spins till it can fly
And thou, my soul, wait
On thine old earth clo
—*Ange*

The Children's Corner.

MABEL'S CURE.

"The world is even as we take it,
And life, dear child, is what we make it."
Thus spoke a grandame, bent with care,
To little Mabel, flushed and fair.
But Mabel took no heed that day
Of what she heard her grandame say.
Years after, when, no more a child,
Her path in life seemed dark and wild,
Back to her heart the memory came
Of that quaint utterance of the dame;
"The world, dear child, is as we take it,
And life, be sure, is what we make it."
She cleared her brow; and, smiling, thought,
" 'Tis even as the good soul taught!
And half my woes thus quickly cured,
The other half may be endured."
No more her heart its shadow wore;
She grew a little child once more.
A little child in love and trust,
She took the world—as we, too, must—
In happy mood; and lo! it grew
Brighter and brighter to her view.
She made of life—as we, too, should—
A joy; and lo! all things were good
And fair to her, as in God's sight,
When first he said, "Let there be light."

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EARTHQUAKES AND TIDAL WAVES.

More and fuller details are every day increasing the interest with which scientific observers regard the recent earthquakes and tidal disturbances, and confirming our first impression that these convulsions of nature would prove to be among the most remarkable and extensive of which there is any written record. They have been experienced at short intervals during the last three months, and there is no reason to suppose that we have yet felt the last of them, the latest having been recorded only a few weeks ago. The shocks have followed no particular direction, and been confined to no particular quarter of the earth. Beginning in the middle of the Pacific ocean, they seem to have affected all its eastern shores, its southern and western islands, and then, skipping the whole width of the North American Continent and the Atlantic Ocean, have broken out in Ireland. We may yet learn that the remotest countries of Asia have likewise been shaken. The first of these is a series of convulsions, so far as our intelligence extends, occurred in the Sandwich Islands, eleven days before the terrible earthquake in Peru. Violent shocks were felt in different parts of the island from the 2nd to the 9th of August, accompanied with heavy rains of thunder and lightning. The western coast of South America was devastated by awful earthquakes from the 13th to the 16th of August; and at the same time the shocks were felt in the Sandwich Islands, though less severely than before. On the 17th there were shocks in New Zealand. About the middle of September shocks were felt by vessels in the Eastern Pacific. On or about the first of October they were experienced in the Sandwich Islands. In California they were felt from the 21st to the 25th, with considerable severity, and were repeated daily up to the 6th of November. On the 23rd of October there were earthquakes in Ireland. On the 4th of November there was one at Vancouver Island.

The tidal waves which have accompanied all the most serious of these convulsions are peculiarly interesting subjects of study. It has been remarked, as an evidence of the rapidity with which they travel, that they reached the California coast as early as the morning of the 14th of August, having moved over four thousand miles in little over fourteen hours; but it now appears that their speed was even greater than this, for they were felt in the Sandwich Islands, nearly an equal distance, on the evening of the 13th,

THEORY OF EARTHQUAKES.

only *four* hours after the earthquake in Peru, lasting through the night, and obtaining their greatest force the next morning, almost simultaneously with their appearance on the opposite California coast. This would give them a velocity of about a thousand miles an hour. They seem, however, not to have been driven in more than one direction at a time. The Sandwich Islands lie northwest of the place of disturbance in Peru. Toward the west and southwest, we have no record of tidal phenomena earlier than the 15th of August, when the waters of Japan and Australia were simultaneously agitated in the same manner. These waves may have been either propagated by fresh convulsions on the South American coast, or revulsions from the disturbances at the Sandwich Islands. We have no sufficient data as yet for determining in what direction the waves travelled, or what was their size or velocity. We trust that the attention of competent observers may have been drawn to these points; for by means of them it would be possible to determine the depth of the Pacific Ocean, the size and velocity of waves bearing, as is well known, a fixed ratio to the depth of the water.

A great tidal wave fell upon Hawaii, one of the Sandwich Islands, on the 15th of October, destroying a great many houses and other property. Accepting the generally received theory that these phenomena are caused by earthquakes, we may expect intelligence of another great calamity about that date in some country bordering on the Pacific from which we have yet received no advices. But the disturbance may have arisen in the bed of the ocean, in which case, unless a stray sailing vessel chanced to be within reach of it, no account of the phenomenon may ever come to us.

THEORY OF EARTHQUAKES.

W. H. CHANEY, of New York, contributes his theory of earthquakes. He says:—"As the planets revolve about the sun in different periods, ranging from three months to one hundred and sixty-four years, it is evident that they will occasionally all be in the same quarter of the zodiac at the same time. Whenever this event occurs it is equally evident that their attraction will all be exerted upon that side of our earth presented to them. But as the earth revolves upon its axis, the side presented to the planets will be constantly changing. Now, let us examine the nature and result of the forces thus called into action. By their attraction the

A LEPER VILLAGE.

planets seem trying to pull the earth out of her orbit and make her poise upon her axis. But they cannot overcome the forces which propel the earth in her orbit and upon her axis. Nevertheless, it is plain that these opposing forces cause a strain upon the earth's crust, liable to fracture it. If fractured, a seam will open. If this seam is in the vicinity of water, then water will rush to the great central urn of fire beneath. Instantly converted into steam, the water expands 1,800 times its bulk. As there is not sufficient space to indulge this expansion, the steam seeks to make space by an upheaval of the crust. The bursting of a steam boiler capable of driving a 100,000 horse power engine would compare with this sublime convulsion of nature about as much as the breath of a lady's fan with a tornado. The great ocean of fire becomes agitated, sending its tidal wave from continent to continent. The briny deep receives the shock, and a tidal wave of water responds to tidal wave of fire.'

A LEPER VILLAGE.

It seems that in all parts of the East is found that loathsome and incurable disease, leprosy—incurable by any agencies which have yet been discovered by human skill, and hence, doubtless, so frequently selected by our Lord as the disease, the curing of which should incontestably declare the supernatural power which He exercised. A writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* thus describes a visit to a Chinese leper village near Canton:—

"It is situated about two miles and a half from the suburbs of Canton, on a slight eminence, in the midst of cultivated fields, and accommodates between four and five hundred lepers with their children born in the asylum. All persons recognized or declared by the authorities to be lepers are sent to these asylums, of which there are three in the neighbourhood of Canton. Neither husband, wife, nor child, are allowed to accompany the leper to the asylum; but they are allowed to choose conjugal mates from the inmates of the same. The children born from these unions remain in the village. I saw of them a great number, varying from the age of infancy to twenty-five years, and, in fact, judging from the great number of sound people in the establishment, the offspring would seem as numerous as the legitimate occupants of the place. Only one leper admitted that he was the son of another leper then in the place. As a rule, they try to conceal their descent from diseased parents. The village itself forms a rectangle, surrounded by

A WHALE HUNT.

a brick wall twelve feet high, with a gate which is closed every night. The following description may give you an idea of its inner arrangement—A street about fourteen feet wide (wider than any street in Canton) leads from the gate straight up to the temple, or joss-house. From this street branch out at right angles on each side about fourteen narrow lanes, three feet and a half wide, each two separated by one single low building partitioned again by a wall along its whole length, and cross ways by twelve to fourteen cross-walls, so as to form twenty-four narrow apartments. In these small holes that whole mass of population is stowed away every night. Of course I cannot speak with praise of its state of cleanliness—quite the reverse.

During the day the gates are open and the lepers roam about at liberty, to beg through the streets of Canton. They receive, besides a small daily allowance from the government and the monopoly of the trade of coir-rope making, by which they earn something in addition. The lepers leave the village in the day-time at pleasure, and their friends enter as freely to visit them, circumstances which go far to demonstrate the popular opinion that the contagion is not volatile or diffusible, or that it requires prolonged actual contact to communicate itself from one person to another. We had taken the precautionary measure to send a message to the village on the previous day that we were coming to distribute alms among them. In consequence of this, the greater portion of the lepers remained at home that day, and I had a fine opportunity of examining a great number. As a result of this investigation of cases, Dr. Hillebrand satisfies himself that there is in Chinese leprosy three distinct varieties—the tubercular form, the erysipelatous, and the simply paretic or paralytic. The latter form is often accompanied with inveterate psoriasis. He had frequently seen this type of disease in the Hawaiian islands, but he had not previously recognized it as leprosy."

A WHALE HUNT.

A LINE of boats, crescent-shaped, in order to inclose the shoal, was now little more than a quarter of a mile distant from the beach. The bottle-nosed or calling whales, showing their smooth or dorsal fins at intervals, seemed to advance slowly, throwing out skirmishers and cautiously feeling their way. As the beach was smooth and sandy with a gentle slope, the boatmen in pursuit were

A WHALE HUNT.

endeavouring to drive the shoal into the shallows, where harpoons, oars, hayforks, and other weapons, could be used with advantage against the floundering foe. The excitement of the spectators on land increased as the long line of the sea monsters, steadily advancing, drew closer inshore. From the boats following close behind them came wafted over the water the sound of beating pitchers and rattling rowlocks, and the hoarse chorus of shouting voices that swelled into the prolonged "O—O—O" familiar in popular sea songs. This Babel of noises, which the water melted into a wild war-chant, with cymbal accompaniment, was meant to scare the shoal and hasten the stranding of the whales. But an incident occurred that changed the promising aspect of affairs, turned the tide of battle, and gave new splendour and new animation to the scene. Eager to participate in the expected slaughter, two or three farm lads, whose movements had escaped notice, suddenly shot off from the shore in a skiff, rowing right in front of the advancing line. The glitter and splash of oars alarmed the leaders, and the entire shoal, seized with a sudden panic, wheeled simultaneously round with a rapid rush, and dashed at headlong speed into the line of pursuing boats. A shout arose from the shore as the momentary flash of fin-tails, the heaving of the boats, and the rapid strokes of the boatmen showed all too plainly the escape of the whales and the success of the victorious charge. Away beyond the broken line of the fleet they plunged in wild stampede. The boats pursued the shoal, and succeeded in enclosing a portion of them in a beautiful and secluded bay, and by dint of shouting and other noises they drove the whales into the shallows, where they lay, helpless, floundering victims. Fast and furious the boatmen struck and stabbed to right and left, while the people on the shore, forming an auxiliary force, dashed down to assist in the massacre, wielding all sorts of weapons from roasting spits to forks. The poor wounded monsters lashed about with their tails, imperilling life and limb, and the ruddy hue of the water along the stretch of shore soon indicated the extent of the carnage. The whales that had received their death stroke emitted shrill cries, accompanied with a strange snorting and humming noise, which has not inaptly been compared to the distant sound of military drums, pierced by the sharp piping of pipes. Some of the larger whales displayed great tenacity of life, and survived repeated strokes and stabs; but the unequal conflict closed at last, and no fewer than a hundred and seventy carcasses were dragged up the beach.

Poetry.

THE INNER SHRINE.

"Tis said that in that land which lies
 Beyond our mortal sight,—
 The land where holy spirits dwell,
 And bask in God's own light,—
 There are degrees of happiness
 Apportioned to the throng
 Who circle round the heavenly throne,
 And sing the heavenly song :—
 That those who here on earth below
 Most grovelled 'mid their cares,
 And suffered this world's vanities
 To hold them in its snares, [love
 In whose cold hearts God's precious
 Burned with but feeble glow,—
 Their joy in heaven is faint compared
 With joys that seraphs know.
 They walk within the outer ranks
 Of the redeemed host,
 They see the glory of the Father,
 The Son, and Holy Ghost ;—
 Their hearts toward their Saviour King
 Some gratitude upraise,
 But from their lyres come not the notes
 Of loud, exultant praise.
 Because their love on earth was cold,—
 Their hearts afar from Him,—
 Their faith but faltering and weak,—
 Their spirits' vision dim.
 No close warm contact with the cross
 Thrilled all their souls with love,
 And made them thirst to drink their fill
 Of heavenly joys above.
 They were content with little here ;
 Their joys were small and few ;
 Of Christ and His redeeming blood
 They had no blessed view.
 They sat among God's chosen ones,
 They feared their Maker's frown,
 But Oh ! they bore no bleeding cross,
 They wear no sparkling crown.
 The thrilling strains of those who bore
 Earth's fierce baptism of fire,
 They may not strike, or know the joys
 Of those who " come up higher ;"—
 Of those whose one unceasing prayer,
 Through all their earthly stay,
 Was, "*Nearer, O my God, to Thee,
 To-day than yesterday !*"
 And, " Oh, my Father ! let me count
 All earthly joys as vain,
 If to that rest prepared above
 I may at last attain. [praise
 Grant that my powers to sing Thy
 May equal my desires ;
 That I may walk with those who strike
 The loud-resounding lyres !"
 Oh ! happy are the souls that thus
 Ask God their hearts to fill
 With His rich grace, and humbly seek
 On earth to do His will ; [above,
 Whose hopes are fixed on heaven
 Whose hearts are filled with peace,
 Who patiently await the hour
 When earthly ills shall cease :—
 Who turn their feet from all the paths
 Which sin once brought to view,
 And set their faces Zionward,
 With purpose firm and true ;
 Resolving through the cleansing blood
 Of Christ, who died for them,
 To serve Him here, and gain at last
 The New Jerusalem !
 Now, Oh, my God ! may I be one
 Of that blest number there,
 Who shall be near Thy shining throne,
 And highest praises share.
 Oh ! let me live alone for Thee,—
 Fill me with Thy pure love ;
 Oh ! fit me for the loftiest strain
 Of holy praise above.
 May there to my poor feeble tongue
 Exhaustless powers be given,
 With which through never-ending years
 To sing the songs of heaven :
 To see my Saviour face to face,
 Oh ! may that joy be mine,
 For ever to adore and love
 Within the Inner Shrine !

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE ONLY LIGHT AT DEATH.

LIFE'S last hours are grand testing hours; death tries all principles, and lays bare all the foundation. Many have acted the hypocrite in life who were forced to be honest in the hour of death. Misgivings of heart, that we have kept secret through life, have come out in death; and many also who seem all right and fair for heaven, have had to declare that they have been self-deceived. A gentleman of renown was on his dying bed, when a friend at hand spoke of the Saviour.

"As to the Bible," he replied, "it may be true; I don't know."

"What, then, are your prospects?" he was asked.

He replied in whispers, which indeed were thunders:

"Dark—very dark!"

"But have you no light from the Sun of Righteousness?—have you done justice to the Bible?"

"Perhaps not," he replied; "but it is now too late—too late!"

A mother who had laughed at and ridiculed religion and religious people, was seen restless and miserable on her death bed. She desired that her children should be called. They came. In impassioned accents she addressed them—

"My children, I have been leading you in the wrong road all your life. I now find the broad road ends in destruction. I did not believe it before. O! seek to serve God, and try to find the gate of heaven, though you may not see your mother there."

Her lips were closed for ever, and her spirit departed to its account, while the household looked on terror-struck.

Father! mother! would you die thus? O no! Then point to heaven and lead the way.

THOUGHTS OF GOD.—Suppose two persons equally desirous to gain your affections, one far distant, and not expecting to see you for a long time, the other always present with you, and at liberty to use all means to win your love, able to flatter and gratify you in a thousand ways. Still you prefer the absent one; and that you may keep him in remembrance, you often retire by yourself to think of his love to you, and view again and again the mementoes of his affection, to read his letters, and pour out your heart in return. Such is now your case; the world is always before you, to flatter, promise, and please. But if you really prefer to love God, you will fix your thoughts on Him, often retire for meditation and prayer, and recount the pleasant gifts of His providence, and especially His infinite mercy to your soul; you will read frequently His holy word, which is the letter He has sent you as *really as if it were directed to you by name.*—Payson.

ANECDOTES AND SELECTIONS.

MORAL DRY ROT.—Multitudes of men dally with little sins while keeping a good reputation, and the world wonders at the crash which they fall when some great temptation suddenly ruins them. How many more might fall who are spared the one overpowering temptation!—In some harbours it is found that after a time the largest timbers are bored by a little insect, who has pierced the stout oak by a thread of fire, so that it breaks under its own weight, and crumbles into dust. So there are men who seem made of the strongest stuff, strong enough to bear any weight put upon them, but who in time get completely riddled through with sins, and fall at last by the sheer force of moral gravitation. It is sad to see a ship destroyed by madrigons. How much sadder to see a man chewed up with petty vanities and vices until he crumbles as from dry rot. Many a man would valiantly resist a great temptation, and plant his foot upon a visible wickedness, who heeds not the little peccadilloes and invisible shapes of evil which steal upon him unawares, and completely honey-comb his heart before he is aware of their fatal gnawing.

THE BEGGAR AND HIS DOG.—A beggar who was in the habit of sitting on one of the London bridges, accompanied by a dog with a placard inscribed "Blind" attached to his neck, was fortunate enough to awaken the charitable sympathies of a gentleman, who, every morning when he passed the mendicant, dropped a penny into his hat. One day the usual donation was omitted, and the supposed blind man ran after his benefactor as fast as his crutches would permit, and boldly asked why the usual penny had not been forthcoming. "Why, I thought you were blind!" exclaimed the man of charity, amazed. "No, sir, it is not I," replied the beggar; "it is the dog."

LEIGHTON'S SAYING.—There are but ten precepts in the law of God, says Leighton, and two of them are bestowed on the tongue—one in the first table and the other in the second—as showing it is ready, if not bridled, to fly out against both God and man.

The Fireside.

HELPING CHILDREN TO LIE.

THAT lying is bound up in the hearts of children it would not become me to deny. But certainly it is often untied. Indeed there are few children who will not tell lies—the testimony of their parents to the contrary notwithstanding. But of two facts I am reasonably sure. First, that children's falsehoods are often as much the parent's fault as their own; and secondly, that children do not lie as much as grown up people do, and seem to do so only from want of skill and practice. Lies are instruments of attack or defence, and so may be classed as either

sive or defensive. Children's lies are almost always defensive, and for the most part are employed in defending themselves against parents, nurses, elder brothers and sisters, and schoolmasters. Being weak and helpless, concealment is in their case, as in the animal kingdom, almost the only means of defence. Children's lies are in multitudes of instances mere attempts to hide themselves from sharp censure or sharper whipping.

Take a case from life. Master Henry is sent to mill one day in winter, but with strict injunctions not to stop and skate. But the pond is so inviting, the boys are so merry, they so persuasively coax him, that it is not in his social little heart to refuse. Of course he skates longer than he intended. On reaching home he is questioned:—

"Why have you been so long, Harry?"

"O, the grist was not ground, and I had to wait."

"Did you go on the pond?"

"No, sir, I didn't."

Here is a pretty tangle of lies! The old gentleman runs his hand into the bag, and finds the meal stone cold. He rides over to the mill to inquire about matters, and finds that the grist was ground the day before; he rides home and calls up the urchin, who knows that a grist now is to be ground that will be hot enough. Here is disobedience first; then a lie; and next, upon cross-questioning, a second lie, explanatory and defensorial of the first. Of course punishment was earned and deserved. But the boy did not lie because he liked to, or because he was indifferent to the truth. He was suborned by fear. He shrank from punishment, and tried to hide behind a lie. The refuge proved treacherous, as it ought to have done.

But, now, is there no lesson to parents in this thing? Shall they hastily place their children between such unequal motives as conscience and fear? The lower instincts in children are relatively far stronger than moral sentiment. Conscience is weak and unpractised, while fear is powerful, and, at times, literally irresistible. The fear of pain, the fear of shame, the fear of ridicule, drive children into falsehood. Those who govern them might at least remember how it was in their own cases, and so manage as to help conscience against fear, rather than by threats and sternness make the temptation irresistible.

Children are very delicate instruments. Their minds are undeveloped, ungoverned, and acutely sensitive. Men play upon them as if they were tough as drums, and, like drums, they were made for beating. They are to be helped more than blamed. One in sympathy with their little souls will lead them along safely amid the temptations to falsehood, where a rude and impetuous nature will plunge them headlong into wrong. The one element of real manhood, above all others, is truth. A child should not be left to learn how to be true, how to resist temptations, how to give judgment in favour of right and virtue. Here is the very place where help is needed—patience, sympathy, counsel, encouragement. Instead of these, the one motive, too often, is the whip!—*Beecher*.

The Penny Post Box.

CHRIST EVERYWHERE.

CHRIST at the counting-desk, as you meet that trembling debtor you are about to deliver over to the dogs of the law, to say "Forgive seventy times seven."

Christ at the pen, to indite that article to turn that brilliant ment to His glory.

Christ at the fireside, to give example to childhood of the w conversation that befits you.

Christ at the polls, to tell you to love your country, to ac your neighbour the love you would that he should have for you

Christ in the pulpit, instead of self, the sophistry of your c mon, or the seductions of your own rhetoric.

Christ in the pew, to practice what you hear, and take all to y

Christ on Monday morning, giving light and love to your c ance, and causing your face to shine in gladness.

Christ at the bedside, to point the sufferer to Him who suffers

Christ at the mast-head, to bear His life and teachings, whe sight of men, and unto all climes and nations.

Christ in the dungeon, to justify, to solace and save from cr restore to citizenship again.

Christ with the lost one as she struggles with the demon of and the wiles of her seducer.

Christ with the statesman, to bid him, in the fear of Go things, knowing all government is from Him.

Christ at the cradle, to bend the pliant twig and give it pur beauty forever.

Christ everywhere. No matter where.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

MOUNT ETNA.

THIS volcano rises in solitary magnificence to the height of nearly eleven thousand feet above the shores of Sicily.

The circular base of the cone is nearly ninety miles in circumference.

The mountain was once much higher than it is at the present time.

Diodorus Siculus mentions an erup-

tion of Etna just before the T which drove out the Greek c

Thucydides tells us that spring of 425 B.C. (before Chr stream ravaged the environs o on the sea-coast, and says was the third eruption since t had been colonized by the G

In 1444 the principal c more than three hundred f the dome-shaped part of th tain; but in 1587 this con and was seen no more.

The greatest eruption of modern times was in 1669. A town twenty miles distant was entirely destroyed; a stream of lava flowed to Catania, and was checked by a huge rampart built hastily by the inhabitants.

In 1693 the earthquake about Etna caused the destruction of 60,000 persons.

Etna is now in action. The light from this volcano has been seen 120 miles distant, at Malta.

Hints.

The virtue of a coward is suspicion. The love of money and the love of learning rarely meet.

A fair day in winter is the mother of a storm.

It is very hard to shave an egg.

Virtue flies from the heart of a mercenary man.

He that hath but one eye must be afraid to lose it.

Power seldom grows old at court.

A woman conceals what she knows not.

If the brain sow not corn, it plants thistles.

Ready money is a ready medicine.

Gems.

God has already done His part in the work of your salvation. If you don't wish to do your part, you will perish.

Of all earthly music, that which reaches furthest into heaven is the beating of a loving heart.

What we call wisdom, is the result, not the residuum, of all the wisdom of past ages.

A noble man compares and estimates himself by an idea which is higher than himself, and a mean man by one which is lower than himself. The one produces aspiration, the other ambition.

The sweetest and most generous natures are the ones in greatest danger of becoming soured through the ingratitude of the world.

The Bible is the central jewel, of which creation is the setting.

A man is better than a peer, a prince, or a king.

The most powerful way of teaching truth is to show what it has done for you.

The present time with men is as the sight of a rifle. They look through it to see what is before them.

Poetic Selections.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

"Where is God my Maker, that giveth songs in the night?"

Songs when the heart is weary,
Oppressed with grief and care,
When life becomes a burden,
Almost too great to bear.

Songs of the all-wise Father,
Who ever cares for all,
Who hears the timid ravens,
And notes the sparrow's fall.

Songs in the night of sorrow,
When hope's bright star grows dim,
He tunes our trembling voices
To raise the grateful hymn.

Songs when we lay our loved ones
To rest below the sod,—
A prayer to bow in meekness,
Beneath the chastening rod.

But the song we'll sing is sweeter
When we walk the pearly street,
And with the white-robed angels
Bow at the Saviour's feet:—

It swells from the heart of seraphs,
Athrill with holy fire,
The song of the Lamb and Moses—
Its strains will never tire.

—Dora De Lisle.

HARSH JUDGMENTS.

O God! whose thoughts are brightest light,
Whose love runs always clear,
To whose kind wisdom sinning souls
Amidst their sins are dear!

Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart
With charity like Thine,
Till self shall be the only spot
On earth which does not shine.

Hard-heartedness dwells not with souls
Round whom Thine arms are drawn;
And dark thoughts fade away in grace,
Like cloud-spots in the dawn.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Time was, when I believed that wrong
In others to detect,
Was part of genius, and a gift
To cherish, not reject.

Now, better taught by Thee, O Lord!
This truth dawns on my mind,—
The best effect of heavenly light
Is earth's false eyes to blind.

He whom no praise can reach, is aye
Men's least attempts approving,
Whom justice makes all-merciful,
Omniscience makes all-loving.

When we ourselves least kindly are,
We deem the world unkind;
Dark hearts, in flowers where honey lies,
Only the poison find.

How Thou canst think so well of us,
Yet be the God Thou art,
Is darkness to my intellect,
But sunshine to my heart.

Yet habits linger in the soul;
More grace, O Lord! more grace!
More sweetness from Thy loving heart!
More sunshine from Thy face!

—Faber.

The Children's Corner.

LOST AND FOUND.

SOME years ago, two boys, while playing upon a cliff near the sea, found a young sea-bird which a dog was worrying. It would have been killed but for them. They drove away the dog, and carried the bird, nearly as large as a goose, safely home. There it was shut up in a coop, like the hens and chickens, fed and kindly cared for. It soon became quite tame, and showed great love for its little masters. And thus weeks and months rolled on. In the fall of the year the bird became very tame; the coop was now and then opened, and the prisoner allowed to go to the coast, near which the boys lived. But it came home at night, took its supper, and crept to its nest. So the cold winter passed away and spring came. One night the bird was missed. It did not come home. The next day and the next went by, and still the coop was empty. The fact was, the boys' bird had been coaxed away—I cannot really say into bad company. But it had joined a flock on its way north, and flown with the rest. Presently the boys began to see the difficulty, and, as a matter of course, they had to have a good cry about it. They had learned to love their bird, and to part with it, for them, was a severe trial.

One cold, autumn day, as the boys were playing in their yard, they saw a flock of sea-birds coming towards them. Nearer and nearer they came, until at last, to their great surprise, the whole flock settled upon the ground close at hand, and the largest waddled along towards them, quacking most curiously as she came. It was the bird which had flown away in the spring, now come back with her young ones for the winter! You may imagine, if you can, the delight of the boys, and of their parents, at this instance of affection. Words cannot describe it. You may make up your mind that the flock was not turned adrift, though for a long time the young ones were very wild, and did not take as kindly to the boys as the mother did. They did not know them so well.

THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

THE following account of the visits of an English physician to Vesuvius recently appeared in a daily paper :—

Yesterday, for a second time, I made the ascent of Vesuvius, and I venture to send you a brief statement of what I witnessed on each occasion, in the belief it will prove interesting to many of my fellow-countrymen who may not have the privilege of visiting a scene which, for natural grandeur and majesty, is, perhaps, unparalleled. Having come here on Thursday, Nov. 12, via Malta and Sicily, our steamer passed through the Straits of Messina, near Stromboli. This volcanic mountain, rising abruptly out of the sea, had recently shown increased activity, now evident by a large column of smoke by day and fire at night, with a discharge of stones about every eight minutes. On leaving Syracuse, as we approached Catania, Etna, contrary to its usual obscurity, came clearly into view early in the morning, and remained so for some time. It was seen also to emit gusts of smoke from time to time, till it retired behind its usual curtain of cloud. Early on the 12th, Vesuvius became evident as we entered the Bay of Naples, its southern side obscured by a quantity of smoke or steam which, rising from its apex, lay in festoons reaching to the base of the mountain. As the weather was fine and sunny, we were advised to make the ascent on the following day, although the wind was somewhat fresh. This we accordingly did. Whilst riding from Resina to the Hermitage (a small house of call near the meteorological observatory, 2,080 feet above the sea level), we heard the distant booming of the mountain as, every few minutes, it emitted large columns of dense, dark smoke, which at its point of expulsion was luminous and sparkling from the reflection of molten lava in the interior of the crater on the rising clouds of vapour and ashes, with occasional electric flashes like lightning. As we approached the hermitage, the detonations grew louder, like the sound of distant cannonading. In a few places we passed over the site of former eruptions, now quite sterile, and having the appearance of ashes with rugged rocks of sooty colour. During the ride, from within half-an-hour of Resina to the base of the hill, we observed puffs of steam coming through the crevices, which everywhere appear amongst the irregular furrows. These blocks of lava, like black frozen waves, in parts still warm, extend

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as far as the eye can follow, and characterize the irregular barren ground over which we travelled. From this to within a few yards of the base of the cone, our ride became increasingly interesting from the showers of sparks and stones which were thrown frequently from its mouth. Having dismounted, our party, consisting of my nephew and niece, Mr. and Miss Castle, myself and daughter, with Mr. Castle, of Naples—commenced the ascent of the cone over similar ground, rough from scorix and irregular masses of lava, each assisted by a guide. The wind getting higher as evening advanced, and increasing darkness, made our efforts to scale the precipitous side of the cone very painful and laborious, and we were often blown down and forced to cling to the rough projections of lava which obstructed our path. After an hour and a half of stiff climbing, we all gained the summit, and were glad to sit down in a sort of dust-hole which, in a measure, screened us from the gale, which was now blowing from the north, so cold as to deprive our hands for a time of sensation. But, as from the soot-like scorix and sulphurous smoke, it was very much like being in a chimney, we could not rest there long, though we were all much fatigued; a draught, however, of the wine, *lachryma Christi*, grown on the slopes of Vesuvius, soon restored our energies. At this time the spectacle was grand in the extreme: every two or three minutes a great explosion ensued, during which the whole crater and its vicinity were illuminated by a cascade of sparks as brilliant as planets, falling in thick and graceful showers all around after their forcible ejection from the craters with an explosion as from a cannon's mouth. This was accompanied by occasional projections of large and irregular masses of red-hot lava, which were thrown to a considerable distance with a loud, rushing, seething, moaning sound, mingled with that of distant thunder. We had agreed to return on the other side of the mountain by a steep decline formed of loose scorix, down which an easy *glissade* of a quarter of an hour conveys the traveller to the base of the cone close to Resina; but the fusilade of stones and scorix, and the roar of flaming showers of red-hot projectiles, some falling within a short distance of us, gave an aspect of truth to the statements of the guides, that to pass around the crater at this time would be extremely perilous, and that, therefore, we must descend over the precipitous side of the cone by which we had climbed up. It was now pitch dark, and blowing a gale from the north; and the prospect of a walk over such uneven ground, composed of the

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hard, sharp, and loose materials of the declivity—the howling of the wind, the roaring and booming of the mountain, the utter darkness of our path, excepting when momentarily lit up by the explosion; the enraged language of our guides, and the failure to light our torches, which, at every attempt, were extinguished by the wind—did not conspire to raise our hopes of success. Our guides were utterly unable to keep us from constantly stumbling and falling. With our arms locked in theirs, we were nevertheless often dragged down, and fell sometimes head-foremost and rolling over, but always stopped by the sharp angular inequalities of the blocks of lava. The cold, piercing wind in our exposed position, and the extreme darkness of the night, added much to the difficulty of our undertaking, whilst the frantic gesticulations of the poor guides, and their prayers and vows to their saints, did not serve to inspire us with much hope from their help. It soon became evident we had lost our way; and in this desperate plight, a little dog that had accompanied us was tied to the foremost guide, and through the instinct of this little creature we were able, by frequently stopping to rest by the way, cautiously to crawl, and grope, and stumble to the bottom, with no other evil than the loss of two hats and destruction to our boots, and certain ribbon-like appendages to the dresses of the two ladies, who, I must say, throughout the whole adventure, exhibited a courage and coolness which could not be surpassed. We afterwards heard that we owed our long, fatiguing, if not dangerous descent to a ruse of the chief guide, who had prevented our return by the short and easy route that he might get two of our horses, which he had without any authority sent to be tethered at the bottom of the cone. I would advise no one to attempt the ascent of the cone in a strong wind, especially so at night, when it is impossible to keep the torches alight, and especially so if, from the activity of the eruption, it should be impracticable to pass round the top of the cone so as to descend by the short route.

Returning yesterday from Sorrento and Capri to Portici, we walked to Resina, and took horses, and rode for an hour and three quarters, which brought us on the left of the Hermitage to the western extremity of the Atria del Cavallo, a deep circular valley separating Vesuvius proper from Monte Somma (probably the Vesuvius described by ancient geographers), and this latter extends for about two miles in an irregular semicircle round the north and

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east of the present volcanic mountain, and then slopes away into the plain of Campania. Since our last visit great alterations had taken place in the condition of the mountain. During our ride we remarked, before reaching the Observatory, puffs of curling smoke or steam issuing from the loose ground around our path, and these increased as we approached the Hermitage. The large crater was also more active, sending forth denser and larger columns of smoke or steam and scorix, and its detonations were more frequent. Five new craters had suddenly appeared at the base of the mountain, emitting such a rapid stream of molten lava as to threaten destruction to San Sebastiano and other towns; and, having extended more than eight miles in the last four days, it was thought that, if it continued to advance at the same rate, it would probably reach the sea at Portici in about three days more. As we approached the Fosso Grande, or west end of the Atrio del Cavallo, our party (consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Castle Smith, son and daughter, Mr. James B. Delap, and myself and daughter), commenced a rough scramble over the irregular ground of compact tufa, formed of fragments of pumice and ashes, with fields of black lava derived from former eruptions, alternating with beds of scorix, intercepted by dykes of compact lava as sharp as coral and hard as iron. We were directed to the scene of the new eruption by a dense cloud, which was carried towards us by a north-west wind. It proved to be a thick shower of fine scorix as sharp as needles, with sulphurous and bituminous fumes, obliging us to protect our eyes and faces with handkerchiefs and veils. The wind having shifted a little, we soon got to a position from which could be seen the red-hot stream flowing as from a roaring furnace, now about three hundred yards distant. Here the air was so sulphurous and choking, that it was determined that only Mr. Delap, Mr. Castle Smith, jun., and I should accompany the guide to a nearer view. After a further scramble of half an hour we were gratified by the striking spectacle of several craters in full play, the smoke or steam being luminous at its point of issue from this volcanic laboratory. Owing to the direction of the wind, we were obliged to confront the dense steam, now so highly charged with sulphurous and bituminous matter as to make our eyes smart exceedingly, and almost suffocate us. By keeping our eyes closed as much as possible, and breathing through our handkerchiefs, we were able to rush through this stifling smoke between two large bellowing craters at a distance from each other of about fifty feet.

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when we found ourselves rather more to windward of this smothering air; but in the midst of four active craters the heat was that of a fierce furnace, and scorched our faces. The air was charged with stifling fumes, making respiration anything but pleasant. We stood, however, riveted to the spot, fascinated by a scene which, for awful grandeur and sublimity, baffled description, yet served to bring to mind one in the predicted future—"in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up." Fancy a seething lake of burning lava flowing with as much rapidity as a mountain stream, vomited from the mouth of the largest crater, flowing, hissing, and steaming as it took its deadly course—the intense heat, the lurid, unearthly look of everything around us—the four craters roaring, yelling, and belching forth flashes of flame and smoke as black as night, with occasional sounds of cannonading, accompanied by expulsion of red-hot stones—whilst from innumerable crevices, white with the heat within, volumes of steam came gushing and howling on all sides, with booming sounds like subterranean thunder, and trembling of the ground on which we stood; and you may in some degree understand that, in spite of the grandeur and fascination of the scene, we did not linger very long in a position which, notwithstanding every precaution, might have become perilous. A few steps farther and we were standing close to the scorching stream which, with a bellowing, guttural, and moaning noise, was ejected with irresistible force from the largest of these craters. It then became impossible to continue there any longer from increased difficulty of respiration, which was attended with considerable irritation of the eyes, nose, and throat. So we hastily retreated to a spot a few yards to the windward of the great furnace, as if practically realising the prediction, "When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Whilst from this point of view more leisurely admiring this wonderful phenomenon, our guide observed that we were standing on a bed of very loose scorixæ, at which at any time a crater might be formed. Satisfied with all we had witnessed, although he assured us that he did not think it would occur until the next day, we nevertheless very soon, by an escapade, joined our party, when we retraced our steps to Resina in a pelting shower of rain. In our ride back we remarked that there were several additional apertures in the Atrio

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del Cavallo emitting gusts of steam and smoke, than when we passed it that morning. After leaving the Hermitage, whilst stopping to look at the enormous stream of burning lava, we saw it burst its bounds, and in several rivulets of fire stream down a bank, devouring in flame trees and every opposing obstacle, and passing into the valley at the southern extremity of which San Sebastiano stands. On the evening of the following day (Nov. 20) it was evident from Naples that the stream of lava was gradually extending towards the sea. On the night of the 21st, whilst gazing on this scene, we saw a large body of burning lava roll majestically down the course it had before taken, till it came in contact with a building, when a vivid gleam shot up suddenly into the air for a few minutes, till, buried in the moving mass, it was as quickly extinguished. Having left Naples on the succeeding morning of the 22nd, it only remains to me to add a few concluding remarks, more suggestive than explanatory, of this wonderful phenomenon. Seneca, in writing on this subject, observes, "There is not the material in this alone, but the way out." Thus, even before his day, Vesuvius had given out more than its own volume of matter, so that it did not furnish the food, but was only the channel of the internal fire. The free discharge of lava does not take place from the mouth of the great crater on the summit, but is usually discharged from lateral openings at a lower level, and therefore nearer to the source of heat. The state of its great liquidity and continuous current is thus in some measure accounted for, as well as the enormous force by which it is propelled and kept in motion. Of late a large quantity of petroleum has been discovered in the neighbourhood, and before I was aware of this, I had remarked the peculiar bitumenous fumes escaping from the craters. This, coupled with the furious blasts which came from their mouths, and the very black, dense smoke which accompanied it, appear to furnish some foundation for the belief that the great furnace of Vesuvius may be fed by this inflammable material, and that these periodic discharges of molten matter may be due to an unusual flow of this oil into the vast cavity which has resulted from this disembowelling of such an immense amount of material. It is a matter of common remark that not only in the immediate vicinity of the mountain, but in Naples also, landslips occur, and that the foundations of buildings give way so as to render it necessary to underpin and otherwise strengthen them, if not, as in some instances, to take them down to prevent accidents. The

great extent of these volcanic operations seems to be suggested by the consentaneous action observed in Stromboli, Etna, and Vesuvius. From such observations, and the fact of frequent earthquakes, there exists at Naples a fear lest some day it should share the fate of Lisbon, and be engulfed in the capacious caverns on the surface of which this populous neighbourhood exists.

Poetry.

"BY AND BY."

THERE is a little mischief maker,
That is stealing half our bliss,
Sketching pictures in a dreamland
That are never seen in this ;
Dashing from our lips the pleasure
Of the present, as we sigh,—
You may know this mischief maker,
For his name is "By and by."
He is sitting by our hearthstones,
With his sly, bewitching glance,
Whispering of the coming morrow,
As the social hours advance ;
Loitering 'mid our calm reflections,
Hiding forms of beauty nigh ;—
He's a smooth, deceitful fellow,
This enchanter, "By and by."
You may know him by his winning,
By his careless sportive air,
By his sly intrusive presence
That is stealing everywhere ;

By the trophies that he gathers,
Where his sombre victims lie,
For a bold, determined fellow
Is this conqueror, "By and by."
When the calls to duty haunt us,
And the present seems to be
All the time that mortals ever
Snatch from dark eternity ;
Then a fairy hand seems painting
Pictures on a distant sky,
For a cunning little artist
Is the fairy, "By and by."
"By and by," the wind is singing,
"By and by," the heart replies ;
But the phantom, just before us,
Ere we grasp it, ever flies ;
List not to the idle charmer,
Scorn the very specious lie,
Only in the fancy liveth
This deceiver, "By and by."

Anecdotes and Selections.

WESLEY'S CALMNESS.

THE celebrated Robert Hall said, "The most extraordinary thing about Wesley was, that while he set all in motion, he was himself perfectly calm and phlegmatic ; he was the quiescence of turbulence." Wesley was not "phlegmatic." He had a warm heart, an active spirit. He said, "I am always in haste, though never in a hurry." He one day remarked to Clarke, "As I was passing through St. Paul's churchyard I observed two women standing opposite to each other, the one speak-

ing and gesticulating violently, while the other stood perfectly still and in silence. Just as I came up, and was about to pass them, the virago, clenching her fist and stamping her foot at her imperturbable neighbour, exclaimed, 'Speak, wretch, that I may have something to say.' Adam, that was a lesson to me; silence is often the best answer to abuse."

Sarah Wesley was the daughter of Charles Wesley, the hymnist. She was born in Bristol, and died in that city, Sept. 19, 1828. She had a fertile imagination, had read extensively, was a member of the Methodist society, and departed in peace. The following interesting particulars I have copied from a letter of hers to Clarke:—"In 1775 my uncle promised to take me with him to Canterbury. At this time his wife had obtained, by plundering his bureau, some letters which she used to the most dishonourable purposes. She read them to some Calvinists, misinterpreting spiritual expressions, and interpolating words as she pleased. An intimate friend of my father came to induce him, for the sake of religion, to persuade his brother to vindicate himself and stop the publication. My dear father, to whom the reputation of my uncle was far dearer than his own, immediately set off to the Foundry. Never shall I forget the manner in which my father announced his ill success on his return home. He accosted my mother thus: 'He is a most extraordinary man. I placed before him every evil consequence which could result by his leaving London, the stumbling blocks he might cast in the way of the weak, the advantage he gave to his enemies, the importance of his character; and when I had finished, he replied, with the utmost coolness;' "When I devoted to God my ease, my time, my fortune, my life, did I except my reputation? No; tell Sally I will take her to Canterbury to-morrow," and to Canterbury we went."

ABYSSINIAN MARRIAGES.—Marriages take place in Abyssinia at a very early age; brides eight or nine years old being very frequent. Here, as in many more civilized countries, marrying for money, or rather for oxen, is prevalent. The youth who wishes for a wife looks about him until he finds a young lady possessing twice the number of oxen that belong to him. Her father is consulted, and the affair is always settled without the lady's consent being either asked or obtained. After a betrothal of three or four months, during which time the bridegroom never sees his future wife, the wedding ceremony and feast take place. The customs on this occasion are characteristic of the country, and would scarcely be considered decorous by prejudiced Englishmen. When a person dies the funeral takes place on the same day. The friends of the deceased follow, weeping and wailing, and the procession halts seven times on its way to the church; and on these occasions incense is burned, and the priests pray. The service includes the whole of the Psalms; but as the priests are very numerous, and each takes an allotted portion, which they all read at the same time, it is got over quickly.

RESIST BEGINNINGS.—The trees of the forest made a solemn parliament, wherein they consulted on the innumerable wrongs which the axe had done them; therefore they enacted that no tree should hereafter lend the axe wood for a handle, "on pain of being cut down." The axe travels up and down the forest, begs wood of the cedar, oak, ash, elm, even to the poplar; not one would lend him a chip. At last he desired so much as would serve him to cut down the briars and bushes, alleging that those shrubs did suck away the juice of the ground, hinder the growth, and obscure the glory of the fair and goodly trees. Hereon they were content to afford him so much. When he had gotten his handle, he cut down themselves too.—These be the subtle reaches of sin; give it but a little advantage on fair promise to remove the troubles, and it will cut down thy soul also. Therefore resist beginnings; trust it not in the least. Consider a sin, as indeed it is, a crucifying of Christ; wilt thou say, I may crucify Christ a little? I may scourge his flesh, wound his side, pierce his heart, a little. What man loves the Lord Jesus who would either say it or do it? Consider it a casting thyself into unquenchable fire; wilt thou say, I may burn my soul and body a little? As suffering we think the least misery too great; so sinning let us think the least iniquity too great.

—*Thomas Adams.*

NOT WISDOM, BUT CHRIST.—Men bow before talent, even if unassociated with goodness; but between those two we must make an everlasting distinction. When once the idolatry of talent enters, then farewell to spirituality. When men ask their teachers, not for that which will make them more humble and godlike, but for the excitement of an intellectual banquet, then farewell to Christian progress. Here also St. Paul stood firm. Not wisdom, but Christ crucified. St. Paul might have complied with these requirements of his converts, and then he would have gained admiration and love; he would have been the leader of a party, but he would have been false to his Master—he would have been preferring self to Christ.—*Robertson.*

ONLY LET US LOVE GOD, and then nature will compass us about like a cloud of divine witnesses, and all influences from the earth, and things on the earth, will be ministers of God to do us good. The breezes will whisper our souls into peace and purity; and in the valley, from a hill top, or looking along a plain, delight in beautiful scenery will pass into sympathy with that indwelling though unseen spirit, of whose presence beauty is everywhere the manifestation, faint, indeed, because earthly. Then not only will the stars shed upon us light, but they will pour from heaven sublimity into our minds, and from on high will rain down thoughts to make us noble. God dwells in all things; and felt in a man's heart, he is then to be felt in everything else. Only let there be God within us, and then everything outside us will become godlike help.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Poetic Selections.

ASPIRATIONS.

THOUGH God's high things are not all ours,
 'Tis ours to look above;
All is not ours to have and hold,
 But all is ours to love!

Strong aspirations, high and pure,
 Ne'er fired a soul in vain;
God hears us most when to our hearts
 His answer is least plain!

Climb, O my soul, toward God's high things,
 And He will take thy part;
Yea, though thou stumble in His hands,
 He'll lift thee toward His heart!

Covet and have great things of God,
 And take them not by stealth;
Seize on those things that most He loves,
 And covet all His wealth.

Dare to aspire to lofty heights,
 Look up with eagle eyes;
For, high as thou dost dare to gaze,
 So high 'tis thine to rise!

Dread not the dizzy, icy crags;
 Fear not to pierce the skies;
Stay not upon the topmost peak
 But spread thy wings and rise!

They see their God who lift their
 With longing toward His throne
Who scale the rugged mountain
 And climb the cliffs alone.

God honours zeal; His loftiest gifts
 To those bold souls are given
Who, Titan-like, pile up the hill
 That they may mount toward

Have faith; for fearless faith unlocks
 God's treasure-house on high!
It soars to heaven; it grasps His crown
 And bears it from the sky!

God gives to men His greatest gifts
 With kind, yet jealous care;
Large gifts are born of large desires
 And come not without prayer

He scattereth with lavish hands
 Many good things abroad;
But of all good be thou content
 With nothing less than God

The Children's Corner.

AN EASTERN TALE.

A CERTAIN Rabbi had two sons, whom both he and his wife loved. Duty obliged the Rabbi to take a journey to a distant land; during his absence his two promising boys sickened and died. His grief-stricken mother laid them out on their bed, drew the curtain, and waited anxiously for her husband.

He came—it was night. "How are my boys?" was his first question. "Let me see them."

"Stay awhile," said his wife; "I am in great trouble, and need your advice. Some years ago a friend lent me some jewels of great value, great care of them, and at last began to prize them as my own. Now, your departure my friend has called for them, but I did not like to give them. Shall I give them up?"

"Wife! what strange request is this? Give them up, and instantly, this very night. Show me the jewels."

She took the Rabbi to *their* bed, drew wide the curtain, and said, "Husband, there are the jewels!"

The Rabbi bowed his head and wept.

A FEARFUL VOYAGE.

THE *Glasgow Herald* publishes the narrative of Mr. Davies, the cond officer of the steamer "Hibernia," who had a marvellous cape in one of the ship's boats. When he left the "Hibernia" s boat contained two barrels of biscuit, three casks of water, and veral cans of preserved meat. Two hours after, one of the rrels of biscuit had to be thrown overboard, the boat was so erloaded with passengers. The boat was a life-boat, twenty-o feet long, with six or seven feet beam, and it required two en constantly baling to keep her afloat. One of the women had o children, of three and five years old respectively, and another infant six months old. The tarpaulin was spread over the for-ard part of the boat to keep the women comfortable. Nothing particu-lar note occurred till the second night, when an old man, ho had shown symptoms of derangement, jumped overboard, ying he was going to bed. From that time their troubles and fferings increased rapidly.

"Next morning one of the passengers, supposed to be Francis odgers, suddenly threw himself overboard. A woman, supposed be his sister, pleaded hard that some of us should throw her to the sea after him; but we endeavoured to soothe her, and cceeded in some degree. Rodgers was evidently out of his senses. e had quarrelled with us because we nailed the compass to the warts. He wanted the knees of his trousers darned, as 'he ould not,' he said, 'go home with holes in them.' Up to this me provisions had been given in moderate quantities, and each erson had a daily allowance of a pint of water. We had now to orten the allowance. We had to keep pulling both on the fourth id fifth days, and did not make much progress.

Sunday was calm all day. The children hitherto had been derably lively. The infant was fed on mashed biscuit, its mother aving no milk, and the others got biscuit with a small quantity of reserved meat. The want of sufficient water now began to be lt; and owing to the close packing of all in the boat, and the equent wettings, cramps were very general. We were forced to eep everything in one position as much as possible to avoid cap-zing. Up to Monday no one had seriously complained of the iscomforts, and all were in tolerable spirits. The seamen did all

in their power to inspire hope; and the quartermaster, Blair, spun yarns to keep their spirits up.

On the Wednesday, the second engineer sung the hundredth Psalm, and many joined with him. That day the wind blew hard from the south-west, and we had to bring the boat to by using the sail, and two of our oars as a floating anchor, and in doing so lost both sail and oars. It was useless to seek for them, it being now dark, so we had to make a sail out of a piece of tarpaulin, and be content with one oar and a half that we had with us in the boat. The wind blowing fiercely, the tarpaulin was torn into rags, and we substituted for it bed covers. These latter were also destroyed. Samuel Brewster, an old man, died on Wednesday, after going raving mad.

Many of our number now showed signs of madness; probably from despair and exposure to extreme cold. Some became violent and threatening in their conduct, and we had to use force with certain of them, and gradually we got them calmed down. Early on Thursday morning a child, five years of age, died; and shortly afterward its mother expired. Another child took lock-jaw, and died also. The bodies were thrown overboard. The effect on the survivors was very visible. All this time we were making slow progress toward the Irish coast. The torn tarpaulin had been mended in the best fashion we could, and served in a kind of a way for a lugsail.

Provisions and water were now given in small quantities. One of the barrels of biscuit was found to be much soaked with sea water, and one of the fresh water casks had leaked half of its contents. We had to disregard the appeals for drink, and the consequence was that several seamen among the rest took to quenching their thirst with salt water, in spite of our remonstrances. This was continued until a number got perfectly mad. Walter McFarlane, fireman, was one of those who persisted in taking salt water, and his conduct became so dangerously outrageous that he had to be tied to the bottom. He died in this state. On Friday morning we had sailed four hundred and fifty miles. The tarpaulin had had given way half a dozen times, and as often mended, and on the whole the boat had gone very well. This day the infant died.

Our situation had become miserable in the extreme. The sea was breaking over the boat in clouds of spray, wetting every one to the skin, and all were sitting in pools of water. There was *nothing* now to cover the women, as we had used everything for

sails. Cramp had seized all of us more or less, and our legs and hands were greatly swelled, and, consequently, very painful. The fresh water was so scarce that less than a pint had to serve four persons for a day, and provisions were equally scanty. Some of us were raving and violently mad. A woman died as the evening closed in, but the fact was not noticed at the time, and the body was still in the boat when the greatest of all our calamities occurred.

About eleven o'clock a heavy wave struck the boat, and those on board in their drowsy condition falling suddenly in a mass on the lee side, she went over, and all were left struggling in the water. The boat floated upwards, and Reilly managed to struggle up and seat himself on the keel. He assisted Blair to get up, which the latter did with some difficulty, as a drowning passenger had laid hold of his leg. Reilly then assisted Mr. Davies, who had also to shake himself clear of some one clinging to his foot. No others got hold of the boat, though several were heard for a time shouting or swearing as they swam about in the darkness. One poor soul had got under the boat, and he was heard for nearly an hour. He was apparently holding on by the thwarts and breathing the air which had been inclosed when the boat rolled over, or which reached him through the chinks of her timbers.

About twelve o'clock a heavy sea struck the boat, and the three who were sitting astride of the keel were again immersed in the water. Blair was the first to recover his position, and by his assistance the other two were brought up on the boat. The sail was floating alongside, and we got hold of the ropes attached to the mast, and, watching for a favourable opportunity, managed, by pulling upon the ropes, to get the boat righted. She was, of course, full of water, and we baled her at first with flat pieces of wood, and afterwards with two tin cans which we found attached to the thwarts. At length, by hard labour, we got her clear. Everything was lost out of the boat except one oar, the mast, the tarpaulin sail, and the yard, and we were thus left without provisions or water. When daylight broke we again made sail upon the boat as well as we could, and again steered our course to the eastward, with a favourable wind.

By Sunday evening we were beginning to get downhearted. We saw a sail—the first we had seen—but she did not observe us, and darkness shortly afterwards closing in we had no light with which to attract attention. We were downcast at this, but about

LUTHER'S BEREAVEMENT.

six o'clock we were suddenly cheered by seeing a light to the eastward, which turned out to be from Tory Island Lighthouse.

The next day they ran their boat ashore in Mulroy Bay, but in landing, their limbs were so swollen that it was impossible for them to move, and they had to be taken in charge by the inhabitants. Only three reached the land—Davies, Blair, and Reilly.

LUTHER'S BEREAVEMENT.

LUTHER was called to part with Magdalen at the age of fourteen. She was a most endearing child, and united the firmness and perseverance of the father, with the gentleness and delicacy of the mother. When she grew very ill, Luther said, "Dearly do I love her! but O my God, if it be Thy will to take her hence, I resign her to Thee without a murmur."

He then approached the bed, saying to her, "My dear little daughter, my beloved Magdalen, you would willingly remain with your earthly father; but if God calls you, you will also willingly go to your Heavenly Father."

She replied, "Yes, dear father; it is as God pleases."

"Dear little girl," he exclaimed, "oh, how I love her! The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak."

He then took the Bible, and read to her the passage in Isaiah: "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead."

He then said, "My daughter, enter thou into thy resting-place in peace."

She turned her dying eyes towards him, and said, with touching simplicity, "Yes, father."

The night preceding her death, Catharine, worn out with watching, reclined her head on the sick bed, and slept. When she awoke, she appeared much agitated; and, as soon as Philip Melancthon arrived, she hastened to him and told him her dream.

"I saw two young men, who seemed to be clad in robes of light, enter the room. I pointed to Magdalen, who lay quietly sleeping, and made a sign to them not to disturb her; but they said they came to conduct her to the bridal ceremony."

Melancthon was much moved, and afterwards said to his wife,

LUTHER'S BEREAVEMENT.

"These were holy angels that Catharine saw in her dream; and they will conduct the virgin to her bridal in the celestial kingdom."

When her last moments were near, she raised her eyes tenderly to her parents, and begged them not to weep for her. "I go," said she, "to my Father in heaven;" and a sweet smile irradiated her dying countenance. Luther threw himself upon his knees, weeping bitterly, and fervently prayed God to spare her to them. In a few moments she expired in the arms of her father. Catharine, unequal to repressing the agony of her sorrow, was at a little distance, perhaps unable to witness the last long-drawn breath. When the scene was closed, Luther repeated fervently, "The will of God be done! yes, she has gone to her Father in heaven." Philip Melancthon, who with his wife was present, said, "Parental love is an image of the Divine love, impressed on the hearts of men; God does not love the beings He has created less than parents love their children."

When they were about putting the child into the coffin, the father said, "Dear little Magdalen, I see thee now lifeless, but thou wilt shine in the heavens as a star! I am joyous in spirit, but in the flesh most sorrowful. It is wonderful to realize that she is happy—better taken care of—and yet to be so sad."

Then turning to her mother, who was bitterly weeping, he said, "Dear Catharine, remember where she has gone; ah! she has made a blessed exchange. The heart bleeds, without doubt,—it is natural that it should; but the spirit, the immortal spirit, rejoices. Happy are those who die young; children do not doubt—they believe; with them all is trust; they fall asleep."

When the funeral took place, and the people were assembled to convey the body to its last home, some friends said they sympathized with him in his affliction. "Be not sorrowful for me," he replied, "I have sent a saint to heaven. Oh, may we all die such a death! Gladly would I accept it now!"

WHAT WE CAN DO, AND WHAT WE CAN'T DO.—We can do a great deal for our friends; but there are some things we cannot do. We cannot repent for them, or die for them. These two things they must do for themselves.

Poetry.

I THANK THEE, O MY GOD.

For the wealth of pathless forests,
Whereon no axe may fall;
For the winds that haunt the branches;
The young bird's timid call;
For the red leaves dropped like rubies
Upon the dark green sod;
For the waving of the forests,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the sound of waters gushing
In bubbling beads of light;
For the fleets of snow-white lilies
Firm-anchored cut of sight;
For the reeds among the eddies;
The crystal on the clod;
For the flowing of the rivers,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the rose-bud's break of beauty
Along the toiler's way;
For the violet's eye that opens
To bless the new-born day;
For the bare twigs that in summer
Bloom like the prophet's rod;
For the blossoming of flowers,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the lifting up of mountains,
In brightness and in dread;
For the peaks where snow and sunshine
Alone have dared to tread;
For the dark of silent gorges
Whence mighty cedars nod;
For the majesty of mountains,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the splendour of the sunsets,
Vast mirrored on the sea;
For the gold-fringed clouds that cast
Heaven's inner mystery;
For the molten bars of twilight,
Where thought leans glad, yet aw
For the glory of the sunsets,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the earth and all its beauty;
The sky and all its light;
For the dim and soothing shadows
That rest the dazzled sight;
For unfading fields and prairies,
Where sense in vain has trod;
For the world's exhaustless beauty,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For an eye of inward seeing;
A soul to know and love;
For these common aspirations,
That our high heirship prove;
For the hearts that bless each other
Beneath Thy smile, Thy rod;
For the amaranth saved from Eden,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the hidden scroll, o'er written
With one dear name adored;
For the heavenly in the human;
The Spirit in the word;
For the tokens of Thy presence
Within, above, abroad;
For Thine own great gift of Being,
I thank Thee, O my God!

Anecdotes and Selections.

GOOD LUCK.—People talk about good look, as if men rose to wealth position by some fortunate chance, and not by shrewdness, industry, and superior ability of some kind. The following paragraph tells the truth in a better way :—Twenty clerks in a store. Twenty in a printing office. Twenty young men in the village. All want to get along in the world, and all expect to do so. One of the clerks will rise to be a partner, and make a fortune. One of the compositors will own a newspaper, and become an influential and prosperous citizen. One of the apprentices will become a master builder. One of the villagers will get a handsome farm, and live like a patriarch. Which is destined to be the lucky individual? Lucky? There is much to be said about it. The thing is almost as certain as the Rule of Three. The young fellow who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives clearly and purely, who never gets in debt, who gains friends by deserving them, and who puts money in the savings bank. There are some ways to fortune that are shorter than this dusty old highway. But the staunch men of the community, the men who achieve something really worth having, good money, good name, and a serene old age, all go this road.

PORTRAIT OF JESUS.—None of the Evangelists, not even the beloved disciple and bosom friend of Jesus, has given us the least hint of His countenance and stature. In this respect our instincts of natural selection have been wisely overruled. He who is the Saviour of all men, the perfect exemplar of humanity should not be identified with the secular lineaments of one race or nationality. We should cling to Christ in the spirit and in glory rather than to the Christ in the flesh. Nevertheless there must have been an overawing majesty and irresistible charm even in His personal appearance to the spiritual eye, to account for the readiness with which the disciples forsaking all things followed Him in reverence and boundless devotion. He had not the physiognomy of a sinner. He reflected from His eye and countenance the serene peace and celestial beauty of a sinless soul in blessed communion with God. In the absence of authentic representation, Christianity, in its irrepressible desire to exhibit in visible form the fairest type of the children of men, was left to its own imperfect conception of His beauty.

BROKEN CHAINS.—A company of captives were one day set at liberty. For many years they had been "in bonds," and the joy of being free once more was like a foretaste of heaven. But there was one who, instead of rejoicing in his freedom, gathered up his broken members and carried them with him on his homeward journey. Wherever he stopped he might be heard mourning—"Oh, these chains,

these chains, what misery have they caused me!" And at last he found him still hugging to his heart his broken chains.—Is it not with many who have been freed from the fetters of sin? Instead of coming into the fulness of the liberty wherewith Christ has made them free, they sit sighing over their broken chains. Instead of the *Deum*, the *Miserere* is for ever on their lips. "Oh, my sins, my sins!" is the burden of their song, notwithstanding they have long since received the assurance of forgiveness. Sins once blotted out should be remembered only to make us humble and grateful. The little child, penitent for the fault that has grieved its loving mother, receives the kiss of reconciliation, and goes back to play with a happy heart. Should it not be thus with God's children?

TAKE MY HAND, PAPA.—In the dead of the night I am frequently awakened by a little hand stealing out from the crib by my side, with the pleading cry, "Please take my hand, papa!" Instantly the little boy's hand is grasped, his fears vanish, and soothed by the consciousness of his father's presence, he falls into a sleep again. We commend this lesson of simple, filial faith and trust to the anxious, sorrowing ones that are found in almost every household. Stretch forth your hand, stricken mourner, although you may be in the deepest darkness and gloom, and fear and anxious suspense may cloud your pathway, and that very act will reveal the presence of a loving, compassionate Father, and give you the peace that passeth all understanding. The darkness may not pass away at once, night may enfold you in its cold embrace, but its terrors will be dissipated, its gloom and sadness flee away, and, in the simple grasp of the Father's hand, sweet peace will be given, and you will rest securely, knowing that the morning cometh.

THE DEAD TEACHER.—Two girls were walking in the cemetery of a western town, reading the inscriptions on the tombstones. Suddenly one of them stopped, her eyes resting on a large marble monument. She clasped her hands together, tears flowed from her eyes, and with trembling voice she said, "O Lizzie! here lies buried my old Sunday school teacher. She has been dead four years. O how I wish I could see her now, to tell her it was the Bible lessons she used to teach us, and the stories of Jesus she used to tell us, that, since her death, led me to give my heart to Jesus." Thus another faithful witness for Jesus being dead yet speaketh. Dear fellow teachers, let us never be discouraged by present apparent failure. After death our work may appear.

FAITH.—Every tear that is shed; every groan that is heaved; every loss that is sustained; every moment of suffering that is endured; every disappointment that is borne by the Christian with patience and resignation, will not only be followed by ineffable felicity, but will prepare the soul for its enjoyment, and add something to its weight and its lustre. To believe this, to live in hope of it, and by this hope to be sustained under present sufferings, is the work of faith.—J. A. Jans.

ANECDOTES AND SELECTIONS.

THE NEEDLE O' THE LAW.—A shrewd Scotchman said—"You never saw a woman sewing without a needle! She would make but poor speed if she only sewed wi' the thread. So, I think, when we are dealing with sinners we maun aye put in the needle o' the law first; for the fact is they're sleepin' sound, and they need to be awakened up wi' something sharp. But when we've got the needle o' the law fairly in, we may draw as lang a thread as you like o' Gospel consolation after it."

A FATHER with a handsome son and a plain daughter gave them this good advice: "I would have you both look in the glass every day; you, my son, that you may be reminded never to dishonour the beauty of your face by the deformity of your actions; and you, my daughter, that you may take care to hide the defect of beauty in your person by the superior lustre of your virtuous and amiable conduct."

LUTHER gave as one qualification for a minister that he should know when to stop. The same qualification should be prescribed to all Christians who pray in public.

GOOD BREEDING is a guard upon the tongue; the misfortune is, that we put it on and off with our fine clothes and visiting faces, and do not wear it where it is most wanted—at home!

PUZZLED.

If there is anything in our language that puzzles a Frenchman, it is the different significations of the same word. The perplexities of a persevering Monsieur arising from our word *fast*, are more numerous than one would suppose, as for instance—

"Zis horse, sair, he go geek, what you say?"

"Yes, he is a fast horse."

"Ah! pardon, Monsieur, but your friend say he make fast his horse, and he tie him to post so he no go at all."

"Very true; he is made fast by being tied."

"Ah! zat cannot be; he cannot go fast; but what you call zat keeps fast?"

"Oh! he is a good man who does not eat on fast days."

"But I have seen one bon vivant, who eat, and drink, and ride, and do every zing. Ze people say he is a bad man—he is very fast."

"True: that is called living a fast life."

"Ah, certainment! zen all ze days of his life moost be fast days."

"Certainly they are."

"Eh bien! Does he eat every day? Zen how can he keep fast?"

"Why—he keeps going, to be sure."

"Mais, tenez! You tell me to stand fast when you want me to keep still, and go fast when you wish me to run—diable take ze fast."

The Fireside.

SEVEN FOOLS.

HERE are seven fools. Let them be seven beacons to warn t and inexperienced from evil and folly :—

1. The envious man—who sends away his mutton because son next to him is eating venison.

2. The jealous man—who spreads his bed with stinging n then sleeps in it.

3. The proud man—who gets wet through sooner than r carriage of an inferior.

4. The litigious man—who goes to law in the hope of r opponent, and gets ruined himself.

5. The extravagant man—who buys a herring, and takes carry it home.

6. The angry man—who learns the ophicleide because he i the playing of his neighbour's piano.

7. The ostentatious man—who illuminates the outside of most brilliantly, and sits inside in the dark.

The Penny Post Box.

A LITTLE THREAD.

PAYSON once gave notice in Portland that he would be glad t person who did not intend to seek religion. About forty c spent a very pleasant interview with them, saying nothi religion, till just as they were about to leave he closed a plain remarks thus :—“Suppose you should see, coming d heaven, a very fine thread, so fine as to be almost invisible, and come and gently attach itself to you. You knew, we will s came from God. Should you dare to put out your hand and away?” He dwelt for a few moments on the idea, and then “Now such a thread has come from God to you this afterno do not feel, you say, any interest in religion. But by you here this afternoon God has fastened one little thread upon y is very weak and frail, and you can easily brush it away. will not do so? No! welcome it, and it will enlarge and st itself until it becomes a golden thread to bind you for ever of love!”

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

SAD, BUT TRUE.

number of paupers in the relief in England and Wales last day of the fourth week of ber, 1868, was, 927,239, being fty thousand more than the onding week of the previous

e in Great Britain costs the
, in the shape of lost, precau-
nd punishment, over ten mil-
year.
e are at least fourteen thou-
iminals in London alone.
e are parts of London which
with thieves.

Hints.

ng and doing do not dine
r.
ot to your doctor for every
or to your pitcher for every
reditor has always a better
y than a debtor.
ndful of mother-wit is worth a
of learning.
had better leave your enemy
ing when you die than live to
your friends.
break through stone walls.

Gems.

wind that winnows one man's
blows the spark on another
house into a destructive fire.
icing over our good fortune we
remember the misfortune of
and keep our sympathies fresh
pful.
t pray cream, and live skimmed
t depend on showers of grace.
at all content until the river
n your soul.

There is no religion in the Bible
any more than there is a road upon
the finger-post. Religion is *in the*
man, or it is nowhere.

Religion should not be used as
calking—something to stuff into the
cracks and crevices of a man's life;
but it should be regarded and used as
the very warp and woof of life.

Poetic Selections.

"ALWAYS REJOICING."

My life flows on in endless song;
Above earth's lamentation
I catch the sweet though far-off hymn
That hails a new creation:
Through all the tumult and the strife
I hear that music ringing;
It finds an echo in my soul—
How can I keep from singing?
What though my joys and comforts die?
The Lord my Saviour liveth;
What though the darkness gather round?
Songs in the night He giveth;
No storm can shake my inmost calm
While to that refuge clinging—
Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,
How can I keep from singing?
I lift my eyes: the cloud grows thin;
I see the blue above it;
And day by day this pathway smooths
Since first I learned to love it.
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,
A fountain ever springing:
All things are mine since I am His—
How can I keep from singing?

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

THE pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth;
The impulse of a worldless prayer,
The dream of love and truth,
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes—
These things shall never die.
The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
That kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves the friend indeed,
The plea of mercy softly breathed
When justice threatens nigh,
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,
That make up love's first bliss,
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high, {met—
Those hands have clasped, those lips have
These things shall never die,
The cruel and the bitter word
That wounded as it fell,
The chilling want of sympathy
We feel but never tell,

The hard repulse that chills the heart
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unfading record kept—
These things shall never die.
Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love,
Be firm, and just, and true;
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee,
These things shall never die.

The Children's Corner.

TIDE MARKS.

It was low tide when we went down to ———, and the great, gray rocks stood up bare and grim above the water; but high up, on all their sides, was a black line that seemed hardly dry, though it was far above the water.

"What makes that black mark on the rocks?" I asked of my friend.

"Oh, that is the tide mark," she replied. "Every day when the tide comes in, the water rises and rises, until it reaches that line, and in a great many years it has worn away the stone until the mark is cut into the rock."

I have seen a great many people that carried tide marks on their faces.

Right in front of me was a pretty little girl, with delicate features and pleasant blue eyes. But she had some queer little marks on her forehead, and I wondered how they came to be there, until presently her mother said—

"Shut down the blind now, Carrie; the sun shines right in baby's face."

"I want to look out," said Carrie, peevishly. But her mother insisted, and Carrie shut the blind and turned her face away from the window. Oh, dear me! what a face it was! The blue eyes were full of frowns instead of smiles, the pleasant lips were drawn up in an ugly pout, and the queer little marks on the forehead had deepened into actual wrinkles.

"Poor little girl," I thought; "how badly you will feel when you grow up, to have your face marked all over with the tide marks of passion;" for these evil tempers leave their marks just as surely as the ocean does, and I have seen many a face stamped so deeply with self-will and covetousness that it must carry the marks to the grave.

My little friend, be careful how you let the tide of an unholy temper or the waves of a wicked passion rise in your heart, and leave their disfiguring marks on your face.

LION HUNTING.

The following, from Sir Samuel Baker's work on the Exploration of the Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia, is full of interest :—

Every day, from sunrise to sunset, I was either on foot or in saddle, without rest, except on Sundays, which I generally spent at home, with the relaxation of fishing in the beautiful river Nile. There was an immense quantity of large game, and I had a mixed bag of elephants, hippopotami, buffaloes, rhinoceros, affes, and great numbers of the large antelopes. Lions, although numerous, were exceedingly difficult to bag; there was no chance in the extreme risk of creeping through the thickest jungle. On two or three occasions I had shot them by crawling into their very dens, where they had dragged their prey; and I must know knowledge that they were much more frightened at me than I was at them. I had generally obtained a most difficult and unsatisfactory shot at close quarters; sometimes I rolled them over with a mortal wound, and they disappeared to die in impenetrable jungles; but at all times fortune was on my side. On moonlight nights I generally lay in wait for these animals with great patience; sometimes I shot hippopotami and used a hind-quarter as a bait for lions, while I watched in ambush at about twenty yards distant; but the hyænas generally appeared like evil spirits and dragged away the bait before the lions had a chance. I never fired at these scavengers, as they are most useful creatures, and are contemptible as game. My Arabs had made their fortune, as I had given them all the meat of the various animals, which they dried and transported to Geera, together with fat, hides, &c. It would wearying to enumerate the happy hunting-days passed throughout this country. We were never ill for a moment; although the thermometer was seldom below 88 degrees during the day, the country was healthy, as it was intensely dry, and therefore free from malaria; at night the thermometer averaged 70 degrees, which is a delightful temperature for those who exist in the open air. As our camp was full of meat either dried or in the process of drying in festoons upon the trees, we had been a great attraction to the beasts of prey that constantly prowled around our thorn fence during the night. One night in particular a lion attempted to enter, but had been repulsed by the Tokrooris who pelted him with fire-brands; my people woke me up and begged me to shoot him; but as it was perfectly impossible to fire correctly through

LION HUNTING.

the hedge of thorns, I refused to be disturbed; yet I promised to hunt for him on the following day. Throughout the entire night the lion prowled around the camp, growling and uttering his peculiar guttural sigh. Not one of my people slept, as they declared he would bound into the camp and take somebody, unless they kept up the watchfires and drove him away with brands. The next day, before sunrise, I called Hassan and Hadji Ali, whom I lectured severely upon their cowardice on a former occasion, and received their promise to follow me to death. I entrusted them with my two Reillys No. 10; and with my little Fletcher in hand, I determined to spend the whole day in searching every thicket of the forest for lions, as I felt convinced that the animal that had disturbed us during the night was concealed somewhere within the neighbouring jungle.

The whole day passed fruitlessly; I had crept through the thickest thorns in vain; having an abundance of meats I had refused the most tempting shots at buffaloes and large antelopes, as I had devoted myself exclusively to lions. I was much disappointed, as the evening had arrived without a shot having been fired, and as the sun had nearly set I wandered slowly towards home. Passing through alternate open glades a few yards in width, hemmed in on all sides by thick jungle, I was carelessly carrying my rifle upon my shoulder as I pushed my way through the opposing thorns, when a sudden roar, just before me, at once brought the rifle upon full cock, and I saw a magnificent lion standing in the middle of the glade, about ten yards from me; he had been lying on the ground, and had started to his feet upon hearing me approach through the jungle. For an instant he stood in an attitude of attention, as we were hardly visible; but at the same moment I took a quick but sure shot with the little Fletcher. He gave a convulsive bound but rolled over backwards; before he could recover himself I fired the left-hand barrel. It was a glorious sight. I had advanced a few steps into the glade, and Hassan had quickly handed me a spare rifle, while Taher Noor stood by me sword in hand. The lion, in the greatest fury, with his shaggy mane bristling in the air, roared with death-like growls, as open-mouthed he endeavoured to charged upon us; but he dragged his hind-quarters upon the ground, and I saw immediately that the little Fletcher had broken his spine. In his tremendous exertions to attack he rolled over and over, gnashing his horrible jaws, and tearing holes in the sandy ground at each blow of his tremendous paws that would have crushed a man's skull like an egg-shell.

LION HUNTING.

hat he was *hors de combat*, I took it coolly as it was already d the lion having rolled into a dark and thick bush, I it would be advisable to defer the final attack, as he would before morning. We were not ten minutes' walk from , at which we quickly arrived, and my men greatly rejoiced scomfiture of their enemy, as they were convinced that he same lion that had attempted to enter the zareeba.

e following morning, before sunrise, I started with nearly eople and a powerful camel, with the intention of bring-lion home entire. I rode my horse Tetel, as he had freshown great courage, and I wished to prove whether he lvance to the body of a lion.

arrival near the spot which we supposed to have been the the encounter, we were rather puzzled, as there was to distinguish the locality; one place exactly resembled as the country was flat and sandy interspersed with thick f green nabbuk; we accordingly spread out to beat for

Presently Hadji Ali cried out: 'There he lies, dead!' mmediately rode to the spot, together with the people. A ous roar greeted us, as the lion started to his fore-feet, and beautiful mane erect, and his great hazel eyes flashing fire, a succession of deep, short roars, and challenged us to fight. a grand picture; he looked like a true lord of the forest, but the poor brute, as he was helpless, and although the spirit e to the last, his strength was paralyzed by a broken back. a glorious opportunity for the horse. At the first unex-car the camel had bolted with its rider; the horse had for it started on one side, and the men had scattered; but in nt I had reined Tetel up, and I now rode straight towards as he courted the encounter about twenty paces distant. exactly opposite the noble-looking beast, which, seeing lvance of the party, increased his rage and growled deeply, s glance upon the horse. I now patted Tetel on the neck, se to him coaxingly; he gazed intently at the lion, erected e and snorted, but showed no signs of retreat. 'Bravo!' I said, and encouraging him by caressing his neck with l, I touched his flank gently with my heel; I let him just hand upon the rein, and with a 'Come along, old lad,' owly but resolutely advanced step by step towards the in-lion, that greeted him with continued growls. The horse imes snorted loudly, and stared fixedly at the terrible face im; but as I constantly patted and coaxed him, he did not

INSECT SHREWDNESS.

refuse to advance. I checked him when within about six yards from the lion. This would have made a magnificent picture, as the horse, with astounding courage, faced the lion at bay; both animals kept their eyes fixed upon each other, the one beaming with rage, the other with cool determination. This was enough—I dropped the reins upon his neck; it was a signal that Tetel perfectly understood, and he stood firm as a rock, for he knew that I was about to fire. I took aim at the head of the glorious but distressed lion, and a bullet from the little Fletcher dropped him dead. Tetel never flinched at a shot. I now dismounted, and having patted and coaxed the horse, I led him up to the body of the lion, which I also patted, and then gave my hand to the horse to smell. He snorted once or twice, and as I released my hold of the reins, and left him entirely free, he slowly lowered his head, and sniffed the mane of the dead lion; he then turned a few paces upon one side, and commenced eating the withered grass beneath the nabbuk bushes.”

INSECT SHREWDNESS.

If there is one creature that seems simple, aimless, thoughtless, it is a fly—the common house-fly. That it is a vexation and a pest in hot days in July and August, all know. But its life seems to consist in tasting everything within its reach, in whirling about in the air in a kind of loose dancing, and in tickling people's faces and hands. But, more attentively watched, one will find traces of mind-qualities even in house-flies.

Curiosity is a very strong feeling in a fly. A strange person coming into the room is at once an object of notice. It is probable that in a quarter of an hour every fly in the room has approached the new-comer, and crept over his clothes. Let any new object be brought into the room, and placed conspicuously—a box, a new dress, or any shining object—and in a moment it will be found that a stream of flies begins to set in toward it, until the novelty is worn off.

Flies are very cunning in eluding attempts to drive them from the room. If a door be set wide open, and two persons with towels, or newspapers, or, better yet, large fly-whisks made of paper like cat-o-nine-tails, begin at the back of the room and drive in concert, the fly can be managed like a flock of sheep. Once or twice gone over, and the room will be measurably free from their annoyance. But some will always be left. A dozen or two will duck under or shoot over your whisks, and defy your driving.

I have so often undertaken to clear a bed-room so that a single fly should not remain, that I have had much observation of the shrewdness of this insect. One fly is as bad as a hundred when a man wishes a quiet nap after dinner. If you exile ninety-nine and leave the one-hundreth, just so sure as you are on the very point of dropping asleep, in that most delectable moment when the rapture of the disembodied state is more keenly felt than in any other state this side of actual dying, the very fly that had reserved himself for the occasion, issues from behind the head-board, and alights, with a congratulatory hum, upon your cheek, and turns your paradise into a vexation.

How often have I risen up in wrath bent upon vengeance! But the fly has disappeared. I search vainly. I sit perfectly still, thinking that he will reappear in the stillness to explore. Not he! As well as I do he knows that I am watching. If at length I find him on the looking-glass up in the very corner, I dare not strike very hard with my towel for fear of breaking the glass. He had calculated that. Away he goes in a rejoicing whirl, now before me, now behind, overhead, on the floor, with enough buzzing to furnish a whole band of flies with music! Then, suddenly, all is still. He cannot be found. I look everywhere. The room is small. Practice has made me acquainted with his hiding-places. In none of them can he be found.

At length I lie down, hoping that he has darted out through the slats of the blinds. I am quiet, my thoughts recall the pleasant scenes of life. A soft mist is rising, and I seem undulating upon its airy billows. Just then, with a delighted whack, as of a familiar friend long absent and sure of his welcome, comes back my fly.

This time I trace him. The clothes-press door is ajar. He steals in there and lies hidden. On another occasion one has crept behind a picture-frame. As good luck would have it, a spider had arranged a pretty little surprise for him, and I had the wicked satisfaction of hearing the sinner buzz out a dying confession of his sins, not half were told, I'll warrant. Blessings on spiders!

But while, against particular flies, on special occasions, I entertain a spite, I am bound to confess that I place this creature much higher on the scale of intelligence than most people seem to do, or than I did myself before I measured my shrewdness against its, and found myself so often outwitted.

If we had the means of closely watching the small flies of creation, we should discover in them not simply blind instinct, but traces of reason as well. From the brain of a man a silver thread

runs down through the animal kingdom to a very low uniting all creatures by their common bond.

Whether, in the upward scale, the same line rises through rior intelligences and connects the animated creation with the Head of all things, no one can doubt who reads and belie the words of the Psalmist, who, everywhere and often, uni whole creation around its common Life, in the Creator.

Poetry.

THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

THE Shadow of the Rock !
 Stay, Pilgrim, stay !
 Night treads upon the heels of day ;
 There is no other resting-place this way.
 The Rock is near,
 The well is clear—
 Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

The Shadow of the Rock !
 The desert wide
 Lies round thee like a trackless tide,
 In waves of sand forlornly multiplied.
 The sun is gone,
 Thou art alone—
 Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

The Shadow of the Rock !
 All come alone ;
 All, ever since the sun hath shone,
 Who travelled by this road have come alone.
 Be of good cheer,
 A throne is here—
 Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

The Shadow of the Rock !
 Night veils the land ;
 How the palms whisper as they stand !
 How the well tinkles faintly through the sand !
 Cool water take
 Thy thirst to slake—
 Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

The Shadow of the Rock !
 Abide ! abide !
 This Rock moves ever at thy side,
 Pausing to welcome thee at eventide.
 Ages are laid
 Beneath its shade—
 Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

POETRY.

The Shadow of the Rock!
Always at hand,
Unseen it cools the noon-tide land,
And quells the fire that flickers in the sand.
It comes in sight
Only at night—
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

The Shadow of the Rock!
'Mid skies storm-riven
It gathers shadows out of heaven,
And holds them o'er us all night cool and even.
Through the charmed air
Dew falls not there—
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

The Shadow of the Rock!
To angel's eyes
This Rock its shadow multiplies,
And at this hour in countless places lies.
One Rock, one shade,
O'er thousands laid—
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock!
To weary feet,
That have been diligent and fleet,
The sleep is deeper and the shade more sweet.
O weary rest!
Thou art sore pressed—
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

The Shadow of the Rock!
Thy bed is made;
Crowds of tired souls like thine are laid
This night beneath the self-same placid shade.
They who rest here
Wake with heaven near—
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

The Shadow of the Rock!
Pilgrim! sleep sound;
In night's swift hours with silent bound
The Rock will put thee over leagues of ground,
Gaining more way
By night than day—
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

The Shadow of the Rock!
One day of pain,
Thou scarce wilt hope the Rock to gain,
Yet there wilt sleep thy last sleep on the plain.
And only wake
In Heaven's daybreak—
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

—Faber.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE GULF STREAM.—There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never falls, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other so majestic a flow of water. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters, as far out from the Carolina coasts are of an indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked that the line of junction with the common sea-water may be traced by the eye. Often one-half of the vessels may be perceived floating in the gulf stream water, while the other half is in the common water of the sea, so sharp is the line and the want of affinity between these waters; and such, too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the gulf stream to mingle with the common water of the sea. In addition to this, there is another peculiar fact. The fishermen on the coast of Norway are supplied with wood from the tropics by the gulf stream. Think of the Arctic fishermen burning upon their hearths the palms of Hayti, the mahogany of Honduras, and the precious woods of the Amazon and the Orinoco!

HALF-WAY TO CHRIST.—"Half-way to Christ," said a minister, in quoting the remarks of an eminent man; "half-way to Christ is a dreadful place." There is no neutral ground in Christ's territory. You must be either for or against the establishment of His kingdom; and if your sympathies are not thoroughly enlisted in the right cause, then you belong wholly to the adversary. Half-way to Christ! Half-way home is to be still excluded from the light, the love and happiness centred therein. If you have been absent some time, parted from those you love best on earth, and are now on the homeward journey, how the heart leaps when some one beside you whispers, "We are on the last half." And the last half is always longest. Full of imaginary forebodings, apprehending evil that never entered your thoughts before, home becomes each moment dearer, and over the door-post is inscribed in shining letters, "Peace" and "Safety." "Almost saved" is—still left to perish! If you are already half-way to Christ, what is to hinder your progress? If you believe with the understanding, why should you not believe with the heart also? How can you wilfully exclude yourself from participating in the delights known only to the true disciple? Why will you halt on the threshold when the door stands invitingly open, and you may enter if you choose? Are you satisfied with being half-way to Christ? Living at that distance from

ANECDOTES AND SELECTIONS.

Him, you may realize no present peril, but dying in that condition, you are lost eternally. Come nearer. The children have no need to stand afar off. "Half-way to Christ is a dreadful place."

CHRIST DIED FOR OUR SINS.—The Bible does not underrate Christian ethics or the spotless example of Jesus; but the sacrificial death of the Redeemer transcends all other truths in significance and saving power. As Dr. James W. Alexander once said, "He who would tear from the gospel the atoning death of the Redeemer, would drain away the vital fluid from vein and artery and heart. Of all objects in the gospel, that which stands in highest relief is—the cross. Of all its syllables, the most sacred is—atoning blood." Of all that my Bible tells me of my divine Lord, the most precious and memorable is, that He laid down His life for my sins. If I could deliver but one discourse to a congregation made up of all the dwellers on the globe, this should be my text: "Christ Jesus died for our sins." This is the text that has rung round the world wherever pure Christianity has found a voice. This truth that shook pagan Rome to its foundation, and has been an overmatch for the proudest infidelity. This is the truth that has lain warmest and closest to the Christian's heart in every age. This is the truth that awakens sinners and converts souls.—*Dr. Theo. L. Cuyler.*

BELIEVE AND LIVE.—I desire to bow myself before the will and wisdom of God; but I find that, without a hold of Christ, there is no hold of God at all. I fear that I have not adverted enough to the reception of the gospel as the great initiatory step of our return to God. Let us work as we may before this, we may widen our distance, but certainly not shorten it; and not till the tidings of great joy be simply taken in—not till credit is given to the plain word of the testimony—not till we believe the Word—not till we are persuaded by the promises, and so embrace them—are we translated into the vantage-ground of reconciliation with God; and this entrance into peace is also the entrance into holiness.—*Rev. Dr. Chalmers.*

BEING A "SLOVEN."—A Christian should never plead spirituality for being a sloven. If he be a shoe dealer, he should be the best in the parish.

"Leaves have their times to fall
And flowers to wither at the North wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"

Alas! for him who grows old without growing wise, and to whom the future world does not open her gates when he is excluded by the present. The Lord deals so graciously with us in the decline of life, that it is a shame to turn a deaf ear to the lessons which he gives. The eye becomes dim, the ear dull, the tongue falters, the feet totter, all the senses refuse to do their office, and from every side resounds the call, "Set thine house in order, for the term of thy pilgrimage is at hand." The playmates of youth, the fellow-labourers of manhood, die away and take the road before us.

The Fireside.

THE KINDEST MASTER.

I WAS talking one day to a very cheerful old man, who was fond of speaking of the masters whom he had served. It was a pleasant thing to hear him tell of how many kind, good masters, he had worked for.

"Had you never once a *hard master*?" I said.

"Well, maybe I had, but I forgot that sort; there's no pleasure in thinking of *them*."

I thought as I left him, how much better it is to try and remember about the good, rather than the evil that has troubled our past lives; and thinking of masters, put me in mind of the best of all masters. "One is your Master, even Christ." Our earthly masters provide us work, give us leave to toil, pay us wages for our industry, and we thank them, and serve them diligently; but our heavenly Master not only gives us freely the health and strength that enable us to toil, He provides that we shall *rest* from our labour. He gives us one day in seven as a time of *rest* and refreshment. He calls us to Him, and says, "*I will give you rest.*" Do we think of that kind Master as we should? Are we grateful that he has so tenderly thought of us as to provide for our repose and rest? We know that "He giveth His beloved sleep"—that great restorer of man's physical energies; but not merely does He give us rest to sleep, He provides for us a day of waking rest. On His holy Sabbath we can "*rest in the Lord*"—enjoy the sweet calm of a day when all labour shall cease—when the tired world, weary with its six days of anxious care and toil, can peacefully compose itself to rest. O, dear brother workmen, let no vain desire for earthly pleasure or profit make you unmindful of the claims of the best of masters! for "His yoke is easy and His burden is light."

The Penny Post Box.

HOW TO HOLD PEARLS.

It is said that certain native artists, when they would drill a hole in pearls, first fit them loosely in apertures bored in pieces of wood, then a little water is sprinkled around them, and gradually penetrates the fibres and causes the wood to "*swell*," until each little pearl is held as *firmly* as in a vice. Indeed no vice could hold such delicate little treasures without marring them and thus diminishing their value. But by this simple process, the choicest ones are kept securely in their place

without injury, until the artist's work is done, and then, as the water dries out, the fibres gently relax, and the pearl is free.

Is there not here a little lesson to the teacher? How shall we keep the children quietly in their places on the Sabbath? is the question often thought of if not asked. They cannot be held by main force; that would mar the bright and buoyant spirits God has given us to work upon; but sprinkle upon them and around them the gentle influence of Christian love, which should ever flow from that fountain which is as a "well of water springing up into everlasting life," and behold how the spiritual fibres will encircle them, holding each precious soul in their soft embrace, until the desired impression has been made.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

THE YEARLY EXODUS.

LAST year nearly two hundred thousand emigrants left the ports of the United Kingdom.

Nearly sixty thousand were English, over fourteen thousand Scots, about sixty-five thousand Irish, over fifty thousand Germans, and about seven thousand are undistinguished.

Of these, more than one hundred and fifty thousand sailed for America; twenty-one thousand and over for Canada; nearly thirteen thousand for Australia; and over six thousand to other places.

This is three hundred and sixty over 1867, but sixty-six below that of the preceding four years.

It is predicted that the Irish Exodus will now steadily decline.

Hints.

God will accept your first attempts to serve him, not as a perfect work, but as pledges of something better.

Have the courage to confess your ignorance. Confide your faults and allies to but few.

Fast a meal to give a meal.

Hearts may agree, though heads differ.

A good cause makes a stout heart and a strong arm.

At the resurrection many of the sleepers will be astonished at the falsehoods carved on their gravestones.

The worst prisons are not made of stone.

Gems.

Christ's love is the Church's fire.

The words of the upright are like gentle showers, quickening whole neighbourhoods to life.

The sum of religion is to be like Him whom we worship.

There never was an hypocrite so disguised but that he had some work or other to be known by.

Dr. Owen says, It is will, and not power, that gives rectitude or obliquity to moral actions.

The cross of Christ is the sweetest burden that ever Christian bore. It is as wings to the blind, or sails to the ship.

Our School-rooms are the nurseries of the State; our Churches the nurseries of heaven.

Some people have such a horror of ingratitude, that by way of abolishing the very possibility of its existence they make a point of never performing a single act of kindness.

Poetic Selections.

STAND LIKE AN ANVIL.

The Message of Ignatius to Polycarp.

"STAND like an anvil," when the stroke
Of stalwart men falls fierce and fast;
Storms but more deeply root the oak,
Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

"Stand like an anvil," when the sparks
Fly far and wide, a fiery shower;
Virtue and truth must still be marks,
Where malice proves its want of power.

"Stand like an anvil," when the bar
Lies red and glowing on its breast;
Duty shall be life's leading star,
And conscious innocence its rest.

"Stand like an anvil," when the sound
Of ponderous hammers pains the ear;
Thine, but the still and stern rebound
Of the great heart that cannot fear.

"Stand like an anvil," noise and heat
Are born of earth and die with time;
The soul, like God, its source and seat,
Is solemn, still, serene, sublime.

—Bishop Donne.

SUPPLICATION.

O GOD, who made this world so bright
With all the sparkling stars of heaven—
Great God, who spake, and straightway
light,

The precious light to earth was given—
Great God, who made the sun and moon,
The earth, the ocean, and the sky;
Strewed with fresh flowers the walls in
June,

And scattered beauty for the eye,—
Tinged, as with silver, now the lake,
And then with gold the verdant hill—
Filled with sweet halm the air we take,
And bade us go and bountiful as will;
Now charms with music from his lyre,
Then awes the soul with thunders loud;
Now startles by the flashing fire,
That leaps so brightly from the cloud;

Then spreads His beauteous bow above,
Ever to remind us of His care,
Of His rich promises and love—
That His dear children He will spare.

O God of heaven! great God, supreme,
God of true mercy, hear my prayer;
Let pleasures in my pathway gleam,
And keep me ever in Thy care.

The Children's Corner.

TWO WAYS.

I KNOW a boy who, when his little sister runs up to see what he is doing, and he does not want her so near, says, "Please, sissey, go away now; go, sissey, please." Is not that better than to cry, "Get out!" as some boys do, and perhaps make it rougher with a knock?

I know a little boy who, when he comes home hungry from school, runs into the kitchen, and says, "Biddy, if you are not too busy, will you be kind enough to give me a biscuit, or spread me a slice of bread and butter?" Biddy is happy to leave her work, and oblige a boy who speaks so. Is it not more polite than to rush in and cry out, "Give me something to eat, quick?"

I know a little boy who says, "Mother, if you are willing, I should like to go to Eddie Brown's to-night." And I know another who said, "I am going to Eddie Brown's, whether or no." Which way of speaking becomes a little boy best?

WITCHCRAFT.

A VISIT has just been made to Salem, Mass., which, in its early history, was the place of the terrible delusion of witchcraft, and which proved for a time destructive to social happiness, law, order, justice, and to life itself. Some places, where the scenes took place, were seen and examined with a melancholy interest. A few notes of them will be given. But first, some sketches of the history of witchcraft may be put down.

Man is fond of the wonderful, and delights in the marvellous. With a knowledge of science and of Divine Revelation, he contemplates with interest the works of creation, and with ineffable delight bows down and adores God for the plan of redemption and saving grace. In ignorance of the true God and with reason unenlightened, he is liable to embrace the supernatural, though wild, fanatical, and delusive. Under this comes witchcraft. It has been somewhat prevalent in the heathen world. It has prevailed in almost all ages and among nations enlightened by the gospel.

It is sorcery, enchantment, intercourse with evil spirits. It is a juggling pretence of supernatural power or knowledge, gained by entering into a compact with the inhabitants of the spiritual world, called "familiar spirits." In the full belief of it, the late Dr. Thomas Dick of Scotland well says: "A witch, generally an old woman, it is believed can transport herself through the air at pleasure, and torment the absent."

Such characters as are defined above are mentioned in the Scriptures. God forbids consulting them. "And the soul that turneth after such as have familiar spirits and after wizards, I will even set my face against that soul, and will cut him off from among his people." Lev. xx. 6. Witches also were to be cut off. "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." Ex. xxii. 18. In Gal. chapter five, witchcraft is named as one of the works of the flesh, and is classed with adultery, murder, and drunkenness.

The belief in witchcraft was common in Europe in the dark ages, but was very prevalent in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. Those accused were punished by death. In the village of Lindheim thirty were burned in four years, ending in 1665. For two hundred years, ending in 1650, according to the accounts of some, one half of the population of Europe was either bewitching or bewitched. Five hundred were executed at Geneva

WITCHCRAFT.

about 1515; a thousand in the diocese of Como in a short time, and a hundred a year for a while after. In Loraine, during fifteen years, ending in 1595, nine hundred were burned. In France, in several years, 1,520 were destroyed. In Wurtzburg and Treves in one century it is said that 15,700 were put to death for this alleged offence. In England, as late as 1670, Sir Matthew Hale, who had been active with Cromwell the Protector, and was at length judge of the king's bench under Charles II., tried and condemned persons accused of witchcraft.

The first suspicion of witchcraft in America appeared in Springfield, Mass., in 1645, but twenty-five years after the settlement at Plymouth. Not far from this time one was executed at Charlestown, one at Dorchester, one at Cambridge, and one at Boston. In 1658, Susanna Trimmings was tried at Portsmouth, N.H. Others were tried soon after. In 1688, a woman was tried and executed in Boston.

Salem is fifteen miles north of Boston, and was settled about 1630. Sixty years later, that is, in 1692, the most destructive manifestations of witchcraft ever known in America were exhibited here. The first cases were two children about eleven years of age. They began by acting in a peculiar and unaccountable manner, creeping into holes, under chairs, using unnatural gestures, and uttering ridiculous observations, destitute of sense. Many children have appeared almost equally strange since. But there was much ignorance and consequent superstition then, and the course taken fanned the sparks of evil to a terrible fire. The neighbourhood was excited by the conduct of these children; physicians were called; they could explain nothing, save one of them, who most gravely gave it as his opinion that they were bewitched. This was at once considered decisive. Persons were accused of witchcraft and committed to prison.

We may give some other particulars how those supposed to be bewitched conducted themselves. Some began by thinking they were struck with fire on the back; and then turning, they would see a woman vanishing out of sight, and assuming the shape of a cat. Sometimes the breathing was difficult. Some felt as though they were pricked with pins; some would have spots on the flesh; and some had no feeling in portions of their bodies. Some saw ghosts or spectres, and these resembled certain persons whom they would then accuse of bewitching them.

WITCHCRAFT.

Dr. Cotton Mather, pastor of the old north church in Boston (now Hanover-street, Unitarian), from 1685 to 1728, was a firm believer in witchcraft, and gives an account of it in Salem and other places in his book entitled "Magnalia." He ascribes the work of witchcraft to demons and devils, witches being much in league with them.

How is all this to be accounted for? is the question at this age of the world. We may not answer fully. Probably, however, disordered mental action causes most of the cases. Destroy the mighty and beneficial power of attraction in the universe, and

"Earth unbalanced would from her centre fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky."

Let reason in the mind be perverted by ignorance, superstition, and fanaticism, and men run into the wildest delusions and errors. Dr. Mather acknowledges and deplores in the "Magnalia" that many persons, the young especially, had been led away by sorceries; and that they would practice detestable conjurations with sieves, keys, peas, nails, and horse-shoes. He says also that wretched books had stolen into the land wherein fools were instructed to become fortune-tellers.

Those imprisoned in Salem were brought to trial. It was 177 years ago. The house in which some were tried is still standing. In our visit we found this. It is at the corner of Essex and North streets. It is of large size, and the oldest chimney is plastered on the outside. The mind was filled with sadness in going back to the scenes enacted there. Persons really guilty of no crime, were brought before magistrates and charged with bewitching others. Some accused were of high social and moral standing. It is related that some were calm and dignified in trial. They bore themselves nobly, but doubtless felt when adjudged guilty, that "justice had fallen in the streets," and that terrible crimes were committed in the name of the law. Those pronounced guilty were sentenced to death. But by a strange inversion of justice, if any confessed themselves guilty, they were allowed to go free. About twenty were put to death. The place of execution is a mile or more from the central part of the city. We visited that. It is hilly, rough, and barren. Ever since, it has been known as "Gallows Hill." It is said a number of the executed exhibited a forcible example of the strength of moral principle and virtue. They suffered courageously and nobly, rather than confess what was untrue.

A JUGGLER'S TRICK.

In the midst of these things and the prospect that the trouble would spread widely, the question was, Where will these things end? Right reason began to resume sway, executions and amusements were abandoned, the storm-clouds passed, and the delusion of witchcraft in process of time ended;—in civilised countries it is trusted, for ever.

A JUGGLER'S TRICK.

REV. NORMAN McLEOD, in an account of a visit to Bombay, gives a description of a juggling feat known as the "bamboo trick." He says:—

"While the tom-tom was beating and the pipe playing, the juggler, singing all the time in low accents, smoothed a place in the gravel, three or four yards before us. Having thus prepared a bed for the plant to grow in, he took a basket and placed it over the prepared place, covering it with a thin blanket. The man himself did not wear a thread of clothing, except a strip round the loins. The time seemed to have come for the detective's eye! So, just as he was becoming more earnest in his song, and while the tom-tom beat and the pipe shrilled more loudly, I stepped forward with becoming dignity and begged him to bring the basket and its cover to me. The juggler cheerfully complied. I examined the basket. It was made of open wicker-work. I then examined the cloth covering. It was thin, almost transparent, and certainly there was nothing concealed in it. I then fixed my eyes on his strip of clothing with such intentness that it was not possible it could have been touched without discovery, and bade him go on. I felt perfectly sure that the trick could not succeed. Sitting down, he stretched his naked arms under the basket, singing and smiling as he did so; he then lifted the basket off the ground, and, behold, a green plant, about a foot high! Satisfied with our applause, he went on with his incantations. After having sat a little, to give his plant time to grow, he again lifted the basket, and the plant was now two feet high. He asked us to wait a little longer that we might taste the fruit! But on being assured by those who had seen the trick performed before that this result would be obtained, I confessed myself 'done' without the slightest notion of the how. I examined the ground, and found it was smooth and upturned.

ECCE HOMO.

Apparently delighted with my surprise, the juggler stood up laughing. One of his companions just then chucked a pebble to him, which he put into his mouth. Immediately the same companion, walking backwards, drew forth a cord of silk twenty yards or so in length. But this was not all the discharge, for the juggler, with his hands behind his back, threw forth from his mouth two decanter stoppers, two shells, a spinning top, stone, and several other things, followed by a long jet of fire!"

ECCE HOMO.

MASSILLON's sermon on "The Passion" contains the following eloquent passage:—

"Behold the man!" says Pilate, '*Ecce Homo!*' (*Eksee homo*) Holy kings sprung from the loins of David! Inspired prophets predicted him to men! Is this He whom ye so ardently desired to behold—the Redeemer promised to your fathers so many ages since? Is this the great Prophet whom Judea was to give to the world—the desire of all nations, the expectation of all the world, the Truth of your types, the fulfillment of your Worship, the Hope of your just men, the Consolation of the Synagogue, the Glory of Israel, the Light of the Salvation of all people? Do you recognise Him in this shameful guise?

"But let us leave these famous men to demand as a favour that his Blood should be upon them and upon their children. We wish to point you to other spectators still. It is you yourselves, my brethren. *Ecce Homo!* Behold the man! Behold your consolation if you are of the number of his disciples. In the afflictions wherewith God afflicts you, will ye dare to murmur? Fasten your eyes on Jesus Christ, thus cruelly beaten and slain for you. Behold the man! *Ecce Homo!* If calumny defames you, hear the impostures charged on Him! If the duties of the Christian life sometimes exhaust your weakness, if you say in secret that virtue is not so austere as we proclaim it, behold your answer! See whether you have yet resisted unto blood; study in that image the measure of your duties; it is a man like you who stands as your example, and he is made man only for you. *Ecce Homo!* Behold the man! But behold your work and the consummation of your iniquity and ingratitude if you are sinners; behold the barbarous

POETRY.

act which you repeat whenever you consent to crime ; behold
Body which you dishonour whenever you defile your own ; be-
hold the noble brow which you crown with thorns whenever seen
voluptuousness, reviewed with pleasure, trace dangerous im-
pressions on your mind ; behold the scoffs which you repeat wher
ridicule the piety of the Righteous ! Behold the Sacred
which you pierce when you destroy the reputation of your brethren
in one word, behold your condemnation and your work ! Be-
hold the man ! *Ecce Homo !* Can this sight leave you insens-
ible ? Must he ascend Calvary again ? Will you join your voice to
that of the faithless Jews, and demand that he be crucified afresh ?

Poetry.

BETTER.

THAT haunting dream of Better,
Forever at our side !
It tints the far horizon,
It sparkles on the tide.
The cradle of the Present
Too narrow is for rest ;
The feet of the Immortal
Leap forth to seek the Best.

O beauty, trailing sadness !
Despair, hope's loftiest birth !
With tears and aspirations
Have ye bedewed the earth.
The opening buds of April
Untimely frost may chill ;
The soul of sweet October
Faints out in mystery still.

What buriest thou, gay childhood ?
Swift youth, what fled with thee ?
Laugh'st at our losses, Sorrow,
As in some god-like glee ?

Away, away forever
Our vessels seem to sail ;
The eternal breath o'ertakes them
Home speeds them every gale.

The filmy gold and purple
Swathed not the hill we trod ;
'Twas hard and common climbing,
The bramble and the elod.
The bitterness we tasted
Was Truth's most wholesomelest
The friends that left us lonely
Are opening doors in heaven.

And now the deeper midnight
Uncovers larger stars ;
And grafts of glory burgeon
From earthly blights and scars.
And now the mists are lifting—
The tides are rushing in—
'Tis sunrise on the mountains !—
Lo ! life is yet to win !

—Lucy La

Anecdotes and Selections.

PITTABLE IGNORANCE.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has published a paper on "Very Ignorant People" in his Magazine, the *Sword and Trowel*. He utters some strong, homely words which might be usefully read aloud. Listen to them:—"The man who spends his money with the publican, and thinks that the landlord's bows and 'How do ye do, my good fellow,' mean true respect, is a perfect curiosity; for with them it is—

"If you have money take a seat,
If you have none take to your feet,"

The fox admires the cheese, not the raven. The bait is not put into the trap to feed the mouse, but to catch him. We don't light a fire for the herring's comfort, but to roast him. Men do not keep pot-houses for the labourer's good. If they do, they certainly miss their aim. Why, then, should people drink 'for the good of the house?' If I spend for the good of any house, let it be my own, and not the landlord's. It's a bad well into which you must put water; and the beer-house is a bad friend, because it takes your all, and leaves you nothing but heel-taps and headaches. He who calls those his friends who let him sit and drink by the hour together is ignorant, very ignorant. Why, Red Lions and Tigers, and Eagles and Vultures are all creatures of prey, and why do so many put themselves within the power of their jaws and talons? Such as drink and live riotously, and wonder why their faces are so blotchy and their pockets so bare, would leave off wondering if they had two grains of wisdom. They might as well ask an elm-tree for pears as look to loose habits for health and wealth. Those who go to the public-house for happiness climb a tree to find a fish. We might put all their wit in an egg-shell, or they would never be such dupes as to hunt after comfort where it is no more to be found than a cow in a crow's nest; but, alas! good-for-nothings are common as mice in a wheat-rick. I only wish we could pack them all off to Lubberland, where they have half-a-crown a day for sleeping. If some one could let them see the sure results of ill-living, perhaps they might reform; and yet I don't know, for they do see it, and yet go all the same—like a moth that gets singed and flies into the candle again. Certainly, for loitering Lushingtons to expect to thrive by keeping their hands in their pockets or their noses in a pewter pot, proves them to be ignorant—very ignorant."

BORN AT THE WRONG TIME.—Judge —, who is between seventy and eighty, speaks pleasantly of the passing away of the "old school gentlemen." Says he, "I was born at the wrong time. When I was a young man, young men were of no account. Now, I am old, I find old men are of no account."

THE PATH OF THE JUST.—His glory is from within. It is a position. Put Him where you will, he shines, and cannot but shine. made him to shine. For instance: Imprison Joseph, and he will out on all Egypt, cloudless as the sky where the rain never falls. imprison Daniel, and the dazzled lions will retire to their lairs, as king comes forth to worship at his rising, and all Babylon bless beauty of the brighter and better day. Imprison Peter, and with angel for a harbinger star, he will swell his aurora from the fount Jordan to the wells of Beersheba, and break like the morning mountain and sea. Imprison Paul, and there will be high noon of the Roman Empire. Imprison John, and the Isles of the *Ægean* all the coast around will kindle with sunset visions too gorgeous described, but never to be forgotten, a boundless panorama of prophesying from sky to sky, and enchanting the nations with opening Heaven, transits of saints and angels, and the ultimate glory of the and kingdom of God. Not only so; for modern times have such examples—examples in the church and examples in the state. instance, bury Luther in the depths of Black Forest, and "the that dwelt in the bush" will honour him there; the trees around will turn like shafts of ruby, and his glowing orbs lume up again, and clear as the light of all Europe. Thrust Bunyan into the gloom of Bedford jail, and as he leans his head on his hand, the murky bow of Britain will flame with fiery symbols—"delectable mountain celestial mansions, with holy pilgrims grouped on the golden hill blissful bands from the gates of pearl hastening to welcome them *Rev. Dr. T. H. Stocken.*

THE UNPUNCTUAL PEOPLE.—After much torturing experience come to this—that nine in ten of both sexes do not know the value of time or the morality of a promise. Why is not an agreement made at nine o'clock as sacred as any bond? Why is not the understanding that a church service or lecture commences at the given hour acceptance on your part, if you go, of an agreement, and why are you false to it by your tardiness, and why are you not a bad friend to all the little miseries your infidelity entails? The world of course, affection, great affairs, little details are cursed, and prompt temper, character, life are jeopardized or lost by want of punctuality. Unpunctual people are everywhere, and everything encourages them. It is taken for granted that nothing will be "on time," and everybody holds off to insure it. The first ten minutes of a religious service are apt to be a martyrdom to preachers and punctual people. ought to be some contrivance by which the tardy shall be made comfortable as they, and then we might hope for a change.

A SAYING OF MARTIN LUTHER.—It is said of Martin Luther that the more he had to do, the more frequently and fervently he prayed. On one occasion he remarked to a friend, "I have so much to do that I shall have to pray three hours."

THE FIRESIDE.

PROMISING YOUNG MEN.—A recent writer on "Cambridge Characteristics in the Seventeenth Century" enumerates the following well-known names as persons who "might probably have been met on the same day in the streets of Cambridge" two hundred and thirty-five years ago: Milton, "with his maiden face;" Fuller, "the future church historian, and quaint humourist;" Henry More, the theologian and philosopher, "a tall, thin youth of clear olive complexion, and a rapt expression;" Seth Ward, a future Lord Bishop, then of boyish stature, with flaxen hair; Cleveland, the satirist; Chrashaw, the sweet lyric poet; Pearson, the great commentator upon the creed; Cudworth, author of the "Intellectual System," and the invincible foe of the infidel Hobbes; Mede, studious in the mysteries of astrology and the symbols of the Apocalypse; and Jeremy Taylor, the great poet preacher.

FATHER SERAPHIN.—The first time that Father Seraphin preached before King Louis XIV., he said to the monarch, "Sire, I am not ignorant of the custom, according to the prescription, of which I ought to pay you a compliment in my discourse. This I hope your Majesty will be graciously pleased to dispense with; for I have been searching for a compliment in the Scriptures, and, unhappily, I have not been able to find one."

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

I KNOW that my Redeemer liveth. (Job xix. 25.)

I know—in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day. (II. Tim. i. 12.)

Ye know—that He was manifested to take away our sins. (I. John iii. 5.)

We know—that all things work together for good to them that love God. (Rom. viii. 28.)

We know—that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. (II. Cor. v. 1.)

We know—that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is. (I. John iii. 2.)

The Fireside.

HOME LIFE IN PARIS.

THE home-life of Paris is a thing with which few strangers become acquainted.

The ordinary tourist, who rushes about from one Continental city to another, returns to his native land with no more idea of the interior

life of the Parisian than he would have if he had never been there. Indeed, he not unfrequently jumps to the conclusion that there is no home-life in Paris at all. He sees so many people out-doors so continually, sitting on the iron chairs, reading, in the Champs Elysees, and on the Boulevards, and everywhere—thronging the streets, gayly attired, and so evidently bent on pleasure, recreation, not business—so many ladies, so many children, so many servants—a never-intermitting crowd of strollers and gazers, unmistakeably French—that it is no wonder he concludes the people of Paris live out of doors, take their meals at restaurants, and only go under a roof at bed-time.

It is true that the French have a never-faltering faith in the beneficence of the open air. In pleasant weather, no French mother permits her children to remain in-doors. Out-doors is the place for children, say the Parisians; and out they go, early in the morning, accompanied by nurse, and out they stay till the daylight is gone and the darkness falls (or as much darkness as ever falls on the brightly-lighted streets of Paris), only coming in at meal-times for a brief *seance* about the family board.

It is true that the Parisian believes there is champagne in the air, and goes out whenever he can to quaff it. But there are homes in Paris, and in those homes families bound together by ties as firm as those which hold kith and kin in any land.

The Penny Post Box.

MAN'S SHORTCOMINGS.

MAN is a wonderful creature, but if he equalled the beasts, birds, and insects, in their own peculiar powers, how much more wonderful he would be! If, for instance, he could swim like a fish, run like an antelope, glide like a serpent, gallop like a horse, climb like a monkey, spring like a tiger, and fly like an eagle; or if he could roar like a lion, sing like a nightingale, scent like a hound, hear like a rabbit, hold on like a leech, persevere like an ant, see as far as a bird, guide himself like a bee, jump like a grasshopper, sleep like a toad, and diet like an anaconda, what a marvel of creation would he appear! But, taking his shortcomings into consideration, he is not so very much, after all. Think of it! If a man's voice bore the same proportion to his own weight that a canary bird's does, his lightest word could be heard at a distance of eight hundred miles; and if, at the same time, he had, relatively to his bulk, the same jumping power as the tiniest flea, he could spring from New York City to China at a single bound. Ah! *that* would be something like!

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

NEW ZEALAND.

NEW ZEALAND consists of two large islands.

In 1867 the European population was 218,637, of whom 133,000 were men, 85,000 women.

The native population was 38,540.

The distribution of the natives is, however, unequal. The northern island contains 37,107 of the natives, and the southern island only 1,433; or two to one European over the natives in the northern island.

The northern island comprises the provinces of Auckland, Tamranaki, and Wellington.

The southern island, the provinces of Southland, Otago, Canterbury, Nelson, and Marlborough.

There are twenty-seven million acres in the northern island, and forty-two million in the southern.

Hints.

The only way to keep a secret is to say nothing.

There is no pride like that of a beggar grown rich.

Hope writes the poetry of the boy, but memory that of the man.

If a man love his neighbours as himself, he would no sooner cheat nor rob his neighbour than himself.

The richest man, whatever his lot, is he who is contented with what he has.

God gives the birds their food, but they must fly for it.

The best goods are always the cheapest.

If fools ate no bread, corn would be cheap.

Gems.

They who begin by loving what they call Christianity better than truth, will

proceed by loving their own sect or church better than Christianity, and end in loving themselves better than all.

In all sorrow remember it lightens the stroke to draw nearer to Him who handles the rod.

Many of the faults of children are the rude forms of excellencies that are not yet ripened.

Do not measure the beginnings of Divine life in yourselves by the end of Divine life in other people.

Dr. Alexander, after being a teacher of theology all his life, said, when he came to die, "After all, the only two things that I now insist upon are, that I am a sinner, and that Jesus Christ is my Saviour."

Poetic Selections.

WAITING FOR THE SPRING.

As breezes stir the morning,

A silence reigns in the air;

The streams fling off their fetters;

Moveless the trees and bare;

Yet unto me the stillness

This burden seems to bring—

"Patience! the earth is waiting,—

Waiting for the Spring."

Strong ash and sturdy chestnut,

Rough oak and poplar high,

Stretch out their sapless branches

Against the wintry sky.

And even the guilty aspen

Hath ceased her quivering,

As though she too were waiting,—

Waiting for the Spring.

I strain mine ears to listen,

If haply where I stand,

But one stray note of music

May sound in all the land.

"Why art thou mute, O blackbird?

O thrush, why dost not sing?

Ah! surely they are waiting,—

Waiting for the Spring."

O heart! thy days are darksome;
O heart! thy nights are drear;
But soon shall streams of sunshine
Proclaim the turning year.
Soon shall the trees be leafy,
Soon every bird shall sing;
Let them be silent waiting,—
Waiting for the Spring.

—Once a Week.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the cares and crosses
Crowded round our neighbour's way;
If we knew the little losses
Sorely grievous day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
For the lack of thrift and gain—
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on our heart a stain?
If we knew the clouds above us
Held by gentle blessings there,

Would we turn away all trembling
In our blind and weak despair!
Would we shrink from little shades
Lying on the dewy grass,
While 'tis only birds of Eden
Just in mercy flitting past?

If we knew the silent story
Quivering through the heart of
Would our womanhood dare do
Back to haunts of vice and sin
Life has many a tangled crossing,
Joy has many a break of woe,
And the cheeks tear-washed are
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach within our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love to erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives
So that when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We may say, Dear Father, judge!
As we judge our fellow men.

The Children's Corner.

THE THREE "TENTIONS."

I WAS some time since at a railway-station, waiting for a train the platform, seated on a form, was an old gentleman and two children, whom I guessed were his grand-children. I could not hear the remarks he was making to them, which were spoken in pleasant and loving manner.

"Be sure," said he, "you do not forget the three 'tentions', *Intention*, *Attention*, and *Retention*."

We might apply these "tentions" with much instruction in a way; but children, at school in particular, may profit more in remembering them. Let us take "Intention" first. If a boy is to work out, or a lesson to learn by heart, he will not be successful unless he goes to it with a will, or unless he "intends" it.

Secondly, "Attention." If he is to succeed, a boy must waken his thoughts from tops, balls, and kites, and such like; he must chatter with his school-fellows, but he must for the time give his whole mind, or "attend" to the lesson before him.

Thirdly, "Retention." It is of little use to learn anything unless we remember it, or "retain" it in the mind.

So, boys and girls, try to remember the old gentleman's advice; you do not forget the three 'tentions', *Intention*, *Attention*, *Retention*."

LAST HOURS OF LADY JANE GREY.

WE extract from Hepworth Dixon's new book, "Her Majesty's Tower," the following account of the last scenes in the life of the estimable Lady Jane Grey, who went out from one of its dungeons to execution, and whose cell is still pointed out to the visitor, as well as the block on which she laid her head to receive the blow of the executioner's axe. It is a fair specimen of Mr. Dixon's style. He says:—

"When it was known in the Tower that warrants were out, and that Jane would die on Monday morning, every one became eager to get some token from her, to catch a last word from her lips, a final glance from her eye. To Thomas Brydges, the deputy, in whose house she had lived nearly eight months, she gave a small book of devotions, bound in vellum, containing two scraps of her writing, and a few words by Lord Guilford; one of her notes being addressed to Brydges himself, in words which must have gone to his soul: 'Call upon God to incline your heart to His laws, to quicken you in His way, and not to take the word of truth utterly out of your mouth.'

"On Sunday, Guilford sent to ask her for a final interview; but this sad parting she declined, as useless now, fit for stage heroes only, which they were not. She bade him be of good cheer; and seeing how weak he had been, it is only right to say that the poor boy took his fate quietly, like a man. Sunday morning she spent in prayer and reading; her book, a copy of the Greek Testament, in which she observed a blank leaf at the end, and taking up her pen, wrote some last words to her darling sister, Lady Catharine Grey, sad heiress of all her rights and miseries: 'I have sent you, good sister Kate, a book which, although it be not outwardly trimmed with gold, yet inwardly it is worth more than precious stones. It is the book, dear sister, of the law of the Lord; His testament and last will, which He bequeathed to us wretches, which shall lead you to eternal joy.'

"Closing the sacred book, she gave it to Elizabeth Tylney, her gentlewoman, praying her to carry it, after she was dead, to Lady Catharine, as the last and best token of love. She then composed herself to prayer.

"Early next day, before it was yet light, the carpenters were heard beneath her window fitting up the block on which she was

to die. When she looked out upon the green, she saw the archers and lancers drawn up, and Guilford being led away from the Lieutenant's door. She now sat down and waited for her summons to depart. An hour went slowly by; and then her quick ear caught the rumble of a cart on the stones. She knew that this cart contained poor Guilford's body, and she rose to greet the corpse as it passed by. Her women, who were all in tears, endeavoured to prevent her going to the window, from which she could not help seeing the block and headsman waiting for her turn; but she gently forced them aside, looked out on the cart, and bade the dead youth her last adieu.

"Brydges and Feckenham now came for her. Her two gentlewomen could hardly walk for weeping; but Lady Jane, who was dressed in a black gown, came forth, with a prayer-book in her hand, a heavenly smile on her face, a tender light in her grey eyes. She walked modestly across the green, passed through the files of troopers, mounted the scaffold, and then turning to the crowd of spectators, softly said:—

" 'Good people, I am come hither to die. The fact against the Queen's highness was unlawful; but touching the procurement and desire thereof by me, or on my behalf, I wash my hands thereof, in innocency before God, and in the face of you, good Christian people this day.'

"She paused, as if to put away from her the world, with which she had now done forever. Then she added:—

" 'I pray you all, good Christian people, to bear me witness that I die a true Christian woman, and that I look to be saved by no other means than the mercy of God, in the merits of the blood of His only Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. And now, good people, while I am alive, I pray you to assist me with your prayer.' Kneeling down, she said to Feckenham, the only divine whom Mary would allow to come near her, 'Shall I say this Psalm?' The Abbot faltered, 'Yes.' On which she repeated, in a clear voice, the noble Psalm: "Have mercy upon me, O God, after Thy great goodness: according to the multitude of Thy mercies do away mine offences.'

"When she had come to the last line, she stood up on her feet, and took off her gloves and kerchief, which she gave to Elizabeth Tylney. The Book of Psalms she gave to Thomas Brydges, the Lieutenant's deputy. Then she untied her gown, and took off her bridal gear. The headsman offered to assist her; but she

THE ELEPHANT AND MUTINEERS.

put his hands gently aside, and drew a white kerchief round her eyes. The veiled figure of the executioner sank at her feet, and begged her forgiveness for what he had now to do. She whispered in his ear a few soft words of pity and pardon; and then said to him openly, 'I pray you despatch me quickly.' Kneeling before the block, she felt for it blindly with her open fingers. One who stood by her touched and guided her hand to the place which it sought; when she laid down her noble head, and saying, 'Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit,' passed, with the prayer on her lips, into her everlasting rest."

THE ELEPHANT AND MUTINEERS.

SOME time ago a very fine specimen of the Asiatic elephant was landed at Southampton. The animal was an exceedingly fine one, standing several feet in height, with large tusks, and between three and four years of age. It was shipped at Bombay, and was under the charge of a native of Sumatra named Ramee Jhandeegar, (familiarily known on board ship by the term "Ramy,") to whom the elephant was much attached, and who had brought the huge brute under perfect subjection.

During the first few days after the ship had cleared the land, everything went on well; but stormy weather coming on, a spirit of disobedience was displayed by some of the crew. The would-be-mutineers assembled together, one evening, near the wheel-house on the main deck, close to where the elephant was chained, and held council as to their future proceedings. The keeper Ramy, lying at the side of the animal, feigned sleep, although he paid attention to what the wicked men were saying. He heard the whole details of a plot to murder the captain, and a great portion of the crew and passengers; and he ascertained that he himself was one of those who were to be massacred. The onslaught was to be made when the watch was changed that very night.

No time was to be lost in warning the captain of the danger; but it was utterly impossible for Ramy to proceed to the state-cabin without incurring the greatest possible risk, inasmuch as he would have been compelled to have passed through the midst of the mutineers; and they certainly would not have scrupled in killing at once one whom they had themselves selected as a victim. The wily keeper, however, took a wiser course; and, as it turned out, a very

SIGHTS IN THE MORMON THEATRE.

serviceable one. Noiselessly unfastening the chain which bound the elephant's legs, Ramy set the animal at liberty ; and, springing to his feet in an instant, he bounded into the midst of the mutineers, followed by the elephant. On his giving a signal to the intelligent creature, it laid about it right and left with its trunk, and the astonished sailors were quickly thrown down on the deck, wounded and bleeding, and shouting loudly for mercy. The captain, hearing the disturbance, was soon on the spot ; and having been made acquainted with the facts of the case, caused the mutineers to be placed in irons, to be brought to justice at the first port at which they might touch. The wounds caused by the animal's trunk were frightful.

This elephant gave many other proofs, on the voyage, of his intelligence and sagacity. On one occasion, during a heavy gale of wind, he saved a man from a watery grave, by seizing him by his jacket just as he was slipping from off the bulwarks ; and on another he prevented the first mate of the vessel from being severely bitten by a ferocious mastiff belonging to one of the passengers. The dog was flying at the throat of the man, when his spring was arrested by the elephant, which, taking firm hold of him with his trunk, hurled him over the side of the ship into the ocean.

SIGHTS IN THE MORMON THEATRE.

BRIGHAM YOUNG owns a theatre which cost two hundred thousand dollars, and which has yielded a large revenue. It is a well built edifice, with parquet and circle, dress circle, family circle, and gallery. Gentiles are consigned to the dress circle, though saints also sit there.

Climbing a narrow stairway, we find ourselves in the dress circle, occupying a front seat, giving us a good position to study the audience. We are not there to see the play, but the people. The curtain is still down, and the audience are taking their seats. The parquet is arranged with slips like those in a church. At the right hand side in the parquet circle is Brigham's family pew—distinguished from all other seats by its red plush or damask upholstery.

In the right hand aisle of the parquet is a rocking-chair which Brigham sometimes occupies, when he wishes to be on a familiar footing with the saints.

At our right hand is a woman with a baby in her arms, three

other children by her side. Behind us are three roystering fellows from the mines of Montana, ogling the girls in the parquet. They are Gentile wolves. Elder Williams cautioned the girls last Sunday to beware of those who came in sheep's clothing to lead them away from the church and down to perdition. These wolves do sometimes carry away the fairest of the flock. Some of the girls prefer the undivided love of a hardy, good-looking young Gentile to the fortieth or fiftieth part of a Mormon Apostle.

Two seats distant is another baby. The mother is wrinkled and careworn. We can see lines of care and suffering across her forehead, and in her sunken cheeks, as if Time had been turning deep furrows, and his ploughshare had gone down into the subsoil and had cut the heart-strings. Not hers alone. We see the same joyless cast of countenance on every female face. Artists, who with pen and pencil paint character—who can read the joys and sorrows of life in the lines of the human face—should come to Salt Lake City. They would find it one vast studio—every woman a subject. 'Dead Affections' would be an appropriate title to their pictures. Stifled, rather. These women have never known what it is to love or to be loved. They know only sacrifice. They are slaves—in bondage to the church and to the devil at the same time. They are ground to powder between two mighty mill-stones—the upper one the religious idea, the lower one the lewdness and lust of hard-hearted men. Heaven and hell together are brought into action crushing out human affections and the highest and holiest instincts of the soul.

The priests of Buddha, in China, in one of their delineations of the damned have accurately portrayed the condition of these women of Salt Lake. I remember a scene in a temple at Canton—a mill in which human souls were ground up—a slow, steady turning of the stone. The soul went in head foremost. Down below was a trickling stream of blood and brains. It is so here. Intellect, joy, happiness, hope, peace, brains and hearts, are ground slowly out in this infernal mill.

But there is the man who runs the mill—the head of the church—President and Revelator—in the private box by the side of the stage. He is portly. His hair is nicely brushed. He wears a white vest, black broad cloth coat, kid gloves, puts an opera-glass to his eyes and looks over to the gallery containing us Gentiles, to see who is here. He has a broad forehead, large nose, whiskers turning white. Ability, decision, duplicity, shrewdness, cunning—the good and bad elements of character—are plainly marked in his

POETRY.

countenance. Apostle Wells, a tall, thin, spare man, near old as Brigham, is by his side.

In Brigham's family circle we see two of his concubines twenty-two of his children—all but three of them girls. Of the women is past the prime of life—plain countenance, plain dressed. She is sad—sad when others laugh. The play is *Somnambulist*, but the comic scenes which set the crowd laughing bring no smile to her face.

At the end of the seat is one of the favourite concubine woman of thirty, pale, thoughtful, and with an intellectual countenance, with a book in hand which she reads between scenes. She has large, lustrous eyes, dark brown hair, jewels on her finger and a mother-of-pearl opera-glass in her hand. She is elegantly dressed—wears a costly, fine cape. Did I not know that they were Brigham's concubines, I should set them down as teachers' girls' boarding school, who had come with their classes to the evening.

It is a motley audience—saints, sinners, and Indians. Far in the gallery I see three of the Ute tribe, in moccasins and blankets, gazing with imperturbable gravity upon the scene.

Brigham looks upon the audience most of the time—turning attention to the stage only when something especially attractive or laughable occurs. He talks with brother Wells, takes a knife from his pocket, pares an apple, which he slowly munches. He has the appearance of a man not well acquainted with the usages of society, but who is well off in the world, independent of everybody, and who for the remainder of his life is going to take it easy and have everything his own way.

Poetry.

LIFE.

THE following curious compilation is by Mrs. H. A. Deming. It is the result of a year's reading of the leading English and American poets:—

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour.—*Young*.

Life's a short Summer, man a flower.—*Johnson*.

By turn we catch the vital breath and die.—*Pope*.

The cradle and the tomb, alas, so nigh!—*Prior*.

To be, is better far than not to be.—*Sewel*.

Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;—*Spenser*.

ANECDOTES AND SELECTIONS

But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb.—*Daniell*.
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.—*Raleigh*.
Your fate is but the common fate of all.—*Longfellow*.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall.—*Southwell*.
Nature to each allots his proper sphere.—*Congreve*.
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care;—*Churchill*.
Custom does not often reason overrule.—*Rochester*.
And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.—*Armstrong*.
Live well; how long or short, permit to heaven.—*Milton*.
They who forgive most, shall be most forgiven.—*Bailey*.
Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face.—*Trench*.
Vile intercourse, where virtue has no place.—*Somerville*.
Then keep each passion down, however dear.—*Thompson*.
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.—*Byron*.
Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay.—*Smollet*.
With craft and skill, to ruin and betray;—*Crabbe*.
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise.—*Massinger*.
We masters grow of all that we despise.—*Cowley*.
Then, I renounce that impious self-esteem;—*Beattie*.
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.—*Cowper*.
Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave.—*Davenant*.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.—*Gray*.
What is ambition?—'tis a glorious cheat!—*Willis*.
Only destructive to the brave and great.—*Addison*.
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?—*Dryden*.
The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.—*Quarles*.
How long we live, not years, but actions tell;—*Watkins*.
That man lives twice who lives the first life well.—*Herrick*.
Make then, while yet you may, your God your friend.—*Mason*.
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.—*Hill*.
The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just;—*Dana*.
For, live we how we can, yet die we must.—*Shakspeare*.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE WORLD'S MADNESS.—When I look upon a busy, bustling world, eagerly pursuing and courting disappointment, neglecting nothing so much as the one thing needful; and who, in order to have their portion of this life, disregard the world to come, and only treasure up wrath; makes me think of a farmer who should, with vast labour, cultivate lands, and gather in his crop and then thrash it out, and then separate the corn from the chaff, and then sweep the corn out upon the high hill, and carefully lay by the chaff. Such a person would be supposed mad; but how faint a shadow would this be of his madness who sows for the meat that perishes, but neglects that which endureth to everlasting life? It is a madness the whole race of men labour for, unless and until divine grace works the cure.—*T. Scott*.

THE UPBURST OF LIBERTY.—Artesian wells are sunk through the sod of the prairies, through the loam, through the gravel, through the hard-pan, which is almost granite, until at last one thousand, or one thousand five hundred feet, beneath the surface the hand of man reveals a deep and rapid river, coursing through those solitary, sunless depths, at a speed of ten miles the hour; swifter than the Ohio, or Mississippi, or Hudson, or any of the bountiful and imperial streams of America, flowing, as they do, through a picturesque mountain scenery, stately forest, or enamelled meadow, amid towered cities or cultivated fields. And when the shaft has reached that imprisoned river, and the rent for the first time has been made through its dungeon wall, the waters, remembering their august source on far distant mountain-tops, whence ages ago they fell, leap upward to the light with terrible energy, rising in an instant far above the surface of the earth, and pouring forth their healthful and fertilizing current to delight and refresh mankind. And with even such an awakening are we gladdened when half-forgotten humanity bursts from time to time out of the depths in which it has pursued its joyless, sunless course, moaning and murmuring through long centuries, but never quite forgetting its divine and distant origin. Such was the upward movement out of intellectual thralldom which we call the Reformation, when the shaft of Luther struck the captive stream. Such an awakening, but a more significant and hopeful one, was heralded for the American Republic, east and west, north and south, and for all humanity, by the triumph of the right in the recent four years' conflict, in which all have been the conquerors.—*J. L. Motley.*

PURE IN HEART.—A little girl having one day read to her teacher the first twelve verses of the fifth chapter of the Gospel of Matthew, he asked her to stop and tell him which of these holy tempers, said by our Lord to be blessed, she would most like to have. She paused a little, and then said with a modest smile, "I would rather be pure in heart." Her teacher asked her why she chose this above all the rest. "Sir," she said, "If I had a pure heart, I should have all the other graces spoken of in the chapter."

THE LAW OF CHRIST, is like a mirror, clearly reveals our characters; but too many keep this mirror in their parlours to be seen only on special occasions, often forgetting what manner of persons they are or ought to be. The true saint will always "keep the Lord before him," and will have frequent sorrows that he is no more like his Saviour, while false professors go carelessly along the road the destruction.

FAITH.—One evening Martin Luther was looking out of the window, and saw a little bird perching himself on a bough and making himself comfortable for the night. "Ah," said he, "see how that little fellow preaches faith to us all. He just takes hold of a twig, tucks his little head under his wing and goes to sleep, leaving God to think for him."

THE FIRESIDE.

COMFORT IN TROUBLE.—I wonder many times that ever a child of man should have a sad heart, considering what the Lord is preparing him. When we shall come home and enter into our kingdom, and in our heads shall wear the eternal crown of glory, and when we will look back on pains and sufferings—then shall we see life and know to be less than one step or stride from the prison to glory; and that our little inch of time-suffering is not worthy of a thought when compared with our first day's welcome to heaven.

TEARS AND LAUGHTER.—God made tears and laughter, and both for good purposes; for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the many privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.

THE SOFTEST ROAD is not always the best road. It is on the smooth way we slip; a rough path is usually safer for our feet. Our difficulties make us watchful. They plainly show us our weakness, and send us to Christ for help. They humble us before God.

BEAUTIFUL ANSWERS.

OPIL of Abbe Sicord gave the following extraordinary answers:—

- . What is gratitude?
- . Gratitude is the memory of the heart.
- . What is hope?
- . Hope is the blossom of happiness.
- . What is the difference between hope and desire?
- . Desire is a tree in leaf, hope is a tree in flower, and enjoyment is a tree in fruit.
- . What is eternity?
- . A day without yesterday or to-morrow, a day without end.
- . What is time?
- . A line that has two ends—a path that begins in the cradle and ends in the grave.

The Fireside.

THE LAST DANCE.

URING the occupancy of the city of Moscow by the French army, a party of officers and soldiers determined to have a military levee, and for this purpose chose the deserted palace of a nobleman. That night the city was set on fire. As the sun went down they began to amble. The women who followed the fortunes of the French army were decorated for the occasion. The gayest and the noblest of the women were there, and merriment reigned over the crowd.

THE PENNY POST BOX.

During the dance the fire rapidly approached them; they saw it coming, but felt no fear. At length the building next the one they occupied was on fire. Coming to the windows, they gazed upon the billows of fire which swept the city, and then returned to their amusements. Again and again they left their pleasures to watch the progress of the flames. At length the dance ceased, and the necessity of leaving the scene of merriment became apparent to all. They were enveloped in a flood of fire, and gazed on with deep and awful solemnity.

At last the fire, communicating to their own building, caused them to prepare for flight, when a brave young officer, named Carnot, waved his jewelled hand above his head, and exclaimed—"One dance more, and defiance to the flames." All caught the enthusiasm of the moment, and "One dance more, and defiance to the flames," burst from the lips of all. The dance commenced; louder and louder grew the sound of music, and faster and faster fell the pattering footsteps of dancing men and women, when suddenly they heard a cry—"The fire has reached the magazine! Fly—fly for your life!" One moment they stood transfixed with terror; they did not know the magazine was there, and ere they recovered from their stupor the vault exploded; the building was shattered to pieces, and the dancers were hurried into a fearful eternity.

The Penny Post Box.

DON'T FRET.

DON'T fret; for a fretful Christian is likely a prickly pear, bitter within and irritating without. God says, "Cast all your care on me, for I care for you." "No, you don't," says the fretting Christian, "and so I'll fret over my cares."

Don't fret; for you are a witness for Christ. What is your testimony worth if your fretting contradicts His words—"My yoke is easy, and my burden light?"

Don't fret; for fretting, instead of relieving from trouble, will lay on you heavier burdens. As fear slays more persons than cholera, so fretting kills more than care.

Don't fret; for God's providence governs all things. Consider the hairs of your head, the fowls of the air, the lilies of the field. Thus stay your heart on God, and thou shalt have perfect peace.

One of Cromwell's friends was a fretting Christian, to whom everything went wrong, and portended disaster. One day when unusually fretful his sensible servant said:—"Master, don't you think that God governed the world very well before you came into it?"

s; but why do you ask?"
n't you think He will govern it very well when you are out of it?"
s; but why do you ask?"
ell, then, can't you trust Him to govern it for the little time you
it?"
t shot killed his fretfulness.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

ARCTIC VEGETATION.

1 trees grow further north than
ifers.

berries, bogberries, and cran-
hang on the bushes from Sep-
until the snow melts the fol-
June, and so give food to
f water-fowl.

forests of high latitudes look

This is owing to their being
up from the cold blasts by
w.

forests harbour no noxious
thorns and prickles are of
urrence.

Arctic storm, however furiously
blow, awakens no echo in the
shades of the pinewoods of
rth.

he banks of the Great Bear
our hundred years are neces-
the formation of a tree trunk
ker than a man's waist.

nd the northern forest line
a treeless waste called tundri.
y mosses and grey mosses are
ef vegetation of the tundri,
few scanty grasses or dwarfish

Hints.

npts at wit often show the
attempts at wisdom.
he never looks up to an excel-
liger than he has yet attained,
er rise high.

Two things a man should never be
angry at: what he can help, and what
he cannot help.

Always speak well of your friends;
but of your enemies speak neither
good nor bad.

A little sprig of the herb called
content, put into the poorest soup,
will make it as rich as the Lord
Mayor's turtle.

Only let God love us, and then
nature will encompass us about like a
cloud of Divine witnesses.

Consult duty, and not events.

Gems.

Righteousness troubles the wicked;
wickedness troubles the righteous.

Adversity overcome is the brightest
glory; and willingly borne, the great-
est virtue.

Many follow Jesus to the breaking
of the bread, but few to the drinking
of His cup.

Self-deceivers among so-called Chris-
tians are more like the moon than the
sun. They have little light, little
heat, but many changes.

The living spring is not diminished
by giving, nor the stagnant waters by
withholding.

To have no holiness is bad enough;
but to pretend we have it is a double
impiety.

He is not only idle who does
nothing, but he is idle who might be
better employed.

Poetic Selections.

CHILDHOOD'S JOYS.

OH, give me back the dear old woods,
The hills and mountains grand,
The rocks and glens, with solitudes
By sighing zephyrs fanned.

The valleys, with their cosy nooks
Where blue-eyed violets peep,
The ceaseless music of the brooks
Where crystal fairies sleep.

I love the beauteous flowers which bloom
Through all the sunny west,
But O! I love my early home,
Its wild-wood flowers the best.

The earnest trust, the sacred vow,
I gave to Jesus there,
All, all are clustering round me now
Like some remembered prayer.

I long, as when a child, to kneel,
Ere one bright dream was riven,
And all my heart's deep love to seal
With perfect trust in heaven.

The sweet child-joy, the care-free hour,
No more may come to me;
But dearer far is heaven's own bower,
When Christ shall set me free.

JUST AS GOD LEADS

Just as God leads me I would go:
I would not ask to choose my way
Content with what He will bestow
Assured He will not let me stray
So as He leads my path I make,
And step by step I gladly take,—
A child in Him confiding.

Just as God leads, I am content;
I rest me calmly in His hands;
That which He has decreed and as
That which His will for me commands
I would that He should yet fulfil,
That I should do His gracious will
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads me, I abide
In faith, in hope, in suffering, to
His strength is ever by my side;
Can aught my hold on Him undo?
I hold me firm in patience, knowing
That God my life is still bestowing
The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads I onward go,
Oft amid thorns and briers keen
God does not yet His guidance shun
But in the end it shall be seen
How, by a loving Father's will,
Faithful and true, He leads me still
To heavenly bliss unending.

The Children's Corner.

"MUST PRAY IT ALL OUT."

CONFESS to God every day, and you can't sin half so easily.
bad boys tried to persuade a little boy to play truant.

"No, no, I cannot," said he.

"Why? now why?" they asked.

"Why?" answered the boy, "because if I do, I shall have
it all out at my mother's knee to-night."

"O well," they said, "in that case you had better not go."

BEARS AND BEAR-HUNTING.

Notes of a Hunter," by Henry Clapp, call to mind some personal experience about bears and bear-hunting in Texas. I was much the company of Mr. Benjamin Burke, a very observing, intelligent, and truthful man. He imparted to me many items of information respecting the habits of the bear. Some of these bits I had the opportunity of observing myself, and I have full confidence in the truth of his statements relative to the others.

I had read in my youth, in some great encyclopedia, that the bear goes to his winter's sleep very fat, and awakes from it in the spring very lean. I was surprised, then, to learn, that, so far as can be judged by appearances, he loses none of his fat during hibernation. Of course, in his wild state we cannot weigh him before going to sleep and after he wakes. The hunter says he goes to his winter-quarters "full fat," and comes out "full fat." I know that he is fat when he begins to travel in the spring; but he becomes lean rapidly, notwithstanding he may find plenty to eat. At this period he is destructive to hogs; indeed, all the summer, till the return of mast (acorns, grapes, and other autumn fruits) offers him better food. Mr. Burke had a very large gentle bear (he was raised as a pet) which was caught by a bear; but he broke away, and came to the house with a gaping wound just over the middle of his back. A gang of hogs will rally, in self-defence, against a wolf, a panther, or any other animal of America that man know of, except a bear. If you want to scatter a gang, throw among them a bit of fresh bear-skin. Apropos of this a story is told, for the truth of which I do not vouch, though I think it not probable, that a man's hogs being in the habit of breaking into a neighbour's field, the latter caught one, sewed it up in the skin of a bear newly killed, and turned it loose among its fellows. These ran for dear life, and the bear-hog followed from social instinct till both fell, if not dead, at least quite exhausted.

I was not aware that a bear can climb a tree so small as that mentioned by Mr. Clapp. The hunter knows whether the animal is in the hollow of the tree above by the marks of the claws. In ascending he makes only the puncture of the claws. In descending, he leaves long scratches. They climb in order to "lap," as the hunter says, described by Mr. Clapp as drawing in branches to get at the fruit. I feel inclined to doubt whether they break off the

BEARS AND BEAR-HUNTING.

branches for the purpose of throwing them down, and then descending to eat the fruit. It looks too much like human reasoning. If the branch breaks, he may not be able to hold it; and when he goes down, he may eat the fruit. This would be all natural enough. In the South, acorns form the principal mast. They are fond of persimmons too, and grapes. When mast is not plentiful, they lap black-gum berries, and these impart to the flesh, not a bitter taste as would be supposed, but the peculiar savour of fish; so that, for a person of delicate taste, only severe hunger will force him to eat the meat of a bear that has lapped black-gum.

The female commonly climbs a tree to find a hollow for her winter-quarters, where she has her cubs. I was present at the taking of one from such a hollow. It was necessary to climb a neighbouring tree; then a piece of dry rotten wood set on fire, loosely attached to a pole; and thrust into her nest, soon forced her to turn out. Old, large bears do not like to climb, and generally hibernate in a thick bunch of cane or bushes, or among some fallen tree-tops, or in a hollow log, making a bed of leaves, grass, brush, or other stuff. During winter, if a warm day occurs, bears will sometimes go out and walk about, and perhaps drink; but they, probably, do not eat. One killed during the winter has nothing, or only a little mucus, in the stomach and intestines, and the plug in the vent, as mentioned by Mr. Clapp. This results, probably, from the hardening of the last fecal matter, mostly mucus, which comes from the intestines. But the idea that it is composed of gum—an idea that I never heard of in Texas—entertained by some, reminds me of another custom of bears, probably connected with animal heat. In some localities, particularly on a high bluff near a stream, a pine tree is occasionally seen, from which the bark, at a certain height, is plainly torn off by the teeth of some animal. It is said to be done by the bear in this manner: he rises on his hind feet with his back to the tree, and, turning his head to one side and to the other, rips off the bark with his tusks. The size of the animal is known, approximately, by the height of the marks he leaves. The same tree is visited year after year by bears of various sizes—none very small, however. I would say, trusting to memory, that the average height may be about four feet. I have seen several such trees. I think Mr. Burke had never witnessed this performance, but received his information from Indians. I never saw any other than a pine thus marked.

BEARS AND BEAR-HUNTING.

Bears are fond of honey, and will rob bee-hives, if within reach. They also dig up "yellow-jackets," wasp's-nests, for the larvæ. The account of this is amusing. The animal digs rapidly, and when the insects sting him too fiercely, he quits for a moment, rolls over and over on the ground, snarling the while, and returns again to the attack, perhaps to go through the same movements several times before he bears off the prize.

It is exciting sport hunting bears with dogs. These come to be almost as fond of it as the hunter himself. Most of them, in the beginning, fear to attack, and some never get the better of the dread he inspires. A fierce one is apt to spring at the ear, to his sorrow. But the dog that has courage and prudence combined bites him behind, which he will by no manner of means tolerate, but will wheel to fight. I doubt if he ever properly strikes with his paws. He makes his own instinctive effort to seize the attacking party, and to put him in the place of the lowermost dog in the fight. Then he bites, and if he gets the dog by the back, and if this be a lean, thin dog, woe be to the dog. A fat one has a better chance. The bear cannot so well get his broader back into his mouth, and, the skin slipping, he generally escapes with only a flesh wound. Dogs, at first, often refuse bear-meat, but come to prefer it above all others, as does the hunter.

When hard pressed, the bear will back into a dense patch of cane, or into a bunch of bushes, and, standing erect on his hinder parts, make the best fight he is capable of. This is the time for the hunter, when his attention is absorbed by the dogs. Occasionally one is started, which runs steadily on, and escapes. Females and young commonly climb, or "tree" in hunters' dialect. Generally, they are then easily shot; but sometimes, on the hunter's approach, they will drop from the tree and run on again.

I once met a female and two cubs. I shot the mother fair in the breast, aiming at the white spot. The cubs "treed," and I killed them; I then went in search of the old one, fully expecting to find her, close by, dead. As she ran away she bled profusely, but the blood grew less, and finally stopped entirely, and I never found the bear. How she could go quite off with such a loss of blood was a mystery.

"Lord, thou saidst, Him that cometh—not him that cometh in any special way—with much earnestness, or deep repentance, or strong faith—but just him that cometh. Now, Lord, I'm a poor sinner; I don't deserve anything, and I can't do anything; but I've come to thee, wanting salvation, and thou wilt not, thou canst not, turn me away, for thou hast promised."

Dear reader, can you not take God at His word?

Poetry.

THE MUSIC OF LABOUR.

The banging of the hammer,
The whirring of the plane,
The crashing of the busy saw,
The creaking of the crane,
The ringing of the anvil,
The grating of the drill,
The clattering of the turning lathe,
The whirling of the mill,
The buzzing of the spindle,
The rattling of the loom,
The puffing of the engine,
The fen's continual boom,
The clipping of the tailors' shears,
The driving of the awl,—
These sounds of honest industry,
I love—I love them all.

The clicking of the magic type,
The earnest talk of men,
The toiling of the giant press,
The scratching of the pen,
The tapping of the yard-stick,
The tinkling of the scales,
The whistling of the needles,
(When no bright cheek it pales,)
The humming of the cooking-stove,
The surging of the broom,
The pattering feet of childhood,
The housewife's busy hum,
The buzzing of the scholars,
The teacher's kindly call,—
The sounds of active industry,
I love—I love them all.

I love the ploughman's whistle,
The reaper's cheerful song,
The drover's oft-repeated shout
Spurring his stock along,
The bustle of the market-man
As he hies him to the town,
The halloo from the tree-top
As the ripened fruit comes down,
The busy sound of threshers
As they clean the ripened grain,
The husker's joke and catch of glee,
'Neath the moonlight on the plain
The kind voice of the drayman,
The shepherd's gentle call,—
These sounds of pleasant industry,
I love—I love them all.

Oh, there's a good in labour,
If we labour but aright,
That gives vigour to the day-time,
A sweeter sleep at night;
A good that bringeth pleasure
E'en to the toiling hours;
For duty cheers the spirit,
As dew revives the flowers.
Then say not that Jehovah
Gave labour as a doom;
No!—'tis the richest mercy
From the cradle to the tomb;
Then let us still be doing
Whate'er we find to do,
With cheerful, hopeful spirit,
And free hand, strong and true.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE ETERNAL WORD.—No fragment of any army ever survived so many battles as the Bible; no citadel ever withstood so many sieges; no rock was ever battered by so many hurricanes, and so swept by storms. And yet it stands. It has seen the rise and downfall of Daniel's four empires. Assyria bequeaths a few mutilated figures to the riches of our National Museum. Media and Persia, like Babylon which they conquered, have been weighed in the balance and long ago found wanting. Greece faintly survives in its historic fame. "Tis living Greece no more;" and the iron Rome of the Cæsars is held in precarious occupation by a feeble band. And yet the Book that foretells all this, still survives! While nations, kings, philosophers, systems, institutions, have died away, the Bible engages now men's deepest thoughts, is examined by the keenest intellects, stands revered before the highest tribunals, is more read, and sifted, and debated, more devoutly loved and more vehemently assailed, more defended and more denied, more industriously translated and freely given to the world, more honoured and more abused, than any other book the world ever saw. It survives all changes, itself unchanged; it moves all minds, yet is moved by none; it sees all things decay, itself incorruptible; it sees myriads of other books engulfed in the stream of time, yet it is borne along triumphantly on the wave; and will be borne along, till the mystic angel shall plant his foot upon the sea, and swear, by Him that liveth forever, that time shall be no longer. "For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away; but the Word of the Lord endureth forever."

ARE YOU HAPPY?—Rothschild, who was supposed to be the richest man in the world, was once asked this simple question, "Are you happy?" "Happy," he answered, "when, just as you were going to dinner you have a letter placed in your hand saying, 'if you don't lend me five hundred pounds I will blow your brains out!'" Happy when you have to sleep with pistols under your pillow. No, indeed, I am not happy."—Astor, another very rich man, was once asked the same question. "Ah!" he answered, "I must leave it all when I die. It won't put off sickness; it won't buy off sorrow; it won't put off death." And so it was plain to see that he was not happy.—But I went once to see a poor, lame and aged woman, who lived in one small room and earned a part of her scanty living by knitting; for the rest she had to depend on the kindness of others. I asked her this same question, "Lydia, are you happy?" "Happy!" she answered, with a beaming face, "I am just as full as I can be. I do not believe I could

hold another drop of joy." "But why?" I asked; "you are sick and alone, and have almost nothing to live upon." "But have you never read, said she, pointing to the Bible, "all things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's?" And again, 'Ask and receive, that your joy may be full?'"

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.—The following is a description of the scene witnessed by Mr. Campbell and his party in the North of Norway, as they stood on a cliff one thousand feet above the sea. The passage is unsurpassed in graphic beauty:—"The ocean stretched away in silent vastness at our feet; the sound of its waves scarcely reached our airy lookout; away in the North the huge old sun swung low along the horizon like the slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock in our grandfather's parlour corner. We all stood silent, looking at our watches. When both hands came together at twelve, midnight, the full round orb hung triumphantly above the wave—a bridge of gold running due north spanned the water between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats; no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunset and sunrise you ever saw, and its beauties will pale before the gorgeous colouring which now lit up ocean, heaven and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swung up perceptibly on its beat, the colours changed to those of morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the flood, one songster after another piped up in the grove behind us—we had slid into another day."

A SUBLIME FAITH.—Faith rests with confidence in the word of God, assured that His promises cannot fail. When one has right views of the divine character, he feels that he could sooner doubt his own existence than doubt the promises of God. The Bible itself furnishes no finer illustration of a sublime faith than the following reply of a poor Scotch woman to Rev. John Brown, of Haddington. Mr. Brown had been pressing her with hard questions, to test her knowledge of the Scriptures, and the strength and depth of her piety. At last he asked: "Janet, what if God, after all He has done, should break His promise and drop you into hell?" The poor woman promptly replied, "Let Him do e'en as He likes. If He does, He'll loose mair than I do." It would be hard for any one to go beyond this in right conceptions of the faithfulness of God.

HOME.—The only fountain in the wilderness of life where man drinks of water unmixed with bitterness is that which gushes up in the calm and steady recess of domestic life. Pleasure may heat the heart with artificial excitement, but when the excitement is gone an aching void is left. That is filled in the holy calm of domestic bliss, when, surrounded by all that tends to earthly comfort, man turns his thoughts to a life that extends through infinity, making his home an index pointing across the sea of life to one of happiness beyond.

GOD LOVED ME.

SOME years ago two gentlemen were riding together, and as they were about to separate, one addressed the other thus:—

"Do you ever read the Bible?"

"Yes, but I get no benefit from it, because, to tell the truth, I feel I do not love God."

"Neither did I," replied the other, "but God loved me."

This answer produced such effect upon his friend, that, to use his own words, it was as if one had lifted him off the saddle into the skies. It opened up to his soul at once the great truth that it is not how much I love God, but how much God loves me.

The Fireside.

A CHEERFUL ATMOSPHERE.

LET us try to be like the sunshiny member of the family, who has the inestimable art of making all duty seem pleasant, all self-denial and exertion easy and desirable; even disappointment not so blank and crushing; who is like a bracing, crisp, frosty atmosphere throughout the home, without a suspicion of the element that chills and pinches. You have known people within whose influence you felt cheerful, amiable, hopeful, equal to anything! Oh, for that blessed power and for God's grace to exercise it rightly! I do not know a more enviable gift than the energy to sway others to good; to diffuse around us an atmosphere of cheerfulness, piety, truthfulness, generosity, magnanimity. It is not a matter of great talent; not entirely a matter of great energy; but rather of earnestness and honesty, and of that quiet, constant energy which is like soft rain gently penetrating the soil. It is rather a grace than a gift; and we all know where all grace is to be had freely for the asking.

The Penny Post Box.

LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE words, not eloquent speeches nor sermons; little deeds not miracles nor battles, nor one great act or mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little, constant sunbeam, not the lightning; the waters of Siloam, "that go softly" on their meek mission of refreshment, not "the waters of the river great and mighty," rushing down in torrent noise and force, are the true symbols of a holy life.

The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little

weaknesses, little follies, little indiscretions and imprudences, foibles, little indulgences of self and of the flesh, little acts of lenience or indecision, or slovenliness or cowardice, little equivocal aberrations from high integrity, little bits of worldliness and little indifferences to the feelings or wishes of others, little out of temper and crossness, or selfishness, or vanity; the avoidance of such little things as these go far to make up at least the negative beauty of a holy life.

And then attention to the little duties of the day and hour, in transactions, or private dealings, or family arrangement; to the words and tones; little benevolences, or forbearances, or tender mercies, little self-denials, self-restraints, and self-thoughtfulness; little of quiet kindness and thoughtful consideration for others; punctuality and method, true aim, in the ordering of each day—these are the developments of holy life, the rich and divine mosaics of which are composed.

What makes yon green hill so beautiful? Not the outstanding or stately elm, but the bright sward which clothes its slopes with an innumerable blades of grass. It is of small things that a great scene is made up; and he who will acknowledge no life as great, save which is built up of great things, will find little in Bible characters to admire or copy.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

SIZE AND COMPLEXION OF THE HUMAN RACE.

The Patagonians are the tallest men in the world, and average six feet and a half in height.

The Lapps and the Icelanders are the shortest, being rarely more than five feet in height.

There are more than four hundred million whites.

The Blacks are about one hundred and twenty millions.

The Copper-coloured are fifteen millions.

The Mulattos are two hundred and thirty-five millions.

China and Eastern Asia contain the mulattos; Africa and India the blacks; and America the copper-coloured.

Hints.

When we appear meanest to ourselves, we may appear best to the sight of God.

You had better leave your something when you die than to beg of your friends.

Harmless mirth is the best against the consumption of the world.

It is good to have a deaf ear for reports.

Out of good men choose associates; of acquaintances, friends.

Shut the windows, says the Arabian proverb, that the house may be in the light.

To leave men in error may be wrong as to lead them into it.

FACTS, HINTS, GEMS, AND POETRY.

Gems.

se without children is like a
without a light in it.
s make us footsore; the
our path only obstruct.
is indestructible: the sword
ierce it, fire cannot consume
ons cannot incarcerate it,
tarve it.
ng is farther than earth from
nothing is nearer than heaven

is letting down our nets into
ansparent depths at the divine
d, not knowing what we shall

onger you live without Christ,
er will be your mountain of

ot trouble because you have
virtues: God made a million
f grass where He made one

s are first clouds, then rain,
rvests and food.

Poetic Selections.

DRIFT ON.

on my bark! The sunbeams sleep
the tranquil tide,
ering waters idly creep,
estle to my side.
quid breeze that lightly plays
test, sweetest air,
e river fails to raise
entle ripple there;
my breast she is at rest—
on! drift on!

, my bark! The day is worn,
hadows round us close;
tant hill and waving corn
ying sunset glows.
phire tide, grown dark at last,
s with a dreamy sigh,
ns the breeze now rising fast,
urnful lullaby.

I hear a whisper near,
on! drift on!

my bark! The night winds chill
p round; the bittern calls;

O'er waving corn and distant hill,
The gathering darkness falls.
O'er pale and solitary star
Steals out a timid light;
The curfew bell chimes out afar
A musical good-night!
The day is done, we are alone!
Drift on! drift on!

THE SPARROWS.

FROM these quaint old roofs and chimneys
To the steps and court below,
A crowd of noisy sparrows
Are fitting to and fro.

Now chattering to each other
Upon the mossy eaves;
Now chirping in full chorus
Amid the ivy leaves.

I have wondered long and often
What they find to do and say;
How such little restless creatures
Can keep busy all the day.

I know, though never idle,
That they neither toil nor spin;
Nor barn, nor store-house have they,
And the hoarded grain within.

Yet I never once have wondered
How those birds are housed and fed;
That in thinking of the morrow,
They have neither care nor dread.

For I know our Father careth
For His creatures weak and small,
That His watchful eye regardeth
The sparrow if it fall.

Yet my faith grows weak and falters
'Neath the weight of future years,
And my heart is over-burdened
With the morrow's anxious fears.

Their cost—the merest trifle—
A farthing would repay;
My priceless soul is surely
Worth far much more than they.

O! faithless heart and foolish!
Shall the children starve for bread?
Or shall needful shelter fail them,
While the birds are housed and fed?

The Children's Corner.

"DON'T BE A COWARD."

"I WON'T tell a lie! I won't be a coward!" said a fine little when he had broken a little statuette of his father's in showing his playmates, and they were telling him how he could deceive his father, and escape a scolding. He was right. Cowards tell brave little boys tell the truth. Charlie Mann was right, as rewarded for it, as the following story will show:—

"A young offender, whose name was Charlie Mann, smashed a pane of glass in a druggist's shop, and ran away at first, for much frightened; but he quickly began to think: 'What am I for? It was an accident: why not turn about and tell the truth?'

No sooner thought than done. Charlie was a brave boy: he told the whole truth—how the ball with which he was playing slipped from his hand, how frightened he was, how sorry, too, at the damage done, and how willing to pay if he had the money.

Charlie had not the money, but he could work, and so he went at once, in the very shop where he broke the glass. He gave him a long time to pay for the large and expensive pane shattered, but when it was done he had endeared himself so to the shopkeeper by his fidelity and faithfulness, that he could not refuse his going away, and Charlie became his clerk.

'Ah! what a lucky day it was when I broke that window,' he said to say.

'No, Charlie,' his mother would respond, 'what a lucky day when you were not afraid to tell the truth.'

He was indeed a brave boy, and he did right. He is a mean fellow, who will run away after he has done a piece of mischief and let somebody else pay for it, and perhaps let another be punished for it too. Accidents will happen, and when they happen, tell all about it, and take the consequences, no matter what they are. There can be no consequences so dreadful as those which follow dishonesty; and then how small and contemptible a boy feels who knows he has told what was not true!

THE HEROINE OF LAKE ERIE.

THE dark, stormy close of November, 1854, found many vessels on Lake Erie, but the fortune of one alone has special interest for us. About that time the Schooner "Conductor," owned by John McLeod of the Provincial Parliament, a resident of Amherstberg, at the mouth of the Detroit River, entered the lake from that river, bound for Port Dalhousie, at the mouth of the Welland Canal. She was heavily loaded with grain. Her crew consisted of Captain Hackett, a Highlander by birth, and a skilful and experienced navigator, and six sailors. At nightfall, shortly after leaving the head of the lake, one of those terrific storms, with which the late autumnal navigators of that "Sea of the Woods" are all too familiar, overtook them. The weather was intensely cold for the season; the air was filled with snow and sleet; and the chilled water made ice rapidly, encumbering the schooner, and loading down decks and rigging. As the gale increased, the tops of the waves were shorn off by the fierce blasts, clouding the whole atmosphere with frozen spray, or what the sailors call "spoon-drift," rendering it impossible to see any object a few rods distant. Driving helplessly before the wind, yet in the direction of its place of destination, the schooner sped through the darkness. At last, near midnight, running closer than her crew supposed to the Canadian shore, she struck on the outer bar off Long Point Island, beat heavily across it, and sunk in the deeper water between it and the inner bar. The hull was entirely submerged, the waves rolling in heavily and dashing over the rigging, to which the crew betook themselves. Lashed there, numb with cold, drenched with the pitiless waves, and scourged by the showers of sleet driven before the wind, they waited for morning. The slow, dreadful hours wore away, and at length the dubious and doubtful gray of a morning of tempest succeeded the utter darkness of night.

Abigail Becker chanced at that time to be in her hut with none but her young children. Her husband was absent on the Canada shore, and she was left the sole adult occupant of the island, save the lighthouse keeper at its lower end, some fifteen miles off. Looking out at daylight on the beach in front of her door, she saw the shattered boat of the Conductor, cast up by the waves. Her experience of storm and disaster on that dangerous coast

THE HEROINE OF LAKE ERIE.

needed nothing more to convince her that somewhere in her neighbourhood human life had been, or still was, in peril. She followed the south westerly trend of the island for a little distance, and, peering through the gloom of the stormy morning, discerned the spars of a sunken schooner, with what seemed to be human forms clinging to the rigging. The heart of the strong woman sunk within her, as she gazed upon those helpless fellow creatures, so near, and yet so unapproachable. She had no boat, and none could have lived on that wild water. After a moments reflection she went back to her dwelling, put the smaller children in charge of the eldest, took with her an iron kettle, tin teapot, and matches, and returned to the beach at the nearest point to the vessel, and gathering up the logs and drift-wood always abundant on the coast, kindled a great fire, and constantly walking back and forth between it and the water, strove to intimate to the sufferers that they were at least not beyond human sympathy. As the wrecked sailors looked shoreward, and saw through the thick haze of snow and sleet, the red light of the fire and the tall figure of the woman passing too and fro before it, a faint hope took the place of utter despair, which had prompted them to let go their hold and drop into the seething waters that opened and closed about them like the jaws of death. But the day wore on, bringing no abatement of the storm that tore through the frail spars, that clutched at and tossed them as it passed, and drenched them with ice-cold spray,—a pitiless, unrelenting horror of sight, sound, and touch! At last the deepening gloom told them that night was approaching, and night under such circumstances was death.

All day long Abigail Becker had fed her fire and sought to induce the sailors by signals—for even her strong voice could not reach them—to throw themselves into the surf and trust to Providence and her for succour. In anticipation of this, she had her kettle boiling over the drift-wood, and her tea ready made for restoring warmth and life to the half frozen survivors. But either they did not understand her, or the chance of rescue seemed too small to induce them to abandon the temporary safety of the wreck. They clung to it with the desperate instinct of life brought face to face with death. Just at nightfall there was a slight break in the west; a red light glared across the thick air, as if for one instant the eye of the storm looked out upon the ruin it had wrought, and closed again under lids of cloud. Taking advan-

ARABS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

tage of this, the solitary watcher ashore made one more effort. She waded out into the water, every drop of which, as it struck the beach, became a particle of ice, and stretching out and drawing in her arms, invited, by her gestures, the sailors to throw themselves into the waves, and strive to reach her. Captain Hackett understood her. He called to his mate in the rigging of the other mast, "It is our last chance. I will try! If I live, fellow me; if I drown, stay where you are!" With a great effort he got off his stiffly frozen overcoat, paused one moment in silent commendation of his soul to God, and throwing himself into the waves, struck out for the shore. Abigail Becker, breast-deep in the surf, awaited him. He was almost within her reach when the undertow swept him back. By a mighty exertion she caught hold of him, bore him in her strong arms out of the water, and laying him down by her fire, she warmed his chilled blood with copious draughts of hot tea. The mate, who had watched the rescue, now followed, and the captain, partially restored, insisted upon aiding him. As the former neared the shore, the recoiling water baffled him. Captain Hackett caught hold of him, but the undertow swept them both away, locked in each other's arms. The brave woman plunged after them, and, with the strength of a giantess, bore them, clinging to each other, to the shore, and up to her fire. The five sailors followed in succession, and were all rescued in the same way.

A few days after, Captain Hackett and his crew were taken off Long Point by a passing vessel; and Abigail Becker resumed her simple daily duties without dreaming that she had done anything extraordinary enough to win for her the world's notice. In her struggle every day for food and warmth for her children, she had no leisure for the indulgence of self-congratulation. Like the woman of Scripture, she had only "done what she could," in the terrible exigency that had broken the dreary monotony of her life.

ARABS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE industrious Arabs revived those useful arts which the barbarians of Europe seemed anxious to forget. They wove the richest fabrics of wool, cotton, or silk; they manufactured cloth of gold and carpets of unequalled splendour; their divans were

ARABS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

covered with satin cushions and velvet hangings; and muslins and lace of fairy-like texture adorned the Moslem bride. In metals the Arabs were also excellent workmen. They forged huge chains and bars of iron; the steel of Damascus was renowned in the cities of Europe. Their jewellery was the fairest and costliest of the age; they lavished gold and silver in decorating their mosques and their palaces; and their mints produced a coinage that was the model of the European world. As architects they invented a strangely graceful style of building, in which the fancy of the artist seemed to revel in new creations, and of which the lovely ruins of the Alhambra form a living example; in their private houses they gathered the richest marbles, the costliest mosaics, fountains of dancing waters, and gardens of perpetual beauty.

The Arab workman was usually temperate, almost to austerity. Mohammed had enforced the doctrine of total abstinence with a rigour unsurpassed by the most austere of modern reformers. He denounced temporal and external woes against the Mussulman who should touch the accursed wine. He had himself set an example of perfect abstinence, and in their purer age his followers obeyed the precept of their prophet. It was only in the decline of the nation the Mohammedans learned to imitate the drunkenness and license of the Europeans. Temperate in their diet, frugal in their mode of life, the Arabs possessed sound intellects in sound bodies; they soon began to display an intellectual vigour that raised them to the front of civilization. They eagerly sought for knowledge amidst the ruins of Grecian literature, and the poets and philosophers of Athens and of Rome were translated for the benefit of the students of Bagdad and Cordova. The colleges and schools of the Arab cities were thronged with attentive scholars when the great nobles of France and England could neither read nor write; they produced eminent poets and graceful writers while Europe had neither literature nor a language; their libraries numbered thousands of volumes when Oxford possessed only a few imperfect manuscripts chained to the walls; and the poorest merchant of Bagdad lived with more comfort and was far better informed than the proud knight who came at the head of his barbarous squadrons to die on the burning plains of Syria in an ineffectual crusade.

THE MANUFACTURE OF PINS.

THE pin machine is one of the closest approaches that machines have made to the dexterity of the human hand. A small machine about the height and size of a lady's sewing machine, only stronger, stands before you. On the back side a light belt descends from the long shaft at the ceiling that drives all the machines, ranged in rows on the floor. On the left side of our machine hangs on a peg a small reel of wire, that has been straightened by running through a compound system of small rollers.

This wire descends and the end of it enters the machine. This is the food consumed by this snappish, voracious little dwarf. He pulls it in and bites it off by the inches, incessantly, one hundred and forty bites to a minute. Just as he seizes each bite, a saucy little hammer with a concave face, hits the end of the wire three taps, and "upsets" it to a head, while he grips it in a counter sunk hole between his teeth. With an outward thrust of the tongue he then lays the pin sideways in a little groove across the rim of a small wheel that slowly revolves just under his nose. By the external pressure of a stationary hoop these pins roll in their places, as they are carried under two series of small files, and grow finer towards the end of the series. They lie at a slight inclination on the points of the pins, and by a series of cams, levers, and springs, are made to play "like lightening." Thus the pins are pointed and then dropped into a small box. Twenty-eight pounds of pins is a day's work for one of these jerking little automatons. Forty machines on this floor make five hundred and sixty pounds daily. These are then polished. Two very intelligent machines reject every crooked pin, even the slightest irregularity of form being detected.

Another automaton assorts half a dozen lengths in as many different boxes, all at once and unerringly, when a careless operator has mixed the contents of boxes from various machines. Lastly a perfect genius of a machine hangs the pins by the head in an inclined platform through as many slots as there are pins in a row on the papers. These slots converge into the exact space spanning the length of a row. Under them runs the strip of thin paper. A hand-like part of the machine catches one pin from each of these slots as it falls, and by one movement sticks them all through two corrugated ridges in the paper, from which

POETRY.

they are to be picked by fingers in boudoirs, and all sort of human fingers in all sorts of human circumstances. Thus have its genesis :—

“ Tall and slender, straight and thin,
Pretty, little, useful pin.”

Poetry.

“BE STILL, MY SOUL.”

Be still, my soul! the Lord is on thy side;
Bear patiently the cross of grief and pain;
Leave to thy God to order and provide—

In every change He faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul! thy best, thy heavenly Friend,
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

Be still, my soul! thy God doth undertake
To guide the future, as he has the past;
Thy hope, thy confidence, let nothing shake,
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.
Be still, my soul! the waves and winds still know
His voice who ruled them while He dwelt below.

Be still, my soul! when dearest friends depart,
And all is darkened in the vale of tears,
Then shalt thou better know His love, His heart,
Who comes to soothe thy sorrow and thy fears.
Be still, my soul! thy Jesus can repay,
From His own fulness, all He takes away.

Be still, my soul! the hour is hastening on
When we shall be forever with the Lord—
When disappointment, grief, and fear are gone,
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
Be still, my soul! when change and tears are past,
All safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

Be still, my soul! begin the song of praise
On earth, believing, to thy Lord on high;
Acknowledge Him in all thy works and ways—
So shall He view thee with a well-pleased eye.
Be still, my soul! the Sun of life divine
Through passing clouds shall but more brightly shine.

Anecdotes and Selections.

A SHARER WITH CHRIST.—It is a sweet, a joyful thing, to be a sharer with Christ in anything. All enjoyments wherein He is not, are bitter to a soul that loves Him, and all sufferings with Him are sweet. The worst things of Christ are more truly delightful than the best things of the world; His afflictions are sweeter than their pleasures, His "reproach" more glorious than their honours, and more rich than their treasures, as Moses accounted them. Love delights in likeness and communion, not only in things otherwise pleasant, but in the hardest and harshest things, which have not anything in them desirable, but only that likeness. So that this thought is very sweet to a heart possessed with this love. What does the world by its hatred and persecutions, and revilings for the sake of Christ, but make me more like Him, give me a greater share with Him in that which He did so willingly undergo for me? "When He was sought for to be made a king," as St. Bernard remarks, "He escaped: but when He was brought to the cross, He freely yielded Himself." And shall I shrink and creep back from what He calls me to suffer for His sake? Yea, even all my other troubles and sufferings I will desire to have stamped thus, with this conformity to the sufferings of Christ, in the humble, obedient, cheerful endurance of them, and the giving up of my will to my Father's.

—*Archbishop Leighton.*

A WORD FOR YOUNG MEN.—Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If one speaks evil of you, let your life be such that none will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper; small and steady gains give competency, with tranquillity of mind. Never play at any kind of games of chance. Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it. Never run into debt, unless you see a way to get out again. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy. Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

GREAT MEN.—The great and successful men of history, are commonly made by the great occasions they fill. They are the men who had faith to meet such occasions, and therefore the occasions marked

ANECDOTES AND SELECTIONS.

them, called them to come and be what the successes of their faith would make them. The boy is but a shepherd; but he hears from his panic-stricken countrymen of the giant champion of their enemies. A fire seizes him, and he goes down, with nothing but his sling and his heart of faith, to lay that champion in the dust. Next he is a great military leader, next the king of his country. As with David, so with Nehemiah; as with him, so with Paul; as with him, so with Luther. A Socrates, a Tully, a Cromwell, a Washington—all the great master-spirits, the founders and lawgivers of empires, and defenders of the rights of man, are made by the same law. These did not shrink despairingly within the compass of their poor abilities, but in their hearts of faith they embraced each one his cause, and went forth, under the inspiring force of their call, to apprehend that for which they were apprehended.

THE RUSSIAN PIE-BOY.—The first Prince Menschikoff was a pie-boy at Moscow, and was delivering things at a nobleman's kitchen one day, when Czar Peter the Great was expected to dine at the house. While waiting about, he overheard the nobleman giving special direction for the preparation of a favourite dish of the czar's and afterward, when the cook was absent, the boy saw him place something in a dish, which he believed to be poison. As soon as Menschikoff saw the czar in the streets, he cried out his rolls more loudly than usual, and even began to sing and approach the czar, to make himself seen. Peter called him, and asked him some questions, to which he answered so happily that the prince said, "I will keep thee in my service." Menschikoff accepted the offer with joy. At dinner time, without orders, he entered the banqueting hall, and stood behind Peter. When the dish appeared he bent down and whispered "not to touch it." Peter got up, and with a smiling face, made pretence to take the boy into an adjoining apartment, when Menschikoff explained his suspicion. Upon the czar returning to the table, the boyar again offered the dish, and Peter asked him to sit by his side and partake with him. The nobleman coloured, and said it became not a subject to eat the same as the emperor, who, seeing his embarrassment, took the plate and offered it to a dog, who swallowed all its contents. But a few moments afterwards it began to run and howl, then staggered, fell, and soon expired. The boyar was secured, but next morning was found dead in his bed. Menschikoff had not to sell rolls any longer; the first step to his rapid fortune was made, and his descendants are a powerful family in Russia to this day.

RANGE OF THE HUMAN EYE.—The range of the human eye may be judged of from a consideration which gives us at the same time a good idea of the scope of animal structure. Supposing that an individual of every known species were to take its stand between the two species that were respectively the next larger and the next smaller than itself, the smallest known animal at one extremity of the line, and the largest

THE FIRESIDE.

adding at the other; and then supposing we were to ask which creature occupied the middle place, having as many degrees of size below as above, and as many above it as below, that place would be found to be occupied by the common house fly. What a stupendous optical argument must that be which, assisted with a few brass tubes and the disks of glass, shall discern a creature as much smaller than a fly as a fly is smaller than an elephant!

EVIDENCE OF THE SENSES.

THE SCEPTIC said to a Christian, "How do you know you have a soul?" "You ever see it?" "No," was the reply. "Did you ever hear it?" said the other. "No." "Did you ever smell it?" "No." "Did you ever taste it?" "No." "Did you ever feel it?" "Yes, always and unmistakeably." "Well, now," said the sceptic, "the four most accurate of your five senses stand arrayed against one—which shall we believe?" The Christian answered, "Did you ever see a pain?" "No," said the sceptic hesitatingly. "Did you ever hear a pain?" "No." "Did you ever taste a pain?" "No." "Did you ever feel a pain?" "Certainly," was the reply. "And still, my friend, it is palpable that you have no more evidence of pain than I of my soul; for consciousness of life underlies all other consciousness."

The Fireside.

THE FAITHFUL WIFE.

3. ANDREWS had given her heart to Jesus, and now she yearned for the salvation of her husband. She longed for a family altar; but, she asked, would offer upon it the morning and evening incense? Would she take upon herself this duty? Could she pray before her relieving husband? To her it seemed duty, and she felt that God would give her strength. She spoke to her husband on the subject, and met with no opposition. He could not pray, he said, but if she would read a chapter in the Bible, he would read a chapter in the Bible. Morning came, and the wife placed on a little table a copy of the word of God. She called her two little ones, and placed seats for them by her side. Then the husband was called in, and, as he had promised, read a chapter in the Bible; then the little circle knelt, and the wife poured out her heart in earnest supplication for herself

THE PENNY POST BOX.

and for her household. The husband was deeply moved by her earnestness.

Through the day, as he was occupied with business, he saw again before him that kneeling figure, heard that earnest voice pleading for the descent of the Holy Spirit upon husband and children.

Going one morning into his stable before breakfast, he thought again of his praying wife, and knew that even then she was preparing for morning worship. He knew that he ought to be the priest in his own household. He began to wish that he could pray, and at length, throwing himself upon the hay, he began to cry mightily unto God. While he was thus wrestling with God, he was summoned to the house. The Bible was upon the stand, and wife and children were waiting his coming. He read a portion of the sacred word, then all knelt, and just as the wife was about to open her lips in prayer, she was astonished at hearing her husband's voice. "God be merciful to me, a sinner," was his cry. Then and there he gave his heart to Jesus, and became a faithful follower of the Master. By a faithful performance of duty his wife had led him to the Saviour.

The Penny Post Box.

ARE YOU A CHRISTIAN?

THIS question every one should propose to himself, not in a formal way, but with searching power. No amount of Christian work, no zeal in practical benevolence, no fidelity and interest in denominational efforts are a substitute for personal religion—that living, experimental knowledge of God and obedience to Him, which forms the very corner-stone of piety. Christ, in His teachings, laid special stress on the importance and necessity of religion as a personal thing, and His religion insists with equal emphasis on being good and doing good. It is an inward state of the heart as well as correct conduct. It includes morality and piety.

In answering then the question "Am I a Christian?" you must seek to know whether you have in your heart the Spirit of Christ, and aim to regulate your thoughts and be guided in your feelings by Him. If you are not in accord with Him, and have the spirit of consecration to God, then you have need to turn and begin anew the life of the Christian.

In whatever condition, then, this hour may find you, the question is pertinent: "Am I a Christian?" In the sacred silence of conscience, and in the presence of God, let each put to himself the searching inquiry. Whatever else I say, think, or do, let me strive to live so as to be able to say, "I am a Christian."

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

LIGHT.

Light is of three distinct colours : red, yellow, blue.

The red conveys the heat.

The yellow conveys the light.

The blue conveys chemical action.

The three colours united make a colourless mixture.

Light travels about one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles in a second. It could go round the earth in the eighteenth part of a second.

Light comes from the moon to the earth in a second and a quarter; from the sun in eight minutes; from Jupiter in fifty-two minutes; and from Uranus in two hours.

Light travels from a fixed star of the first magnitude to us in twelve years; from a star of the sixth magnitude in ninety-six years; and from a star of the twelfth magnitude in four thousand years!

Hints.

Think little of yourself, and you will not feel injured when others think little of you.

If you let trouble sit upon your soul, like a hen upon her nest, you may expect the hatching of a larger brood.

When Samson found honey, he gave some to his father and mother to eat.

Do not let others say you are selfish and care only for yourself.

Be always at leisure to do good.

To feel nobly, we must be noble; and we become noble by resolutely banishing every unworthy thought and feeling.

True eloquence consists in saying all that is necessary and nothing but what is necessary.

Gems.

It is a good thing to obey the law of God. It is a better thing to love it.

Indolence is the hereditary sin of human nature.

Christ's great end was to save men from their sins; but He delighted also to save them from their sorrows.

Faith first, feeling after; "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God."

The charitable man gives trifles which he could not keep to receive treasures which he cannot lose.

Scandal is a bit of false money, and he who passes it is frequently as bad as he who originally uttered it.

To grow in likeness to God is not to cease to be men.

Poetic Selections.

GOD AND THE SOUL.

THE soul wherein God dwells—

What church can holier be?

Becomes a walking tent

Of heavenly majesty.

How far from here to heaven?

Not very far, my friend,

A single hearty step

Will all thy journey end.

Though Christ a thousand times

In Bethlehem be born,

If He's not born in thee,

Thy soul is still forlorn.

The cross on Golgotha

Will never save thy soul,

The cross in thine own heart

Alone can make thee whole.

Hold there! where runnest thou?

Know heaven is in thee!

Seek'st thou for God elsewhere,

His face thou'lt never see.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Ah, would thy heart but be
A manger for the birth!
God would once more become
A child upon this earth.

I don't believe in death,
If hour by hour I die,
'Tis hour by hour to gain
A better life thereby.

Go out—God will go in;
Die thou and let Him live.
Be not, and He will be;
Wait, and He'll all things give.

O shame! A silk-worm works
And spins till it can fly,
And thou, my soul, wilt still
On thine old earth-cloth lie!

—*Angelus Silesius.*

NOTHING LOST.

NOTHING is lost. The drop of dew
That trembles on the leaf or flows
Is but exhaled to fall anew
In summer's thunder-shower;
Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day;
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away.

So with our deeds, for good or ill,
They have their power, scarce undimmed
Then let us use our better will
To make them rife with good;
Like circles on a lake they go,
Ring within ring and never stay,
Oh; that our deeds were fashioned
That they might bless away.

The Children's Corner.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

A QUAKER passing through a market, stopped at a stall and inquired the price of some fruit.

"I have none, I fear, sir," said the honest countryman, "that suits you; my fruit is not first-rate this morning."

"Thank thee, friend, for thy honesty; I will go to the next stall."

"Hast thou good fruit to-day?" said he to the second dealer.

"Yes, sir; here are some of the finest of my garden. They are small, but rich of their kind."

The man was untruthful.

"Then thou canst recommend them?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the dealer.

"Very well, I will take some."

He carried them home, and they proved not only unsound but miserably tasteless.

The next morning the Quaker went again to the same place. The man who had sold him the fruit claimed him as his customer, and asked him if he would buy some more.

"Nay, friend, thou hast deceived me once, and now, although I may't speak the truth, still I cannot trust thee. Thy neighbour to deal uprightly with me, and from henceforth I shall be his partner. Thou would'st do well to remember this, that a lie is a base thing at the beginning and a very unprofitable one in the end."

HALF A MILE BELOW GROUND.

THRILLING ADVENTURE OF A PARTY IN THE GREAT CANON OF
THE COLORADO.

JAMES WHITE, Henry Strole, and Captain Baker, of the late Confederate army, left Colorado City, May 27, 1867, on foot, with two pack mules to carry provisions, tools and blankets, for the purpose of prospecting in the San Juan valley for gold. After several weeks' travel they struck the San Juan river, but not finding sufficient promises in the sands, went westward, and at length reached Grand river, the banks of which were masses of perpendicular rock two thousand feet high. Both men and animals suffered for water, and it was a day before they could reach the stream which dashed and foamed in the canon. The next morning, August 24, they ascended, and were suddenly assailed by gun-shots from a band of Indians. Baker fell at the first fire, saying, "Boys, save yourselves." But his comrades fought until he was dead, and then they retreated down into the canon.

The consultation which ensued resulted in the decision to go down the river, since to go back was almost sure death from the Indians. So they abandoned the mules, and travelled down the stream for five miles. On each side rose the cold sand-stone wall two thousand feet high, and they waited for dark, when only for a single hour in the day did the sun shine into the chasm. They found drift-wood and made a raft of sticks of cottonwood, lashing them together with mule ropes, and then fastening on their provisions, floated off in the almost Tartarean darkness of that wonderful gulf. Through the long night they clung to the frail raft, as it dashed against rocks or whirled in eddies. At last daylight came, and with it a smoother current. They then made a landing, ate some of their provisions, and strengthened the raft with cedar sticks. Then they embarked, and toward afternoon came to the junction where Green and Grand rivers unite to form the Colorado.

At the junction the river was about seven hundred and fifty feet in width, and the walls on either side were nearly a mile high! Above was only to be seen a narrow strip of sky, while the cedars that stood upon the edges of the canon seemed no larger than weeds; detached pinnacles rose yet higher as monuments to memorize the mutiny of mighty waters. Down they floated in

the great canon ; in the daylight, made brief by the shutting out of the sun, they endeavoured to avoid the rocks which opposed them, and at night they drew to the foot of the huge wall and stayed till morning. They could not go back, and so they floated on, hoping to reach Calville. Four days had passed, when, on the afternoon of the 28th of August, an ominous roar ahead was heard ; the current became more rapid, a sharp bend was turned, and a foaming waterfall was seen. Nothing could prevent the raft going over it. Henry Strole stood up with his pole in his hands, while White clung to the logs. The raft leaped down into the waters, and White heard the last shriek of his companion who had been cast off into the seething torrent ; with turned head he beheld, through the mist and spray, his comrade's form tossed for a moment in the boiling water, and then sink.

Remembering this, and not knowing what yet to expect in that terrible fissure of the earth, the walls of which were now as much as seven thousand feet in height, and seemed to meet almost, and keeping out all the upper earth except the narrowest ribbon of blue sky, White tied himself to the raft, and strengthened the lashings.

All the provisions and arms had been lost in going over the waterfall, and after that came a succession of rapids, blocked up by masses of rocks, over which the raft was driven and tumbled, and sometimes completely submerged. In one of these the logs composing the raft became separated at the upper end, and spread out fanwise ; but White, after being thrown into the water, regained his place, and refastened them. Shortly afterward he reached the mouth of the Colorado Chiquito, which joins the Colorado proper at right angles, and creates a strong eddy or whirlpool. In this whirling of waters, White, clinging desperately to the raft, was tossed to and fro for hours, and only when almost unconscious found that he had been released from the grasp of the liquid arms, and was once more floating down between the lofty perpendicular walls. Four days had passed since he had tasted food. Nothing had he seen but the foaming waters, the blank, bare walls, and the thread of sky above. For more than a week he had been at the bottom of a trench a mile in depth. Exhausted and hungered, he even sought to suck his own blood, but the aspect of his shrivelled, blistered arm, frightened him. It was then that he came by a flat strip of shore with bushes growing on it. Here he stopped, devoured some green leaves and pods, and again resumed his journey. On the eleventh day he was taken on

COLUMBUS AND THE SAVANS.

bore by some Yampais Indians, who would probably have killed him had not one of them interfered and protected him. This humane savage gave the voyager meat, and roasted mezquite beans to eat, and after a short rest, White tottered to his raft and floated downward.

Three days afterwards he was aroused from stupor by voices. Strong arms were thrown about him, and bearded faces looked pityingly upon him. He was tended and cared for by the white men of that place, and, with his strong constitution, soon regained health, and has now no desire to leave the spot where good Samaritans ministered unto him. He is in good health and doing well, and does not wish to renew his experience.

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COLUMBUS AND THE SAVANS.

THIS interview was to the enthusiastic adventurer an hour of intense yet solemn exultation. Deeming himself the heaven-chosen instrument for the most important of earthly enterprises, even the splendours of royalty could not dazzle him. The King, shrewd, sagacious, and ambitious, was excited by the idea of discoveries and acquisitions which would place Spain in the foreground of all the nations. With characteristic caution he declined forming any judgment himself, but appointed a council of the most learned astronomers and cosmographers of the kingdom to hold an interview with Columbus, carefully to examine his plan, and report their opinion. The conference was held in a large hall in the old convent of St. Stephens, at Salamanca. The assembly, convened by royal missives, was imposing in numbers and in dignity. Exalted functionaries of the church, professors in the universities, and statesmen of high rank, presented an array which must have overawed any plain man of ordinary capacity. Columbus, a simple mariner, with unaffected majesty of demeanour and of utterance, and with every fibre of his soul vibrating in the intensity of his zeal, presented himself before his examiners, sanguine of success. But he soon found, to his chagrin, that learned men may be full of prejudice and bigotry. His statements were assailed with citations from the prophets and the Psalms, and with extracts from the religious writings of the Catholic fathers. The declaration that the earth was round was declared to be absurd.

THE LEPERS OF JERUSALEM.

"What!" exclaimed several of these sages of the fifteenth century, "can any one be so foolish as to believe that the world is round, and that there are people upon the side opposite to ours, who walk with their heels upward and their heads hanging down, like flies clinging to the ceiling! That there is a part of the world where the trees grow with their branches hanging downward, and where it rains, hails, and snows upwards!"

But the doctrine of Columbus was stigmatized not only as absurd, but also as heretical, since to maintain that there were inhabitants in those distant lands would be an impeachment of the Bible, as it was deemed impossible that any descendants of Adam could have wandered so far. Others, in the pride of philosophy, with great complacency urged the philosophical objection that, admitting the world to be round, should a ship ever succeed in reaching the other side it could never return, since no conceivable strength of wind could force a ship up the mountainous rotundity of the globe.

THE LEPERS OF JERUSALEM.

Just within Zion's gate, and close to the wall of the city, we saw a row of wretched hovels, called "houses of the miserable ones," because occupied by a colony of men, women, and children, suffering from the terrible malady of leprosy. Though, as in ancient times, they are compelled to "dwell alone," they are not confined to their houses, but are permitted to sit "at the entering in at the gate" to ask alms. Lev. xiii. 45, 46; 2 Kings vii. 3; Luke xvii. 12, 13.

Never can we forget a company of miserable lepers sitting in a row by the wayside as we entered the Jaffa gate. More disgusting objects in human flesh can hardly be imagined. The hair and eyebrows had fallen off; the faces were livid, bloated, and covered with festering ulcers: and the eyes bloodshot or blind. The nose of one was half eaten off, the upper lip of another entirely gone. The hands of one were fingerless, the arms of another handless. As we passed them they extended their diseased hands towards us, and in a dry, husky, gasping voice, cried, "Howadji, Allah, buck-sheesh;" that is, Traveller, in the name of God, money. O, how vividly did those pitiable objects bring to mind the expression "the leprosy of sin;" and what an illustration were they of the power of that Jesus who could say to a leper, "I will; be thou clean!"

This malady is beyond the reach of medical skill. Some years

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

Since a French physician, supposing he had found a cure, went to Jerusalem to try the value of his discovery; but instead of helping the lepers he became a victim of the dreadful disease and died within three months. It is not, however, generally considered contagious, but is transmitted from parent to child. It is common to see a frightfully diseased mother with a bright, healthy child in her arms: but the little one inherits the curse, and in a few years is sure to be a leper. Strange that marriages among them are not prohibited.

A noble Prussian lady, who visited Jerusalem in 1865, was so affected at the sight of these afflicted ones that she purchased a house and grounds outside the walls of the city for the purpose of founding a "Lepers Home;" and May 20, 1867, a Moravian missionary and his wife arrived at the Holy City and took charge of the lepers in their more comfortable quarters.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

"WHERE are you going?" said Malan, of Geneva, to a lady who was introduced to him. "I am on my way to visit Rome," was her reply. "Oh," he answered, "that is not what I mean," startling her with this plain, pointed question, "Is it to heaven or to hell, madam, you are going?" Abrupt, indiscreet, perhaps, as such a mode of address may be considered, the question is one which every person should put to themselves—proving their own work, trying the foundation of their hopes, and giving all diligence, as the apostle says, to make their calling and election sure. For this object, what better, plainer, surer test than the holiness which the Scriptures invariably associate with true, living faith? Their sanctification and justification are inseparably connected; and what God hath joined together, let none attempt to put asunder. To live in the unrestrained, unrepented indulgence of any sin, and talk of faith in Christ, and indulge in hopes of heaven, is a mockery and a miserable delusion; one of the strongest proofs that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." To be holy as God is holy, to be perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect, to have the same mind in us that was in Jesus Christ, though not yet the attainment, is the aim and wish, the object of the prayers and efforts of every child of God. "No holiness, no heaven," being an adage as true as the more common saying, "No cross, no crown."—*Dr. Guthrie.*

Poetry.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

THE following is one of the most remarkable compositions we have met. It evinces an ingenuity peculiarly its own. The initial capital letters "My boast is in the glorious cross of Christ." The words in *Italics*, read on the left side from top to bottom, and on the right side from bottom to top, form the Lord's Prayer complete.

MAKE known the gospel truth, *our* Father King,
Yield up thy grace, dear *Father*, from above ;
Bless us with hearts *which* feelingly can sing,
"Our life thou *art* for *ever*, God of love."
Assuage our grief *in* love for Christ we pray,
Since the Prince of *heaven* and *glory* died,
Took all our sins and *hallowed* the display,
Infant *be*-ing, first a man, *and* then was crucified.
Stupendous God ! *thy* grace and *power* make known ;
In Jesus' *name* let all *the* world rejoice ;
Now labour in *thy* heavenly *kingdom* own,
That blessed *kingdom*, for thy saints *the* choice.
How vile to *come* to thee *is* all our cry ;
Enemies to *thy*-self and all that's *thine* ?
Graceless our *will*, we live for vanity ;
Loathing the very *be*-ing, *evil* in design,
O God, thy will be *done* from earth to heaven ;
Reclining *on* the Gospel, let *us* live,
In *earth* from sin *deliver*-ed and forgiven ;
Oh ! *as* thyself *but* teach us to forgive,
Unless *it*-s power *temptation* doth destroy,
Sure *is* our fall *into* the depth of woe,
Carnal *in* mind, we've *not* a glimpse of joy
Raised against *heaven* ; in *us* no hope we know.
O *give* us grace and *lead* us on the way ;
Shine on *us* with thy love, *and* give *us* peace ;
Self and *this* sin that rise *against* us slay.
Oh ! grant each *day* our *trespass*-es may cease ;
Forgive *our* evil deeds *that* oft we do ;
Convince us *daily* of *them* to our shame ;
Help us with heavenly *bread* ; forgive us, too,
Recurrent lusts, *and* we'll adore thy name.
In thy *forgive*-ness we *as* saints can die,
Since for *us* and our *trespasses* so high,
Thy Son, *our* Saviour, died on Calvary.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE SHIELD OF FAITH.

WHEN Epaminondas had received his death wound on the battle field, he asked with his fast failing breath if the enemy had taken his buckler.

On being told that it was safe, that the enemy had not so much as laid a hand upon it, he laid him down again peacefully to his soldier's death.

So, when the soldier of the red cross comes to his dying hour, his failing hand reaches out for his trusty shield of faith, which has borne him safely through so many conflicts. If it is safe all is well. He can rest his head upon it, as upon a downy pillow, and breathe his life away in the joyous hope of a glorious resurrection.

"Now," said the bishops to John Huss, as the fagots were piled about him, "we commend thy soul to the devil."

"But I," said Huss, lifting up his eyes to heaven, "do commit my spirit into thy hands, O Lord Jesus Christ; to thee I commend my spirit, which thou hast redeemed."

He wore a shield which no fire of the persecutor could destroy.

A young minister of great promise was called, at twenty-four, to lay his armour down, and take the cross his Saviour held to him.

"None can know," he said, in his last moments, "none can conceive, the happiness I possess, but the sincere disciple of Jesus. Redeemer of mankind, give me strength to bear even this joy!"

"I DON'T BELIEVE THAT."

THE well-known Dr. Fletcher, of Stepney, was once requested to visit a man who professed to be a sceptic. Speaking to him of his need of salvation, he pointed kindly and earnestly to Christ as the only and all-sufficient Saviour, who gave Himself as a ransom for sinners, that they, through Him, might obtain forgiveness, and be reconciled to God.

Hearing this, the dying man said, "Sir, I don't believe that; I wish I could as my dear wife there does; she believes every word you are saying." "But," said Dr. Fletcher, "you say you wish you could; and that, if you are sincere, is a great point towards attaining it. Now, what do you believe concerning Jesus Christ?" "Why," he replied, "I believe that such a man once lived, and that he was a very good and a perfectly sincere man; but that is all."

It was a principle with Dr. Fletcher, when reasoning with unbelievers, if they acknowledged the smallest portion of truth, to make this a position—a starting-point, from which to go on and argue with them. So he said, "You believe, then, that Jesus Christ was a truly

ANECDOTES AND SELECTIONS.

good man. Now, do you think a good man would wish to deceive others, or that a sincere man would use language that must mislead, and that in things of the highest importance?" "Certainly not," he replied. "Then," said Dr. Fletcher, "how do you reconcile your admission that He was a good man, with this saying, 'I and my Father are one?' And when they took stones up to kill Him, He did not undeceive them, but still asserted the fact of divinity, adding, 'My sheep hear my voice, and they follow me, and I give unto them eternal life.' Could any mere man say this, or even an angel, or the highest archangel?" "Stop," cried the dying man, with an excited voice; "stop, sir; I never saw this before; a new light breaks in upon me; stop, sir; let me think!"

Holding up his emaciated hand, as if fearing that even a breath might obscure a new light breaking in upon his darkened soul, and with a countenance lighted up with an indescribable expression of mingled wonder and joy, but with eyes intently fixed on Dr. Fletcher, he exclaimed after a short pause, and while the big tears were rolling down his cheeks, "Sir, you are a messenger of mercy, sent by God Himself to save my soul! Yes! Christ is God, and He died to save sinners! Yes, even me!"

LUTHER AT ROME.—In the close of the reign of Julius, Luther visited Rome. The poor monk, worn with penances and heavy toil, was sent up on some business connected with his convent to the Papal court. He crossed the Alps full of faith, and stirred by as strong excitement. He was about to enter the classic land, with whose poets and historians he had long been familiar; he was to tread the sacred soil of Virgil, Cicero, and Livy. But, more than this, he saw before him, rising in dim majesty, the Holy City of that Church from whose faith he had never yet ventured to depart, whose supreme head was still to him almost the representative of deity, and whose princes and dignitaries he had ever invested with an apostolic purity and grace. Rome, hallowed by the sufferings of the martyrs, filled with relics, and redolent with the piety of ages, the untutored monk still supposed a scene of heavenly rest. "Hail, holy Rome!" he exclaimed, as its distant towers first met his eyes. His poetic dream was soon dispelled. Scarcely had he entered Italy when he was shocked and terrified by the luxury and license of the convents, and the open depravity of the priesthood. He felt sick with sorrow and shame. He complained that the very air of Italy seemed deadly and pestilential. But he wandered on, feeble and sad, until he reached the Holy City, and there, amid the mockery of his fellow-monks, and the blasphemies of the impious clergy, performed with honest superstitious the minute ceremonial of the Church. Of all the pilgrims to that desecrated shrine, none was so devout as Luther. He was determined, he said, to escape the pains of purgatory, and win a plenary indulgence; he dragged his

THE FIRESIDE.

frail form on his knees up the painful ascent of the Holy Stairs, while ever in his ears resounded the cry, "The just shall live by faith." He heard with horror that the head of the Church was a monster stained with vice; that the cardinals were worse than their master; the priests, mocking unbelievers; and fled, heart-broken, back to his German cell.

UNFAITHFUL IN LITTLE THINGS.—You can by a blow crush and destroy the conscience, or you can nibble and gnaw it to pieces. There is one way in which a lion strikes down his prey, and there is another way in which a rat comes at its prey; and in time the gnaw of vermin is as fatal to beauty and life itself as the stroke of the lion's paw. These little infidelities to duty, truth, rectitude, lower the moral tone, limit its range, destroy its sensibility. In short, they put out its light. It is recorded of a lighthouse erected on a tropical shore, that it was like to have failed for the most unlooked for reason. When first kindled, the brilliant light drew about it such clouds of insects which populate the evening and night of equatorial lands, that they covered and fairly darkened the glass. There was a noble light that shone out into the darkness and vanquished night, that all the winds could not disturb, nor all the clouds and storms hide; but the soft wings and gauzy bodies of myriads of insects; each one of which was insignificant, effectually veiled the light, and came near defeating the proposed gift to the mariners. And so it is in respect to the conscience. There may be a power in it to resist great assaults, to overcome strong temptations, and avoid fearful dangers; but there may be a million little venomous insect habits, unimportant in themselves taken individually, but fearful in their results collectively.

THE ART OF BEING MISERABLE.—Kingsley says:—"If you wish to be miserable, you must think about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what respects people ought to pay you, what people think of you; and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil every thing you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose."

The Fireside.

A WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP.

It is a wondrous advantage to a man, in every pursuit or vocation, to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In a woman there is at once subtle delicacy of tact and a plain soundness of judgment which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be really your friend, will have a sensitive regard for your character, honour, and repute. She will seldom counsel you to do shabby things; for a

woman friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time, her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She therefore seldom counsels you to do an imprudent thing. A man's best female friend is a wife of good sense and heart, whom he loves, and who loves him. But, supposing the man to be without such a helpmate, female friendship he must still have, or his intellect will be without a garden, and there will be many an unheeded gap even in the strongest fence.

The Penny Post Box.

TRUTHFULNESS.

THE ground-work of a manly character is the habit of truthfulness. Whatever faults a boy may have, there is always hope for him if his word can only be depended upon. There is a conservative influence in the veracity—it will surely lead to the correction of faults; but when truth is gone, credit, honour, respect, and reliance all are gone. The child that never tells a lie will be reliable in youth and respectable in age, however low in rank he may be in worldly wealth.

Lying is not a natural fault; but truthfulness is a natural virtue. Is that true, O Mr. Total Depravity? Lying is not natural, because it has to be acquired, and it is extremely doubtful whether any child would ever tell a lie, if it never heard one. But there are many teachers who show them how to practise it, and when they have fully learned, attribute it all to natural depravity.

At a railway station the other day, a little girl was trying to form an acquaintance with a stranger. "Come here," said the mother to her; "that man will carry you off." Shall this be called lesson number one in the art and mystery of lying? To judge from the effect produced upon the little child, it was by no means the first lie she had listened to, for she evidently did not believe it. Little children generally, if not always, believe the first lie they hear, and if this proves their natural depravity, it also proves that our first mother Eve was depraved before she fell, for she believed the very first lie she ever heard.

It is very common, however, to speak untruthfully in fun. This error cannot be too carefully avoided. Would you make use of profane or obscene language in fun? Why not? Would it be likely to lead to the reality? So it is in lying. Never deceive a child in sport, lest you should be responsible for sowing the seeds of deception in its young heart. If we would have our children truthful, we must be strictly truthful with them.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

SOUND.

Sound travels fast in northern latitudes. Captain Parry says that, in latitude seventy-four, a person can be heard talking at the distance of a mile.

Sound passes through the air eleven hundred and thirty feet in a second.

Cold air conducts sound better than warm.

A whisper will travel as quickly as the report of a cannon.

Sound passes along water at the rate of four thousand feet a second; along cast iron at eleven thousand feet a second; along steel at seventeen thousand feet; and along glass at eighteen thousand feet.

Wood varies as a conductor of sound. Sound passes along wood between four thousand and seventeen thousand feet a second.

Hints.

The dainties of the great are the tears of the poor.

When a man sleeps, his head is in his stomach.

He that praiseth himself, sputtereth himself.

Speak not of thy debts, unless you mean to pay them.

Little losses amaze, great ones tame. To review one's store, is to mow twice.

If the brain sows not corn, it plants thistles.

Every one is a master and servant.

He that thinks amiss, concludes worse.

Gems.

In order to deserve a true friend, you must first learn to be one.

He who labours for mankind, without a care for himself, has already begun his immortality.

The road on which Ambition travels is too narrow for friendship, too crooked for love, too rugged for honesty, and too dark for science.

Happiness and sorrow are the measures of mortal life.

Bad men, though having abundance, are never completely happy; good men, though lacking many things, are never completely miserable.

Paul says—"As poor, yet making many rich; having nothing, yet possessing all things."

He who sees all things through his Master and Lord, can never be destitute, either of happiness, or the means of retaining it.

Poetic Selections.

THE SINGING LESSON.

A NIGHTINGALE made a mistake;
She sang a few notes out of tune;
Her heart was ready to break,
And she hid from the moon.
She wrung her claws, poor thing,
But was far too proud to speak;
She tucked her head under her wing,
And pretended to be asleep!

A lark, arm-in-arm with a thrush,
Came sauntering up to the place;
The nightingale felt herself blush,
Though feathers hid her face;
She knew they had heard her song;
She felt them snicker and sneer;
She thought this life was too long,
And wished she could skip a year.

"O nightingale!" cooed a dove,
"O nightingale! what's the use;
You bird of beauty and love,
Why behave like a goose?
Don't skulk away from our sight
Like a common, contemptible fowl;
You bird of joy and delight,
Why behave like an owl!"

Only think of all you have done;
Only think of all you can do;
A false note is really fun
From such a bird as you!
Lift up your proud little crest;
Open your musical beak;
Other birds have to do their best,
You need only speak."

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

The nightingale shyly took
Her head from under her wing,
And giving the dove a look,
Straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass;
The night was divinely calm;
And the people stood on the grass
To hear that wonderful psalm!

The nightingale did not care,
She only sang to the skies;
Her song ascended there,
And there she fixed her eyes.
The people that stood below,
She knew but little about;
And this story's a moral, I know,
If you'll try to find it out.

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

From the German of Grun.

THE Count he was riding home one day,
But meeting his groom upon the way—
"Where are you going, groom?" said he,
"And where do you come from? answer me."

"I'm taking a walk for exercise sake,
And besides there's a house I want to take."
"To take a house!" said the Count, "speak
out;
What are the folks at home about?"

"Not much happened," the servant said,
"Only, your little white dog is dead."
"Do you tell me my faithful dog is dead?
And how did this happen?" the master said.

"Well, your horse took fright and jumped
on the hound,
Then ran to the river, and there got
drowned."

"My noble steed! the stable's pride!
What frightened him?" the master cried.

"'Twas when, if I remember well,
Your son from the castle window fell."
"My son! but I hope he escaped with life,
And is tenderly nursed by my loving wife!"

"Alas! the good Countess has passed away!
For she dropped down dead where her dead
son lay!"

"Why, then, in a time of such trouble and
grief,
Are you not taking care of the castle, you
thief?"

"The castle! I wonder which you mean!
Of yours but the ashes are now to be seen;
As the watcher slept—misfortune dire!
In a moment her hair and her clothes took
fire.

Then the castle around her blazed up in a
minute,
And all the household perished in it,
And of them all, Fate spared but me,
Thus gently to break the news to thee."

The Children's Corner.

ASKING GOD'S BLESSING.

CHARLIE was going home with his uncle. They were on the steamboat all night. A steamboat is furnished with little beds on each side of the cabin. These little beds are called berths. When it was time to go to bed, Charlie undressed himself.

"Make haste and jump into your berth, boy," cried his uncle.

"May'nt I first kneel down and ask God to take care of us?" asked Charlie.

"We shall be taken care of fast enough," said his uncle.

"Yes, sir," said Charlie; "but mother always tells us not to take anything without first asking."

Uncle Tim had nothing to say to that; and Charlie knelt down, just as he did by his own little bed at home. God's bounty and goodness and grace you live on day by day, my children; but never take it without first asking.

A RIDE WITH A LUNATIC.

THE accidents of railway travelling in England are vividly illustrated by the following incident which happened on a line near London: a young lady got into a second-class carriage, where she was soon joined by a gentleman about thirty years old, whose manner seemed very strange and excited. They were alone in the carriage. As soon as the train had started, this man got up all of a sudden, and began by throwing his carpet-bag out of the window, saying: "This carriage is much too heavy. Come, we must lighten it as much as possible."

He then sat down again, but jumped up a minute after, screaming out: "It's too heavy! It's too heavy!" And, so saying, he sent his coat out of the window to join his carpet-bag, then away went his waistcoat, his cravat, and his shoes! He then sat down and appeared to be thinking profoundly. All of a sudden he turned towards the young girl, who was as frightened as possible, and said: "On your knees, madam, on your knees! We will pray for the Duke of Gloucester!" And he knelt down.

The poor girl immediately obeyed him. The stranger then began praying fervently for the Duke of Gloucester, then for the Duke of St. Alban's, then for the Duke of York—in a word, for all the Dukes in Great Britain and Ireland. He then sat down again. The young lady, more dead than alive, was in a corner of the carriage, a prey to the most profound terror.

Nevertheless this strange person soon began to feel less quiet. "This can't go on," he said; "it's really much too heavy—much too heavy. The train will soon have to stop—it won't be able to go on. Come now, we must lighten it. One of us must get out. I won't; so supposing you jump out of the window!" And he walked resolutely up to the cowering girl.

But she said to him, crying: "Oh, sir, do stay for one moment; we've not yet prayed for the Duke of Northumberland!"

"You are right, we had forgotten him. On your knees, and let's pray for the Duke of Northumberland!"

They were still in deep prayer when the train arrived at the station, and the young girl fainted in the arms of some friends who were waiting for her.

Her companion was arrested, and soon recognized as a lunatic who had escaped from Hanwell.

SOCIAL LIFE IN INDIA.

To comprehend domestic life among the Hindoos, let us take a look at one of their homes. The family is patriarchal. The father is the head; his sons bring their wives home one after another, the women occupying apartments by themselves. The Hindoo word for woman's apartment is "zenana." The women of the household mingle freely together, but John never sees the wife of his brother Joseph. Six or eight families, and three or four generations, are sometimes under one roof, and when the house becomes thus populous, the head of the family has quite as much as he can attend to in settling family troubles. Think of the life of those women. They are wholly ignorant; they know not a letter of their language. Why should a woman learn to read? What would come of it? If they go to visit a neighbour, it must be in a close palanquin, their faces veiled. They know nothing except family gossip. They cannot do the plainest sewing. The little tow-head on the lowest bench of an infant school in England, making patchwork, can use the needle more deftly than most of the millionaire Baboos. Think of your little rosy-cheeked darling who climbs upon your knee for her good-night kiss being affianced in marriage at the age of five, and at twelve being a bride, shut up for the rest of her days, with nothing to do—no knitting work, no bed-quilts to make, no knowledge of needlework; surrounded with books, yet not knowing a letter; her room a blank wall; her daily duties for the remainder of her life being the performance of her daily *pooja*—a worship of a little brass or stone image in the form of a monkey, or a figure with six arms and four faces; hanging flowers around its neck, sprinkling it with water, bowing before it, walking around it, talking to it as little girls do to their dolls, lighting little wax tapers; nothing but this, except to dawdle her children, bring food to her husband, and eat her own, and re-arrange the folds of cloth which answer for a garment; doing this and sleeping the rest of her time, from morning till night, from night till morning, through the twenty-four hours, the weeks, the months, the years, from childhood to old age! Such is the daily, unvarying life of the Hindoo women of the upper classes. The Baboos, who read Shakespeare, who know what is going on in England, even to the rappings of the spirits, who will discuss the theisms of Theodore Parker with you, are beginning to feel that there is an awkward gap in their

AMONG THE CHEROKEES.

system of life. The Hindoo upper classes, who are too intellectual to be grossly sensual Baboos, repudiate Brigham Young. They are not polygamists; they are fond of their wives, and treat them with respect, and love their children, especially if they are sons. But there is no Eve in their paradise. They come home from their counting-room when the day's work is done, read a play from Shakspeare, or Longfellow's last poem, and then comes the reflection that the wife, so far as this is concerned, is an idiot. Many of the Baboos are now anxious to have their wives educated; but the women, knowing nothing of the sweets of knowledge, manifest but little desire to obtain an education. Yet they are desirous of learning embroidery. Those who have undertaken to do something towards raising the women of this land from their degradation, have seized upon this, and are using it to great advantage.

AMONG THE CHEROKEES.

THE *Sandusky* (Ohio) *Register* relates a singular incident which happened in Lewiston, Logan county, a few days ago. It appears that thirty-three years ago there lived in Lewiston a farmer named Hopkins, who had a boy between three and four years of age. One day this boy was missing, and could nowhere be found, though hundreds of people turned out to search for him. The river was dragged, and the woods searched, but without avail, and he was given up for lost. A few Indians living in the neighbourhood were so peaceable and friendly that they were not suspected. The Hopkins family left their home and settled in Illinois, and their old neighbours had no expectation of ever seeing any of them again. The astonishment of the old settlers can be conceived, when, week before last, a tall man, browned by exposure to the sun and storm, and speaking the broken English of the half civilized Indians, made his appearance at Lewiston, and claimed to be the child missed thirty-three years ago.

He stated that a Cherokee Indian, wandering through that section, had enticed him from the field as he was going in search of his father, and had carried him to the far West. The old chief had treated him as his own son, and having been taken away at so early an age, the memory of his parents and former life had faded from his mind. For thirty odd years he lived as an Indian, and supposed that he was the son of the old chief who claimed to be

NIGHT AIR NOT INJURIOUS.

his father. A few months since the chief, very advanced in age, found himself on his death-bed. Shortly before he died he called his adopted son to his bedside, and informed him who and what he was. Thereupon, after the old chief was dead and buried, Hopkins repaired to Ohio in search of his parents, who he found had removed to Champaign City, Illinois. His reappearance created quite as much excitement among the old settlers as did his mysterious disappearance a third of a century ago.

NIGHT AIR NOT INJURIOUS.

THERE is a popular prejudice concerning the evil effects of night air, about which a word must be said. In her admirable writings on hygiene and the management of the sick, Miss Nightingale has done much to correct this mistake. It was formerly the universal belief, that the air of night was very injurious. But the fact is, that, except under certain circumstances, it is as healthful, or even more so, than that of the daytime. The night air of large cities, such as London, when the bustle and commotion, which cause it to be loaded with dust particles, is comparatively quelled, and the numerous fires which contaminate it with their smoke are mostly extinguished, is purer than that of the day. Nothing conduces more to healthy sleep than good ventilation, and no mode of ventilation surpasses that obtained by opening a window at the top, by which the influence of draught is avoided, while the upper stratum of air, to which impurities ascend, is certainly renewed. But there is still another reason for at times adopting night, even in preference to day, ventilation. In sultry weather it is a common mistake to open the windows instead of keeping them altogether closed, as is the case in very hot climates. But a little reflection will show that since the height of the thermometer in the sun always greatly exceeds that shown at the same time by another thermometer placed in the shade, by opening the window we admit air much heated into our rooms. The proper time, under such circumstances, for ventilation, is during the night, when the external atmosphere has cooled down. By adopting this plan in hot weather, the temperature of a room may always be kept several degrees lower than if the opposite course is pursued.

THE SEA-ELEPHANT.

At present, the true sea-elephant is found only in the Antarctic ocean; a monster not unfrequently thirty feet long, and measuring over sixteen feet in circumference! His powerful teeth are formidable enough in appearance, and above them he raises, when he is roused to anger, his inflated trunk, which ordinarily hangs loosely over his upper lip. His whole body is covered with stiff, shining hair, and underneath his fur coat he has a layer of fat at least a foot thick, which protects him effectually against the terrible cold of the polar regions. The two awkward feet, mere stumps, encased in fat-like coverings, are of little avail to the giant when he moves on firm land. After a few yards he begins to groan and to rest, while the whole huge body shakes as if it were one vast mass of jelly-like fat. Here he falls an easy victim to the sailors, who come in search of his ivory and his oil; they walk fearlessly through the thick crowds and knock them over by a single blow on the nose. The giant opens his enormous mouth and shows his formidable teeth, but as he cannot move he is virtually helpless. Very different, however, are his motions in his own element; as soon as he is under water he swims with amazing rapidity, turns and twists like an eel, and is thus enabled to catch not only swift fish and sepias, but even the web-footed penguins. He must find it difficult, at times, to provide his enormous body with sufficient food, for he swallows masses of tangled seetan, and large stones have been found in his stomach to the number of twelve. When he wishes to sleep he floats on the surface, and is rocked and cradled by the waves of the ocean.

What has, in all probability, led to their being taken for human beings by credulous and superstitious mariners of early ages, is the beauty of their eye, and the deep feeling they manifest at critical times. They not only never attack men, but unlike the sympathetic seals, they also abandon their wounded companions, and purposely turn aside so as not to witness their sufferings and their agony. When they are mortally wounded they drag themselves painfully inland, and hide behind a large rock to die in peace unseen by others. If they are prevented from thus retiring they shed tears, as they also weep bitterly when they are ill-treated by cruel sailors.

POETRY.

Poetry.

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

THE light of home, how bright it beams
When evening shades around us fall;
And from the lattice far its gleams
To love and rest and comfort call!
When wearied with the toils of day,
And strife for glory, gold or fame,
How sweet to seek the quiet way,
Where loving lips will lisp our name
Around the light of home!

When through the dark and stormy night
The wayward wanderer homeward flies,
How cheering is that twinkling light
Which through the forest gloom he spies!
It is the light of home. He feels
That loving hearts will greet him there,
And safely through his bosom steals
The joy and love that banish care
Around the light of home.

The light of home—how still and sweet
It peeps from yonder cottage door,
The weary labourer to greet,
When the rough toils of day are o'er!
Sad is the soul that does not know
The blessings that its beams impart,
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow
And lighten up the heaviest heart
Around the light of home.

Anecdotes and Selections.

WASTED TIME.

Few things in the lives of distinguished men are so impressive or so full of valuable suggestions, as their frequent lament over lost opportunities for mental and moral culture.

In his autobiography, Sir Walter Scott says: "If it should ever fall to the lot of youth to peruse these pages, let such a youth remember that it is the deepest regret that I recollect, in my manhood, the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth; that through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered by

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my own ignorance; and that I would at this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if, by doing so, I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science."

Edmund Burke grew wise in this respect while it was not too late to retrieve the most of his errors and losses; for, before his youth was entirely passed, he wrote to a friend—"What would I not give to have my spirits a little more stirred! I am too giddy; this is the bane of my life; it hurries me from studies to trifles, and I am afraid it will hinder me from knowing anything thoroughly. I have a superficial knowledge of many things, but scarcely the bottom of any."

Washington Irving, when giving counsel to young friends, exclaimed on the bitterness of his heart—"How many an hour of hard study have I had to subject myself to, to atone, in a slight degree, for the hours which I suffered society to cheat me out of."

And Josiah Quincy, in his diary, laments more than once his "neglect of that mental and moral cultivation" which he regards as "the noblest of human pursuits." On one occasion he says—"I resolve, therefore, in future, to be more circumspect—to hoard my moments with a more thrifty spirit—to listen less to the suggestions of indolence, and to quicken that spirit of intellectual improvement to which I devote my life."

It will do no young man the least harm to ponder well the lessons of these eloquent confessions.

THE HAPPY SURPRISE.—A lady, distinguished as a writer, states that when she was in her fourteenth year, the great duty of consecrating herself to her Redeemer was brought home to her heart and conscience; and the special obstacle in her way was fear of an elder brother, then spending at home his college vacation. He was a young man of brilliant promise, but with great powers of ridicule, and she shrank from his merciless wit. For days the conflict between the convictions of the Spirit and his displeasure filled her with agony. At last she yielded herself to Christ, and resolved to confess it to her brother, and implore him to make the same wise choice. With faltering tongue she introduced the subject, when, to her joy, he seized her hand, and with tearful eyes and tremulous voice, told her that he too had for some time been under religious impressions, and that the great obstacle that appeared before him was the fear that it would cut him from her love and sympathy. What a happy surprise was this to both of them.

THE ROLL-CALL IN HEAVEN.—An incident is related by a chaplain who was in the army during the American war. The hospital tents had been filling up fast as the wounded men had been brought to the rear. Among the number was a young man mortally

wounded, and not able to speak. It was near midnight, and many loved one at that moment lay sleeping on the battle-field—that sleep that knows no waking until Jesus shall call for them. The surgeons had been their rounds of duty, and for a moment all was quiet. Suddenly this young man, before speechless, calls, in a clear, distinct voice, “Here.” The surgeon hastened to his side, and asked what he wished. “Nothing,” said he; “they are calling the roll in heaven, and I was answering to my name.” He turned his head and was gone—gone to join the great army, whose uniform is washed white in the blood of the Lamb. Reader, in the great roll-call of eternity, your name will be heard; can you answer, “Here?” Are you one of the soldiers of Christ, the great Captain of salvation?

RIGHT KIND OF PREACHING.—Dr. Gilly related the following anecdote, which was told by a well-known character, Thaddens Conolly, who used to spend much of his time in wandering through Ireland, and instructing the lower classes in their native language. “I went,” said he, “one Sabbath into a church to which a new incumbent had been lately appointed. The congregation did not exceed half a dozen, but the preacher delivered himself with as much energy and affection as if he were addressing a crowded audience. After the service, I expressed to the clergyman my wonder that he should preach so fervently to such a small number of people. ‘Were there but one,’ said he, ‘my anxiety for his improvement would make me equally energetic.’” The following year Conolly went into the same church; the congregation was multiplied twenty-fold; the third year he found the church full!

THOMAS FULLER'S PRAYER.—Lord, before I commit a sin, it seems to me so shallow that I may wade through it dry-shod from any guiltiness; but when I have committed it, it often seems so deep that I cannot escape without drowning. Thus I am always in the extremities; either my sins are so small that they need not my repentance, or so great that they cannot obtain thy pardon. Lend me, O Lord, a reed out of thy sanctuary, truly to measure the dimensions of my offences. But O! as thou revealest to me more of my misery, reveal also more of thy mercy; lest if my wounds in my apprehension gape wider than thy tents, my soul run out at them. If my badness seem bigger than thy goodness, but one hair's breadth, but one moment, that is room and time enough for me to run to eternal despair.

BUNYAN'S REPLY.—John Bunyan being once asked a question concerning heaven which he could not answer because the Bible had furnished no reply, very wisely advised the querist to follow Christ and live a holy life, that he might by and by go to heaven and see for himself. “Lord, are there few to be saved?” asked a curious questioner of Christ. “Strive to enter in at the strait gate,” was the instant and pertinent reply.

THE FIRESIDE.

WHAT SHALL I DO NEXT.—Edward Eggleston, of Chicago, speaks about a lady teacher who came to him perplexed, asking his advice,—on what score, think you? “All my scholars,” said she, “have been brought to Christ, and now *what shall I do next?*” Blessed perplexity! Happy teacher! That heart had tasted the sweetness of the reward even here, and you may be sure it never will be satisfied, but will ever be inquiring, *What shall I do next?* The Master has abundant use for such labourers in His vineyard. Oh that there were more of them! Why are there not more?

THE POPE AND THE CHILD.—A good story comes from Rome. In preparation for the Ecumenical Council the Pope ordered from his architect certain embellishments, the plan of which was brought for his inspection by that gentleman's little boy. Charmed by the plan, the Pope opened a drawer full of gold, and said to the child, “Take a handful of coin as a reward for the beauty of your father's work.” “Holy Father,” replied the child, “take it out for me; your hand is bigger than mine.” Pius IX. could not help smiling, and obeyed the child.

A SCOTCH CLERGYMAN, named Hackstoun, one day said to Mr. Smibert, the minister of Cupar, who, like himself, was blessed with a foolish or rather wild youth for a son, “D'ye ken, sir, you and I are wiser than Solomon.” “How can that be, Rathillet?” inquired the startled clergyman. “Oh, ye see,” said Hackstoun, “Solomon didna ken whether his son was to be a fool or a wise man; but baith you and I are quite sure that *our sons are fools.*”

THE CLERGYMAN'S REPLY.—A clergyman once travelling in a stage coach was asked by one of the passengers if he thought that the pious heathen would go to heaven. “Sir,” answered the clergyman, “I am not appointed judge of the world, and consequently cannot tell; but if you ever go to heaven, you shall either find them there, or a good reason why they are not.”

LOUIS FOURTEENTH AND MASSILLON.—“When I go away after hearing some of the court preachers, I say, ‘What a wonderful preacher he is! what splendid powers of eloquence he has! what a great man he is!’ But when I go away from hearing Father Massillon, I leave saying, ‘What a poor, wretched sinner, I am! how wicked I am!’”

The Fireside.

TRIBUTE TO A WIFE.

DR. BUSHNELL dedicates his new book on Woman Suffrage to his wife. He does this in terms so handsome to one of the sex, whose claim to the ballot he denies, that we copy it entire:—

“For once I will dare to break open one of the customary seals of silence, by inscribing this little book to the woman I know best and

most thoroughly; having been overlapped, as it were, and curtailed in the same consciousness for the last thirty-six years. If she had offended that I do it without her consent, I hope she may get over the offence shortly, as she has a great many others that were worse. I have been with me in many weaknesses and some storms, of equal strength alike in both; sharp enough to see my faults, faithful enough to expose them, considerate enough to do it wisely; shrinking me from loss or blame or shame to be encountered in any thing right or wrong; adding great and high instigations—instigations always to do good and never to evil mistaken for good; forecasting always the truest and bravest and best to be done, and supplying inspirations enough to make a hero, if they had not lacked the timber. If I have done anything well, she has been the more really in it that she did not know of it and the more willingly also, that having her part in it known has even occurred to her, compelling me thus to honour not less, but rather the covert glory of the womanly nature, even as I obtained a distinct and more wondering apprehension of the divine meanings and meanings, and countless unbought ministries it contributes to this of this wise very dry world.

The Penny Post Box.

THE SPREADING RUMOUR.

SAYS Gossip One to Gossip Two:

“While shopping in the town,
Old Mrs. Pry to me remarked—
Smith *bought* his goods of Brown.”

Says Gossip Two to Gossip Three,

Who cast her eyelids down:
“I’ve heard it said to-day, my friend,
Smith *got* his goods from Brown.”

Says Gossip Three to Gossip Four,

With something of a frown:
“I’ve heard strange news—what do you think?
Smith *took* his goods from Brown.”

Says Gossip Four to Gossip Five,

Who blazed it round the town:
“I’ve heard to-day such shocking news—
Smith *stole* his goods from Brown.”

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

ABOUT WIND.

Light air travels at the rate of one an hour, a gentle breeze ten miles an hour, a strong breeze twenty-five an hour; but gales vary from moderate, which travels thirty an hour, to the heavy gale, which drives along at the rate of fifty miles an hour. A hurricane, which tears up trees, carries away buildings, travels at rate of one hundred miles an

hour. In England, the south-west wind is more in each month on an average than any other, and in July and August it is the prevailing wind. A north-east prevails in January, February, April, May, and June. The wind veers about much, look for rain; if, in changing, it follows the course of the sun, expect fair weather; if the contrary, look out for rain. Sailors call "dirty" weather. The whistling or howling of the wind is a sure sign of rain.

Hints.

A man's first habit is like a spider's web; like a thread; then twine; next, plait; and lastly, a cable. Do not for every ache to a physician; for every quarrel, to a lawyer; for every thirst, to a bowl. Do not let the seventh commandment, when it is really broken. Business neglected is business lost. Simplicity is vice so simple but assumes the mark of virtue outwardly. A man who gives his children habits of idleness provides for his children more than by leaving them a fortune.

Gems.

Our eyes are casements, to let in the sun, when they should be floodgates to let out tears.

Modesty has more charms than beauty.

A good cause makes a stout heart and a strong arm.

Sorrows, meekly borne, are so many artificers working on the good man's crown, and making it bigger and brighter.

The evils that break the proud man's heart will not trouble the good man's sleep.

A faithful friend is a strong defence. Against fortune, oppose courage; against passion, reason.

Did Christ die, and shall sin live? He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping.

Time is a file that wears and makes no noise.

Grieving for misfortunes is adding gall to wormwood.

Poetic Selections.

THE KINGDOM OF HOME.

DARK is the night, and fitful and drearily
Rushes the wind like the waves of the sea;
Little care I, as here I sing cheerily,

Wife at my side and my baby on knee:
King, King, crown me the King;
Home is the Kingdom and Love is the King.

Flashes the firelight upon the dear faces,
Dearer and dearer as onward we go,
Forces the shadow behind us, and places
Brightness around us with warmth in the glow.

King, King, crown me the King;
Home is the Kingdom and Love is the King.

Flashes the lovelight, increasing the glory,
Beaming from bright eyes with warmth
Of the soul,

Telling of trust and content the sweet story,
Lifting the shadows that over us roll.
King, King, crown me the King;
Home is the Kingdom and Love is the King.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Richer than miser with perishing treasure,
Served with a service no conquest could bring;
Happy with fortune that words cannot measure,
Light-hearted I on the hearthstone can sing,
King, King, crown me the King;
Home is the Kingdom and Love is the King.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE CROSS.

SALVATION'S banners onward go,
The mystery of the cross to show,
Where the Incarnate God on high
Was on a cross condemned to die.
There by the nails His flesh was torn,
On outstretched hands and feet upborne,
That He might our redemption gain—
A victim on the altar slain.

And there from out the wounded side
Of Him, the pierced and crucified,

Flowed forth the water and the blood
To wash from sin, a cleansing flood.
And see fulfilled the word of old,
So long in sacred song foretold
By David, in prophetic strain,
The Lord, the crucified, shall reign.

Thou tree, bedecked with light and pride,
And with the royal purple dyed!
How honoured art thou, chosen tree,
That thou shouldst carry such as He!
Happy that, on thy branches wide,
A ransom was for man supplied.
Thou balance where the prize was weighed
That was for our salvation paid.

With fragrant spice thy bark is filled,
And sweetest nectar there distilled;
With fruits delicious to the taste,
Thy glorious triumph there is graced.
Hail altar! hail the Victim too!
And glory to His passion due,
Which over death the victory bore,
And by His death did life restore.

The Children's Corner.

LOVE.

Two girls were going to a neighbouring town, each carrying on her head a heavy basket of fruit to sell. One of them was murmuring and fretting all the way, and complaining of the weight of her basket. The other went along smiling and singing, and seeming to be very happy.

At last the first got out of patience with her companion, and said, "How can you go on so merry and joyful? Your basket is as heavy as mine, and I know you are not a bit stronger than I am. I don't understand it."

"O!" said the other, "it's easy enough to understand. I have a certain little plant which I put on the top of my load, and it makes it so light I hardly feel it."

"Indeed! That must be a very precious little plant. I wish I could lighten my load with it. Where does it grow? Tell me. What do you call it?"

"It grows wherever you plant it, and give it a chance to take root; and there's no knowing the relief it gives. Its name is 'Love,'—the love of Jesus. Jesus loved me so much, that He died to save my soul. This makes me love Him. Whatever I do, whether it be carrying this basket, or anything else, I think to myself, I am doing this for Jesus, to show that I love Him; and this makes everything easy and pleasant."

AN ASSASSIN IN A CATHEDRAL.

"I BELIEVE in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost."

"You lie!"

A shot, a cry, a general commotion.

On Sunday, August 8th, in the presence of a numerous congregation, this sacriligious scene was enacted in the cathedral church at Berlin. Rev. H. Heinrici was standing before the altar reciting the Belief, when a young man, rising from a front seat and interrupting the clergyman, gave him the lie, and at once discharged a pistol at his breast. The next moment he was in the hands of the sexton, and quietly suffered himself to be led away to the vestry. A portion of the congregation seated at a distance, having only heard the report and seen the curling smoke, without any definite notion of what was going on, immediately began moving toward the door, and created considerable tumult; but those near the altar retained their seats.

In preserving their composure they but imitated the noble example of the clergyman whose life had just been placed in such jeopardy. Rev. H. Heinrici was unhurt; nor had the moral firmness of the man whose body the ball had missed been shaken. No sooner had the trying interlude, the details of which seem to have been observed with terrible distinctness by those near, come to an end, than the intended victim calmly resumed reading the Creed, and with redoubled fervour proclaimed that belief the utterance of which had imperilled his life. After this the service was continued in accordance with the prescribed ritual. Rev. H. Heinrici left the altar, when Rev. Dr. Kogel ascended the pulpit and preached a sermon, in which he introduced a passage expressive of his thanks to God for the miraculous escape of his clerical brother. Quiet had been speedily restored, and the greater portion of the congregation, agitated as they were by the most powerful emotions, left the church only after the final benediction.

In the meantime the criminal had been conducted by a policeman to the nearest station and examined by a superior officer. To all the questions put to him he replied with the utmost frankness and composure. He said:—

"My name is Biland. I am nineteen years of age, a Protestant, and the son of a blacksmith in the village of Lank, county of Lower Barnim, a few miles from Berlin. My parents sent me to

a grammar school, wishing me to become a candidate for the ministry in the established church; but my eyes were soon opened to the falsehood of the creed I was expected some day to teach, and my dislike was increased to disgust when I perceived that many of those professing to believe it were liars at heart. I refused to pursue a career which had become so hateful to me, and resisted all attempts to force me to persevere. Eventually I saw myself left by them to my own devices, and began to study art—the dramatic art, I mean. I wished to become an actor, and to preach to the public in my own way; but the religious mendacity rampant around me gave me no rest. Some I saw uttering deliberate untruths, while others, knowing them to be such, listened with contemptuous indifference. Gradually I taught myself that some striking deed was indispensable to rouse the public mind from its apathy and chase away the mists of superstition. I, therefore, determined to seize the first favourable opportunity that offered for shooting a clergyman while in the act of uttering his accursed perjuries. I have done it. I have myself cast the ball and done my best to render the shot fatal. I am sound in body and mind, and scorn the suggestion that I have acted under the disturbing influence of temporary insanity. I perfectly knew what I was about, and am convinced there are many able to comprehend the disinterestedness of my purpose, though they may perhaps not approve the method chosen to compass it. My design was to shoot Heinrich, and I was prepared to pay the penalty of the deed.”

Such in substance was the statement of the reckless, misguided young man. Inquiries seem fully to confirm his words. His having missed at a distance of three paces at first gave rise to the surmise that he had fired with blank cartridge; but it is only too true that there was a ball in the barrel. The course of the ball has been exactly traced. Passing within an inch of the clergyman’s head, it penetrated the open balustrade of the gallery in which the *Dom choir*—celebrated for its vocal performances—was stationed, and grazed the cheek of one of the choristers, a boy of twelve. The little fellow, although his cheek instantly began to swell, did not leave the church, but sang his allotted part to the end.

The event throws a light upon the sad state of religion in Prussia. I am afraid the prisoner was right in supposing that many will appreciate his motive, though they will abhor the deed. It has been often stated, as a serious fact, that three-fourths of all educated men in Germany are estranged from the dogmatic teaching

RIISING OF THE NILE.

of the Christian creed—estranged from it to the extent of disbelieving the sincerity of many of the clergy. Only a small fraction of the nation attends divine service; the educated men, more especially, whom you meet in church on Sunday, are few and far between.

RIISING OF THE NILE.

To the annual phenomenon of the rising of the Nile, Egypt is entirely indebted for its fertility, and even for its existence as an inhabited and populous country. Without it, the land would always have been a desert, incapable of affording the means of subsistence to man. Except occasionally near the shores of the Mediterranean, no rain falls throughout the land, and therefore its parched and sandy soil would be entirely unfruitful, were it not that regularly, at a certain season of the year, the river overflows the whole adjacent country.

Why it should do so was a mystery in ancient times, and many absurd theories and conjectures were raised to account for it. The Egyptians themselves believed the river was a god, who, in his beneficence, spread himself annually over the land to supply the wants of his people. If the rising did not begin to make its appearance at the expected time—and it has hardly varied a single day throughout the course of ages—they hastily prepared a sacrifice to this deity, usually a beautiful girl, who was richly adorned and then thrown into the stream.

Some of the ancient philosophers lighted on the true reason of the rising of the waters, when they imagined it to be due to heavy rains falling in the interior of Africa and swelling the sources of the river. What those sources were it had baffled the investigation of thousands of years to ascertain, until recently our travellers, Speke, Grant, and Baker, discovered them in immense lakes situated near the equator, more than three thousand miles, as the stream winds, from the mouth of the Nile on the Mediterranean coast. To these lakes the names of the Victoria Nyanza and the Albert Nyanza have been given by the successful explorers.

In the regions adjacent to these lakes rain falls throughout the greater part of the year, and most heavily in March, at the time of the spring equinox. The lakes form huge reservoirs for the water, which descends from the elevations known as the Mountains of the Moon; and as they become swollen, the size of the streams

which emerge from them is proportionately increased. Several of these streams uniting in their course from the Upper or White Nile, and this river flowing gradually on until it meets the Blue or Lower Nile, bear irrigation to the thirsty lands below. Not only this, but as these rivers come down they bring with them a quantity of alluvial soil of the richest kind; and when the Nile at last spreads itself over the flat and sandy plains of Egypt, it enriches them year by year with this muddy but fertile deposit. The consequence is a gradual rising of the land, to the extent, it is calculated, of from five to six inches in a century. Owing to this fact, many of the remains of the proudest cities of ancient Egypt are now half buried in the soil.

Although in these days we know more about natural phenomena than the philosophers of old, and can satisfactorily explain the reason of the rising of the waters, there remains one wonder connected with it which is as great to us as to them, and that is its uniformity. As we have said, throughout the course of ages its commencement has scarcely varied by one day, and its extent is also comprised, as a rule, within a narrow limit. So equal, in the main, must be the quantity of water which falls annually at the equator, and so regular the commencement and decline of the rainy season.

The rising commences in Lower Egypt about the 25th of June, and steadily increases during the three months following. In this time the Valley of the Nile becomes covered by its waters, and its villages stand out from them like little islands, as for the time they are. When the water has attained its maximum height it remains stationary for about ten days, and then declines as steadily as it arose. On its subsiding, the land has been thoroughly fertilized and vegetation becomes luxuriant.

The height to which the river rises is a matter of vital importance. A few feet more or less make the difference between starvation and abundance. The average height varies according to the distance traversed by the river, from about forty feet where it enters Egypt, to four feet only near the Mediterranean. Taking as an intermediate height that observed at Cairo, if the rise is less than twenty feet, there is a scarcity, or even famine; if it is three or four feet more the crops will be short; three or four feet more again, and they will be abundant; but if the water goes still higher, it becomes an unhealthy flood.

Contrivances for measuring the exact rise of the Nile were in use in ancient times, and in two instances the remains of these

MOZART'S LAST REQUIEM.

"Nilometers" still exist. One, and the most ancient, supposed to have been erected in the time of the Roman dominion, is found in the island of Elephantine, in Upper Egypt; and on the walls of the building in which it is contained are inscriptions recording the heights of the inundations in various years. The other is situated in the island of Rhoda, near Cairo, and it is believed to have been built in the time of the Arabian caliphs. It consists of a square well, into which the water is admitted, as it rises, while in the centre is a column of marble marked at frequent intervals with the distance from the lowest level. The Nilometers are supposed to have been of chief utility in adjusting the taxation of the country, as they would give indications as to whether the season would be plentiful or otherwise.

MOZART'S LAST REQUIEM.

It was a festive night in the home of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Loving friends were gathered around a board spread with a delicate feast in honour of the occasion, the anniversary of the wedding day of the host and hostess. The pleasure of greeting his friends, and the joyousness of the scene, had driven from the broad, white brow of Mozart, the shadow which of late had rested there constantly. His large, bright eyes, shot glances of mirthful fire on all sides, as he replied to the sportive sallies and cordial congratulations of his guests, while an exceedingly sweet and fascinating smile wreathed his finely cut and expressive mouth. His old youth seemed to have returned to him; and often his eyes rested with loving looks upon the face of his wife Constanza, whom he loved with all the force of his ardent nature.

A servant enters. "A stranger wishes to see the Herr Capellmeister." "Bid him enter," replies Mozart. The man ushers in a tall, gaunt figure, clothed entirely in deepest black. Without a word he hands to Mozart a folded note. As he reads its contents the countenance of the great master changes, the sunny light dies out of the blue eyes, the smile fades from the child-like mouth; a strange pallor, and a look almost of dread, creeps over his face. Turning to the stranger he asks from whom he came; but the question receives no reply save the assurance that the note tells him all that he needs to know.

The laughing, happy guests are silent, and filled with apprehen-

MOZART'S LAST REQUIEM.

sion, and his wife, striving to speak playfully, asks, "Wolfret, may we not share your mystery?" He hands her the note. It is a request without a signature that he will write a Requiem, choosing his own price and time. With that strange look of pallor and fear still upon his face, he writes an answer, promising the Requiem.

In vain, after the withdrawal of the mysterious messenger, did the guests strive to resume their merry songs and jests; the still pale face of the master of the feast hushed every laughing voice, and very soon all had departed, leaving the husband and wife alone together. "I have given so much of my time and talent to the world, it is time that I should now write for God;" said he, "but oh! Stanzel, I feel that I shall write my own Requiem."

A few months later, a sad and tearful company were gathered in an upper room of Mozart's house. Upon the bed lay the worn and attenuated frame of the composer. Sheets of music lay around him, and his glorious blue eyes rested upon them with an impression of mingled joy and pain. His wife sat close by his pillow, her hand in his, her loving eyes watching the dear face so soon to be hidden from her gaze. His dearest and most familiar friends clustered together near him, and at a sign from his hand they took the precious sheets upon which he had traced the last expressions of his God-given genius, into which he had written the holiest and purest aspirations of his beautiful soul. At his request his friends and pupils had met around his dying bed, to sing for him his last and greatest work.

Low and sweet were the first chords, but borne upon the evening air the swell of the rich harmony floated up to heaven. Angelic were the strains as heard upon the very borders of the spirit land. Entranced with the melody they themselves were making, the friends sang on, while Mozart listened, a smile of brightest happiness playing over his face, and his large blue eyes turned heavenward. "King of tones," he had been; never more kingly than in death.

The last strains were sung; the echoes of the last amen lingered upon the air, when Mozart turned to his weeping wife: "Dear, true wife," he said, "do not weep; I told you from the first that I was writing my own Requiem."

A few more loving words were spoken, a few long, last kisses given, and the exquisitely attuned and sensitive spirit fled from earth to that world whose harmonies it would almost seem had been revealed to him below.

Poetry.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

JESUS and His church are one;
Blessed, holy union!
Strangely, mystically wed;
They the members, He the head.

How, then, should each Christian strive
Lovingly to act and live,
So that neither deed nor word
Grieve his dear and coming Lord!

Uniformity, we know,
Is not found in aught below;
Union should, however, prove
To the world Christ's law of love.

'Twas for this the Saviour prayed,
Ere to cruel death betrayed;
This He gave us as the sign
Men should own His truth divine.

Dearest Lord, thy people teach
Love and union, each with each;

That no strivings vex their breast,
But the strife to serve Thee best.

Whatsoever name they bear,
Shepherded beneath whose care,
Gathered in whatever fold,
In what lesser name enrolled,—

If, blest Lord, they love but Thee,
Each shall be most dear to me;
Nor shall differing thoughts impart
Strangeness to my hand or heart.

Ah! from Thee we live too far,
Therefore so apart we are;
Sad confession! this is why
Christians feel unbrotherly.

Draw us nearer every one,
Lord of love and union!
Nearer to Thyself—then we
Nearer, each to each, shall be.

—*Christian Times.*

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE BEST CHRISTIAN SPEECH.—When the statue of George Peabody, recently erected in one of the thoroughfares of London, was unveiled, the sculptor, Story, was asked to speak. Twice he touched the statue with his hand, and said twice, "*That is my speech! That is my speech!*" There are Christians who deem themselves too destitute of "gifts" to plead the cause of Christ in words. But let them not think that they are debarred from the privilege of bearing testimony for this cause. Their "graces" and their "good works" may be their speech! They may speak by their faith, and charity, and meekness; by their steadfastness against temptation, their patience under affliction, their honesty and diligence in things of this life, their interest, zeal, and ardour in things of the life to come. They may plead for Jesus and for souls, with that highest eloquence—the eloquence of holy love and holy living—the eloquence of character and action, bright with the image of the One Faultless Example. And let not the gifted forget, that words of theirs can never compensate for the lack of this loftier witness and advocacy. If their walk—their manner of life—is silent,

ANECDOTES AND SELECTIONS.

and does not speak for Christ, vain will be mere oratory, with the force of logic and the fire of rhetoric. What De Quincey calls "the mechanism of style," is no sufficient substitute for a life that teaches, and therefore is a sermon—that moves, and therefore is an exhortation. The best pulpit even of the ablest divine is the way of the feet, day by day—the common secular scenes, where "such a conversation (behaviour) as becometh the gospel," points with one hand to the cross which Christ endured for us, and with the other to the crown which we shall wear with Christ. Oh, for the time when all who publish the glad tidings of peace can appeal rather to their personal example than to their public ministrations, and say, "*That is my speech! That is my speech!*"

A PRAYERLESS FATHER.—"There was one little circumstance," said a gentleman in relating his religious feelings, on his admission to a Christian church, "that more deeply impressed me with the importance of being a Christian than any other. It was a question asked by my son Henry, a little boy four years old. My wife and myself had taken great pains to teach little Henry verses of Scripture and hymns, and he never went to bed without saying his little prayer, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' One night, tired and fretful, he refused to do it; and while I was insisting upon it, telling him how wrong it was not to pray, he looked up into my face, and said in childish simplicity, 'Why do you want me to pray, father? I never see you pray.' No sermon I had ever heard, no book or tract I had ever read, so impressed me as this rebuke from my child. I determined then, by the help of God, to lead a different life, and henceforth teach my children by example as well as precept." That father is now a follower of the Lord Jesus, an active member of the church, and this happy family gather around the domestic altar.

THERE IS LIGHT BEYOND.—"When in Madeira," writes a traveller, "I set off one morning to reach the summit of a mountain, to gaze upon the distant scenes and enjoy the balmy air. I had a guide with me, and we had with difficulty ascended some thousand feet, when a thick mist was seen descending upon us, quite obscuring the whole face of the heavens. I thought I had no hope left but at once to retrace our steps or be lost; but as the cloud came nearer, and darkness overshadowed me, my guide ran on before me, penetrating the mist and calling to me ever and anon, saying, 'Press on, master, press on; there is light beyond!' I did press on. In a few minutes the mist passed away, and I gazed upon a scene of transparent beauty. All was bright and cloudless above, and beneath was the almost level mist, concealing the world below me, and glistening in the rays of the sun like a field of untrodden snow. There was nothing at that moment between me and the heavens." O ye, over whom clouds are gathering, or who have sat beneath the shadow, be not dismayed if they rise before you. Press on. There is light beyond.

THE FIRESIDE.

EARTHLY GLORIES are like the fading flower, but the child of God is looking for the "glories to be revealed"—for the trees whose leaf shall not wither, and whose fruit shall not fail—for flowers fairer than Eden's, that shall never fade—for crystal waters, that shall be sure—for a home where the pure and holy shall dwell in immortal youth. The Christian has not long to wait, for he is swiftly approaching the glories to be revealed, and some who read these thoughts will within one short year be introduced to the splendours of their immortal home,—will know what robes the glorified wear, what songs the angels sing, and will behold the sweet smile with which a Saviour shall welcome His children to the place prepared for them.

CAST A LINE FOR YOURSELF.

A YOUNG man stood listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At last, approaching a basket filled with wholesome-looking fish, he sighed: "If, now, I had these, I would be happy. I could sell them at a fair price, and buy my food and lodgings."

"I will give you just as many and just as good fish," said the owner, who chanced to overhear his words, "if you will do me a trifling favour."

"And what is that?" asked the other, eagerly.

"Only to tend this line till I come back; I wish to go on a short errand."

The proposal was gladly accepted. The old fisherman was gone so long that the young man began to be impatient. Meanwhile the hungry fish snapped greedily at the baited hook, and the young man lost all his depression in the excitement of pulling them out; and when the owner of the line returned, he had caught a large number. Counting out from them as many as were in the basket, and presenting them to the young man, the old fisherman said: "I fulfill my promise from the fish you have caught to teach you whenever you see others earning what you need, to waste no time in fruitless wishing, but to cast a line for yourself."

The Fireside.

TRUE MARRIAGE.

"WHEREVER," says Gail Hamilton, "man pays reverence to a woman—wherever man feels the influence of any woman, purifying, chastening, abashing, strengthening him against temptation, shielding him from evil, ministering to his self-respect, medicining his weariness, peopling his solitude, winning him from sordid prizes, enlivening his monotonous days with mirth, or fancy, or wit, flashing heaven upon his earth, and mellowing it all for spiritual fertility—there is the element of marriage. Wherever woman pays reverence to man—wherever any woman rejoices in the strength of any man, feels it to be

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God's agent, upholding her weakness, confirming her purpose, and crowning her power; wherever he reveals himself to her, just, upright, inflexible, yet tolerant, merciful, benignant, not unruffled, perhaps, but not overcome by the world's turbulence, and responding to all her gentleness, his feet on the earth, his head among the stars, helping her to hold her soul steadfast in right, to stand firm against the encroachments of frivolity, vanity, impatience, fatigue, and discouragement, helping to preserve her good nature, to develop her energy, to consolidate her thought, to utilize her benevolence, to exalt and illumine her life—there is the essence of marriage. Its love is founded on respect, and increases self-respect at the very moment of merging self in another. Its love is mutual, equally giving and receiving at every instant of its action. There is neither dependence nor independence, but interdependence. Years cannot weaken its bonds, distance cannot sunder them. It is a love which vanquishes the grave, and transfigures death itself into life."

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CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

JOHN Wesley gives the following directions for congregational singing:

1. Sing all. See that you join with the congregation as frequently as you can. Let not a slight degree of weakness or weariness hinder you. If a cross to you, take it up, and you will find it a blessing.

2. Sing lustily, and with a good courage. Beware of singing as if you were half dead, or half asleep; but lift up your voice with strength. Be no more afraid of your voice now, nor ashamed of its being heard, than when you sang the songs of Satan.

3. Sing modestly. Do not bawl, so as to be heard above, or distinct from, the rest of the congregation, that you may not destroy the harmony; but strive to unite your voices together, so as to make one clear, harmonious sound.

4. Sing in time. Whatever time is sung, be sure to keep with it. Do not run before, nor behind it, but attend closely to the leading voices, and move therewith as exactly as you can; and take care that you do not sing too slow. This drawling way naturally steals on all who are lazy, and it is high time to drive it out from among us, and sing all our tunes just as quick as we did at first.

5. Above all, sing spiritually. Have an eye to God in every word you sing. Aim at pleasing Him more than yourself, or any other creature. In order to do this, attend strictly to the sense of what you sing, and see that your heart is not carried away with the sound, but offered to God continually: so shall your singing be such as the Lord will approve of here, and reward when He cometh in the clouds of heaven.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

THE POPULATION AND MORTALITY OF THE WORLD.

ASIA is the most thickly populated, containing nearly six hundred millions of people.

Europe stands next, numbering nearly two hundred and sixty millions of people.

Africa contains about one hundred and fifty millions of people; but America at present scarcely numbers fifty millions.

The mortality in the world is calculated as one in forty. Above two thousand three hundred die every hour, more than fifty-five thousand every day; and in a single year, as many as twenty millions one hundred and twenty-five thousands.

In America there are two men to the square mile; in Africa, fourteen; in Asia, thirty-one; but in Europe, sixty-nine.

Hints.

To indulge anger, is to admit the devil for guest. Out with him!—rather, keep him out!

The proud and the insolent are neither Christians nor scholars.

Kind words never blistered any man's tongue.

He who serves God, hath the best Master.

The ripest fruit grows on the roughest walls.

Some people's defects are but the exaggerations of their good qualities.

Nothing so adorns the face as cheerfulness.

If a man is odious, he might as well be in prison.

Gems.

Character is not made by trifles, any more than marble is sculptured by puffs of air.

It is better to suffer in a good cause than to prosper in a bad one.

Temptation is the fire that brings up the scum of the heart.

A hundred years of wrong do not make an hour of right.

Our prayers, and God's mercy, are like two buckets in a well: while one ascends the other descends.

The best evidence of Christianity is a living Christian.

Folly would do but little mischief were it confined to fools.

The only brave thing is a religious life.

Poetic Selections.

DOMINE QUO VADIS?

JUST without the walls of the city of Rome is a church bearing the above title. It is said that the name was given to mark the place of the following suggestive tradition:

IN the early, chilly morning,
'Ere the first red streak of dawning

Flushed the eastern sky,
Fled the Apostle through the portal
Of the city called immortal,
Daring not to die.

Flying from the dreaded danger,
On the road he met a stranger,
With sad steps and slow,
Going towards the cruel city;
O that look of love and pity,
He too well doth know!

On his knees before Him falling,
On his Lord and Master calling,
"Where goest Thou?" cried he;
And the Lord replied, "In anguish,
On the cross again to languish,
Crucified by thee."

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

From his eyes the vision faded,
And the Apostle, thus upbraid,
Passed the gates within;
On his Lord and Saviour thinking,
From the cross no longer shrinking,
The martyr's crown to win.

Saviour, when in sin we're straying,
May we hear thy sad voice saying,
"Crucified anew;"
When from toil and danger fleeing,
Show thyself to us, and, seeing,
May we follow, too.

QUIET DAYS.

THE dying year grows strangely mild;
Now in the hazy autumn weather
My heart is like a happy child,
And life and I, friends reconciled,
Go over the hills together.

The summer wood with music rings,
The singer's is a troubled breast;
I am no more the bird that sings
But that which broods with folded wings
Upon its quiet nest.

Oh, fairest month of all the year!
Oh, sweetest days in life! they meet;
Within, without, is autumn clear,
September there, September here,
So tranquil and so sweet.

Oft have I watched all night with grief,
All night with joy, and which is best?
Ah, both were sharp, and both were brief,
My heart was like a wind-blown leaf,
I give them both for rest.

Fair Quiet, close to Joy allied,
But loving shadier walks to keep,
By day is ever at my side;
And all night long with me abide
Peace, and her sister, Sleep.

The Children's Corner.

THE TWO VOICES.

I KNEW a dear child who, at an early age, loved to hear about the silent voices. His dark eyes would sparkle with intense delight when I asked him what voice he heard in his heart.

I had told him that when disposed to do anything wrong, if he would stop and think, he would always hear something that would say in his heart that he must not do it; and that was his conscience, which was God's voice, and which he must always be sure to obey, wherever he might be. And when he heard another voice tempting him to do wrong, and urging him to disobey, it was the wicked spirit, and he must not listen for a moment. I was truly gratified with the influence which a knowledge of conscience seemed to have over him, and could not but rejoice that such voices were given to us, that we may know the right way.

I was very busy one Saturday afternoon, and had not seen the children for some time, but thought they were still in the yard at their play, as they never left it without permission. Very soon little Willie made his appearance, looking as if he had something of great interest to tell me. I called him, and he instantly began:—

"Mother, I ran away this afternoon, and never stopped to ask my conscience. I did not think of it till I got almost there, and then I heard it say, 'You have done wrong; you must not go from home without asking and getting leave;' and, mother, I turned right about, and minded the voice, and came home fast as I could."

STORY OF A DETROIT DIVER.

It is a strange business, this diving. The danger fascinates some, but the peril is never lost sight of for a moment. I put on the helmet for the first time more than ten years ago, and yet I never resume it without a feeling that it may be the last time I shall ever go down. Of course one has more confidence after a while : but there is something in being shut up in an armour, weighed down with a hundred pounds, and knowing that a little leak in your life-pipe is your death, that no diver can get rid of. And I do not know that I should care to banish the feeling, for the sight of the clear, blue sky, the genial sun, and the face of a fellow-man, after long hours among the fishes, makes you feel like one who has suddenly been drawn away from the grasp of death. I have had some narrow escapes while pursuing my strange profession ; every diver has, or has been unusually lucky to escape them.

I think the most dangerous place I ever got into was going down to examine the propeller *Comet*, sunk off Toledo. In working about her bottom, I got my air-pipe coiled over a large sliver from the stoven hole, and could not reach it with my hands. Every time I sprang up to remove the hose, my tender would give me the "slack" of the line, thus letting me fall back again. He did not understand his duties, and did not know what my signals on the life line meant. It was two hours and a half before I was relieved, and there wasn't a moment that I was not looking to see the hose cut by the ragged wood. It's a strange feeling you have down there. You go walking over a vessel, clambering up her sides, peering here and peering there, and the feeling that you are alone makes you nervous and uneasy.

Sometimes a vessel sinks down so fairly that she stands up on the bottom as trim and as neat as if she rode on the surface. Then you go down into the cabin, up the shrouds, walk all over her, just as easily as a sailor could if she were still dashing away before the breeze. Only it seems so quiet, so tomb-like ; there are no waves down there, only a swaying back and forth of the waters, and a see-sawing of the ship. You hear nothing from above. The great fishes will come swimming about, rubbing their noses against your glass, and staring with a wondering look into your eyes. The very stillness sometimes gives life a chill. You hear just a moaning, wailing sound, like the last notes of an organ, and you cannot help but think of the dead men floating over and around you.

I have been down especially to rescue the bodies of those drowned. About four years ago the propeller *Buckeye*, belonging to the Northern Transportation Company, went down in the river St. Lawrence, in seventy-eight feet of water, and it was known that a mother and child were asleep in their state-room at the time of her sinking. The father begged of me and offered me a good deal of money to take out the corpses, and though I dreaded the work, I at last consented. I had been all over the wreck two or three times and knew just where the state-room was. The door was fast locked, and I waited a good while before bursting it open.

Of course, a dead person couldn't harm you, but even in broad day, on shore, and with people around you, don't you know that the sight and presence of a dead person bring up solemn thoughts and nervous feelings? I knew how they would look, how they were floating around in the room, and if the father hadn't been looking so wretched above, there was no money to tempt me in there. But at last I got a crow-bar from forward, and, not letting myself think, gave the light door a blow that stove it in. The water came rushing out, the vessel just then lurched over toward my side, and out they came, the woman first, her eyes wide open and hair trailing behind, and in her left hand she held the hand of the child. I knew how they would look, but I screamed out and jumped back. Her face was fearfully distorted, showing how hard death had been made, and the eyes looked through the green waters at me in a way that made my flesh creep. The child had died easily, its little white face giving out no sign of terror.

It was a good while before I fastened the line to them and gave the signal to haul up, and I felt so uneasy that I was not long in following. This is one of the drawbacks to any feeling of curiosity a diver might otherwise have. I never go down the hatchway or the cabin steps without thinking of a dead man floating about there. When the *Lac la Belle* sank on St. Clair flats, the engineer was caught in the rushing waters, and no trace was ever found of his body. His wife came to me, hearing that I was to go down to the wreck, and asked me to find the body if possible. I remembered this when I went down, and I went groping through the engine room in momentary expectation of encountering the body. I looked so long without finding it that I got nervous, and had started for the ladder to go up, when I felt something strike my helmet and give way, and a chill went dancing over me as I thought the dead body was at hand. But on reaching up, I found that I

RIISING OF THE NILE.

had run against the fire hose, the end of which was hanging down, and what I so dreaded was still hidden beyond my sight.

A diver does not like to go down more than a hundred and twenty feet; at that depth the pressure is painful, and there is danger of internal injury. I can stay down for five or six hours at a time at a hundred and fifteen or twenty feet, and do a good deal of hard work. In the waters of Lake Huron the diver can see thirty or forty feet away, but the other lakes will screen a vessel not ten feet from you.

Up here you seldom think of accident or death, but a hundred feet of water washing over your head would set you thinking. A little stoppage of the air pump, a leak in your hose, a careless action on the part of your tender, and the weight of a mountain would press the life out of you before you could make a move. And you may "foul" your pipe or line yourself, and in your haste bring on what you dread. I often got my hose around a stair or rail, and though I am not called cowardly, and generally release it without much trouble, the bare idea of what a slender thing holds back the clutch of death on my throat, makes a cold sweat start from every pore.

Poetry.

LONGING.

Or all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come throng-
ing,

Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful as longing?

The thing we long for, that we are,
For one transcendent moment;
Before the present, poor and bare,
Can make its sneering comment.

Still, through our paltry stir and strife,
Grows down our wished ideal;
And longing molds in clay what life
Carves in the marble real;
To let the new life in, we know,
Desire must ope the portal;
Perhaps the longing to be so,
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living;
But, would we learn the heart's full
scope,
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope,
And realize our longing.

Ah! let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons
The moments when we tread His ways,
But when the spirit beckons;
That some slight good is also wrought
Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought,
Howe'er we fail in action.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE FIRMAMENT.—Is it not amid the rigours of winter that the celestial vault impresses us most deeply as the region of the immutable and the eternal! Type of the world of souls!—there is no trace of time in that kingdom of space. There is beauty without spot or wrinkle,—immortal youth. Like the soul, the sky has dates, but not age. Like the soul, it has no night, but changes its lights as the soul varies in brightness. The successions of the seasons cause the vicissitudes of the earth, its burning heats and hoary frosts, its long and sad intervals of desolation. But, by a sublime immunity, the heaven, although created, knows neither change nor decay. In the day-time, waves of light burst from its glowing central fire; in the night its dark depths sparkle with innumerable suns. The mighty immobility of its planets, or their triumphal march beneath the watchful gaze of the Most High, seems to image the impassibility of the saints or their swift and irresistible zeal. Thus, while nature—bound beneath the yoke of the winter solstice, desolate, mute, hiding her nakedness in a shroud—seems to accuse man of sin and its fatal consequences, the sky remains blue, the sun keeps the gold of his beams, the moon her silver clearness, the stars the blaze of their many-coloured diamonds; in a word, the vault of heaven, resplendent and gloriously arrayed, seems like the heart of the good man to celebrate a perpetual feast, the feast of the promised restoration. Kindly mother, though she be, the earth sometimes allows her breast to dry; but the fount of light never fails,—the world could not live else. Again and again the day dawns and the shadows flee away, that we may be lured to the sweetness of a hope in the future. Nothing is irrevocable, within or without us. The cloud parts, the mist rises, the vapour disappears; and the trustful, hopeful, watchful observer is comforted. Power is watching over him, under the form of imperishable beauty.

A PROTESTANT DOG.—Henry VIII. desired that his representatives should appear with great pomp, and accordingly the Ambassador and his colleagues went to great expense with that intent. Wiltshire entered first into the audience-hall; being father of Anne Boleyn, he had been appointed by the king as the man in all England most interested in the success of his plans. But Henry had calculated badly, the personal interest which the Earl felt in the divorce made him odious both to Clement and Charles. The Pope, wearing his pontifical robes, was seated on the throne, surrounded by his Cardinals. The Ambassadors approached and made the customary salutations, and stood before him. The Pontiff, wishing to show his kindly feelings toward the envoys of the "Defender of the Faith," put out his slipper according to custom, presenting it graciously to the kisses of those proud

ANECDOTES AND SELECTIONS.

Englishmen. The Earl, remaining motionless, refused to kiss his Holiness's slipper. But that was not all; a fine spaniel, with long, silky hair, which Wiltshire had brought from England, had followed him to the Episcopal Palace. When the Bishop of Rome put out his foot, the dog did what other dogs would have done under similar circumstances—he flew at the foot and caught the Pope by the great toe. Clement hastily drew it back. The sublime borders on the ridiculous; the Ambassadors, bursting with laughter, raised their arms and hid their faces behind their long sleeves. "That dog was a Protestant," said a reverend father. "Whatever he was," said an Englishman, "he taught us that a Pope's foot was more meet to be bitten by dogs than kissed by Christian men."

MEDICAL ANECDOTE.—The late Dr. Jenner, having discontinued his professional visits to a patient on account of her improved condition, sent a couple of ducks to the mother of the convalescent lady, accompanying the present with the following note:—

"I've despatched, my dear madam, this scrap of a letter,
To say that Miss Lucy is very much better;
A regular doctor no longer she lacks,
And therefore I've sent her a couple of quacks."

The lady referred to returned thanks with this:—

"Yes, 'twas polite, truly, my very good friend,
Thus a 'couple of quacks' to your patient to send;
Since there's nothing so likely as 'quacks,' it is plain,
To make work for a 'regular' doctor again."

COURAGE AT LAST.

THE excellent Sir William Forbes, the biographer of Beattie, uttered this: "Tell those," said he, "that are drawing down to the bed of death, from my experience, that it has no terrors; that in the hour when it is most wanted, there is mercy with the Most High; and that some change takes place which fits the soul to meet its God."

When the loyal Earl of Derby came to his execution, although he had said, in previous times, that he could die in fight, but knew not how it might be on the scaffold, he now said that he could lay his head on the block as cheerfully as on his pillow.

"Let my people know," said the pious Archdeacon Aylmer, "that their pastor died undaunted, and not afraid of death. I bless my God that I have no fear, no doubt, no reluctance, but an assured confidence in the sin-overcoming merits of Jesus Christ."

Thus said Peter Finley: "Give my love to the people of Princeton; tell them that I am going to die, and that I am not afraid of death."

"O, do not fear to die," said Mrs. East, in dying; "you will find the word of God sure; all will be fulfilled, and you will find it so."

These were the words of Haliburton: "I, a poor, weak, timorous man, once as much afraid of death as any—I, that have been many

THE FIRESIDE.—THE PENNY POST BOX.

years under the terror of death—come now, in the mercy of God, and by the power of his grace, composedly and with joy to look death in the face."

It often appears that exactly those in whom constitutional courage or philosophic firmness could least be expected, go down into the valley of death with most complete triumph over their past apprehensions. In the recollections of many, some such example of a dying friend will occur with convincing power and tenderness. They tell us that this absence of fear is no fruit of natural habit, or of strenuous effort, but the gift of Him who gave to death its terrors when he made it the doom of sin, and who takes those terrors away when sin is blotted out through the blood of the Lamb.

The Fireside.

DR. LYMAN BEECHER'S SAYING.

DR. LYMAN BEECHER once said: "A great many professed Christians have no other idea of religion than that it is the means of getting to heaven when they die. As to doing anything for God while they live, it does not enter into their plans. I tell you, my brethren, I do not believe there is one in five hundred of such professors that will reach heaven; for there is a magnanimity in true religion that is above all such contemptible meanness.

Strong language said I to myself. But is it not true? Is there not "contemptible meanness" in expecting God to save us when we die, if we do not serve him while we live?

The Penny Post Box.

ALL EQUAL HERE.

It is related of the Duke of Wellington, that once when he remained to take sacrament at his parish church, a very poor old man had gone up the opposite aisle, and reaching the communion table, knelt down by the side of the duke. Some one—a pew owner probably—came and touched the poor man on the shoulder, and whispered to him to move further away, or rise and wait until the duke had received the bread and wine. But the eagle eye and quick ear of the great commander caught the meaning of that touch and that whisper. He clasped the old man's hand, and held him to prevent his rising, and in a reverential undertone, but most distinctly, said: "Do not move—we are all equal here."

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

LANGUAGES.

The Chinese language is the most difficult, the Italian the softest, the Spanish the most pompous, the French the most polite and passionate, the German the most complete, the English the most copious and energetic.

In the English language there are twenty-six letters, in the Coptic thirty-three, in the Ethiopic two hundred and twenty-two.

There are about fifty thousand words in the English language, thirty-five thousand in the French, and the same number in the Italian.

The English scientific words are mostly from the Greek, the terms of art from the French, Latin, and Italian, the names of places, rivers, and most of the particles from the Saxon.

Besides this, we have in the English language words from the Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, Danish, Chinese, and Egyptian; and others borrowed from countries nearer home.

The English language never refuses a foreign word admission, if it can be of any service.

Hints.

In walking, always turn your toes outwards, and your thoughts inwards. The first will prevent you from falling into cellars, and the second will prevent you from falling into iniquity.

In the morning, think what you have to do. At night think what you have done.

Let friendship erect gently to a height; if it rush to it, it may soon be out of breath.

By reading, we enjoy the dead; by conversation, the living; by contemplation, ourselves.

Two things have been discovered. Note them well. *First*: a rude man is not more likely to be honest than a polite one. *Second*: the idea is obsolete that the man who is civil means to cheat you.

Be agreeable to all, and you will be despised by none.

Gems.

God will take care of you if you bear your whole weight upon Him.

Take from the Bible the Godship of Christ, and to me it would be a heap of dust.

What we call wisdom is the result, not the residuum, of all the wisdom of past ages.

Ecclesiasticism has always been the devil's cloak under which to work evil.

Love that has no fear of God is always false and weak.

Attempt to be aristocratic in the church, and the church dies. Its true power consists in cutting the loaf of society from top to bottom.

Were angry and unkind words and thoughts like thunder and lightning, we should have one unending storm sweeping round and round the earth.

Many of our troubles are God dragging us; and they would end if we would stand upon our feet, and go whither He would have us.

Heaven will be inherited by every man who has heaven in his soul.

With every child we lose we see deeper into life, as with every added lens we pierce farther the sky.

Every use of the past which leaves you with the feeling of the past, is a wrong feeling.

God is the eternal *now*, and we are to look up and forward to the eternal Saviour.

The truest self-respect, is not to think of self.

POETIC SELECTIONS.—THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Poetic Selections.

HEIRSHIP.

LITTLE store of wealth have I;
Not a rood of land I own;
Nor a mansion fair and high,
Built with towers of fretted stone;
Stocks, nor bonds, nor title-deeds,
Flocks nor herds have I to show;
When I ride, no Arab steeds
Toss for me their manes of snow.

I have neither pearls nor gold,
Massive plate, nor jewels rare;
Brodered silks of worth untold,
Nor rich robes a queen might wear.
In my garden's narrow bound
Flaunt no costly tropic blooms,
Lading all the air around
With a weight of rare perfumes.

Yet to an immense estate
Am I heir, by grace of God—

Richer, grander, than doth wait
Any earthly monarch's nod.
Heir of all the Ages, I—
Heir of all that they have wrought,
All their store of emprise high,
All their wealth of precious thought.

Every golden deed of theirs
Sheds its lustre on my way;
All their labours, all their prayers
Sanctify this present day!
Heir of all that they have earned
By their passion and their tears—
Heir of all that they have learned
Through the weary toiling years!

Heir of all the faith sublime
On whose wings they soared to heaven;
Heir of every hope that time
To earth's fainting sons hath given!
Aspirations pure and high—
Strength to dare and to endure—
Heir of all the Ages, I—
Lo! I am no longer poor!

The Children's Corner.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

"WHAT would you do, dear children, if Christ stood in your midst to-day?" asked a lady of a Sabbath-school class.

The little girls gave various answers. One thought she would ask for a "new heart," while another said very decidedly that she would "ask for a new set of furs."

But as the question went around the class, one little girl, a beautiful child of five years, lifted her brown eyes, full of solemn rapture, and clasped her tiny hands. "I would not ask Him to give me anything," she said, "but O, how I would love him!"

Is it strange that Christ took little children in his arms and blessed them?

What would you do little reader?

WINKS AND SON, PRINTERS, LEICESTER.





